The Only Fair Way

A few concise points on Retail Prices

by

EDWARD PLAUT, PRESIDENT
LEHN & FINK, INCORPORATED

IT is our privilege to manufacture a line of toilet preparations which, through long and faithful service, have become household necessities. Three of these are:

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Sometimes retailers consider it good merchandising to offer you these popular products at prices very close to wholesale cost...often even less. This is done to get you into the store in the hope that, before you leave, you will also buy *over-priced* non-essentials, which is unfair.

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—fair profit to the retailer
—fair profit to us.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., recommends your support for druggists who make a fair profit on ALL merchandise they sell, thereby making you confident that in *every* article you buy you are receiving FAIR VALUE.

CONTRIBUTED IN THE INTERESTS OF FAIR VALUE TO THE CONSUMER, FAIR PROFIT TO THE RETAILER, FAIR PROFIT TO THE MANUFACTURER

Reprints of this Advertisement will be furnished free on request to Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

JULY 26. 1930

July 19, 30 Dec.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE'VE known a good many detectives. The contacts were unprofessional, of course, and they were not detecting anything serious at the time. But we've heard them talk about their business, which is largely a matter of laborious work combined with the breaks and we are aware, therefore, that the only word which completely describes the average fictional detective is hooey.

But we recognize the real thing in Sam Franklin, the hero of a short story called "The Boy Who Made Good," by Don Marquis. Sam earns high praise for an important capture, but if you think he did it with gum shoes, a microscope and a mysterious air you are much mistaken.

WHEN John Sherman's famous Anti-Trust law was passed it was commonly believed that the trust question had been settled permanently and that Big Business would always wear bandages on its cracked knuckles. We quite often settle a large question by passing a law and we should be accustomed by this time to having the large question bounce back and hand us one on the nose. Which is precisely what the trust question has done. Labor men, capitalists and lawyers say the Sherman law has failed. Small business men who cried loudly for it years ago are now its bitterest critics.

What's to be done? Well, there are a great many interesting men to be heard from. Samuel Untermyer, Matthew Woll, Carter Glass, Attorney-General Mitchell, Colonel Donovan, Bernard Baruch—all have strong things to say and John T. Flynn has talked with them about old "octopus," which terrified the business world only a few years ago. "On the Trust-Busting Front" is the title.

—

THERE'S one thing about a railroad that hasn't been changed by modern improvements and that is bunkhouse conversation. There are tall tales to be told and one of the best is about Stub Johnson. It's a thrilling story, with a runaway bunk car and a very tidy bit of heroism. But it is not true that Stub Johnson lost his pension. You've got to take these yarns with a few grains of salt and if it hadn't been for H. L. Davis, who wrote "Flying Switch," we wouldn't have had the straight story.

—

A VERY modern love story is "Honeymoon for Three," by Hagar Wilde. Not that there is anything modern about love. It's been going on for years now and so have jealousy, self-sacrifice and all of love's other concomitants. But seldom with such gayety and breathless speed. That, we believe, is the modern touch.

—

AS a matter of fact, speed and gayety are two ingredients we think highly of and employ as regularly as possible in Collier's. You'll find them present also in stories and articles by Hugh MacNair Kahler, R. G. Kirk, Dr. Logan Clendening, Owen P. White, Carl Clausen, Louis Joseph Vance, Grantland Rice. Fast company.

THIS WEEK

July 26, 1930

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ARTISTS ARE LIKE THAT: Even gangsters fall in love.

Page 12—William G. Shepherd

KANSAS, BY GINGER! Highly flavored drinking.

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AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM: These shipboard romances!

Page 16—Alexander Woollcott

OBERAMMERGAU THIS WAY: An excurs on to the Passion Play.

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SPEAKING OF WOMEN, Part X: A new novel (with synopsis).

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 42—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

WET AND RESPECTABLE: Mr. Dwight W. Morrow.

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Page 62—Editorial

Any Week

SOMEWHERE, according to Mrs. Helen C. Esselstyn of Fort Worth, we've intimated, or worse, that the readers of Collier's agree with us in our frank attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment method of dealing with the ravages of alcohol.

We fail to find the words supporting Mrs. Esselstyn and are pretty sure that she doesn't really believe that we advanced any such absurd opinion. Mrs. Esselstyn herself admits that she wholeheartedly disagrees with us on prohibition but enjoys Collier's regularly and thoroughly otherwise. Mr. George C. Jones of Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., writes to somewhat similar effect.

Among our several bad habits is not that particularly fatuous one of kidding ourselves. An editor, like a ditch digger or a President, can do no more than give his job all he has and hope he has enough.

—

MR. WALCOTT BEARD of New York takes us severely to task for publishing Guy Gilpatric's Short Short Story, "Signor Raffi's Haircut," because therein the ancient, tingling but outlawed practice of dueling is treated in jest.

We agree with Mr. Beard that dueling is no joke and has properly been proscribed. We've never been invited to play a principal's part in a duel but Mr. Beard will be pleased, we're sure, to know that one perfect night in Havana we were nominated by a would-be duelist to be his second. And we became exceedingly agitated and shocked, called in a small but vigorous policeman and with him restored Reason to her throne, to say nothing of reëstablishing that beautiful triumvirate—unity, peace and concord—among the irate gentlemen.

AND now the dismal business of explaining a joke. At least we thought it was a joke. Miss Zella Krugh of Battle Creek wrote to us asking whether it was true that we were giving $50 for 1922 pennies. We told Miss Krugh in this column that we weren't but that we know people who wouldn't be above giving $19 for 1922 pennies. Whereat seven ladies write demanding the names and addresses of these philanthropists. Well, who wouldn't give $19 for 1,922 pennies? Isn't that twenty-two cents profit?

—

YOU may have observed that rarely does verse wriggle itself into this column. We can make it bad enough without that. But a fond father, Mr. Peter Just of Baltimore, sends us—says it's ours for the printing—the first lyrical eruption of his son, Peter, Jr. And for no better reason than that Peter, Jr., is ten years old we print it:

The Dragon was draggin' the Princess,
The Wolf was wolfin' the King,
The Cow strode up to the Duchess
And cowed the silly old thing.

Mind you, this sets no precedent nor has any competition opened. If you must send in Junior's literary plunge don't blame us if it isn't published.

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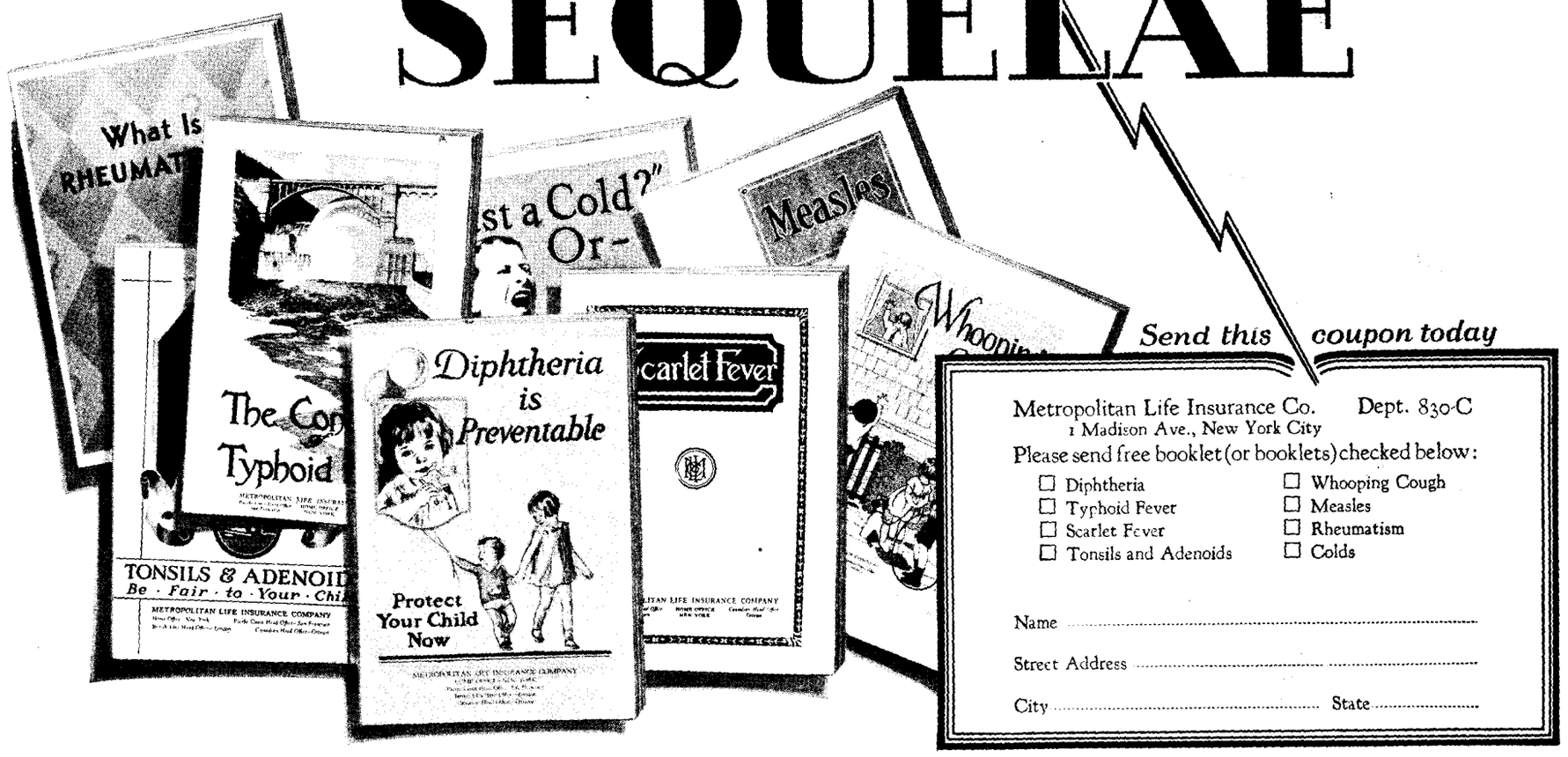
Perils of SEQUELAE



SEQUELAE" (seh-kweé-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

COLDS break ground for pneumonia, influenza, or tuberculosis. Deafness, sinus infection, or chronic rheumatism, or a weakened heart may follow an ordinary cold.

TYPHOID FEVER leaves the patient more susceptible to other diseases and sometimes affects the heart and gall-bladder.

DIPHTHERIA may injure the heart or cause paralysis.

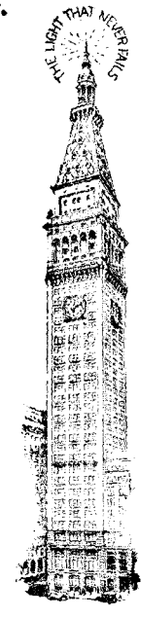
MEASLES may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.

WHOOPING COUGH may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.

TONSILAR INFECTION may be followed by rheumatic fever or heart trouble.

SCARLET FEVER may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.

RHEUMATIC FEVER often seriously injures the heart.



The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-C and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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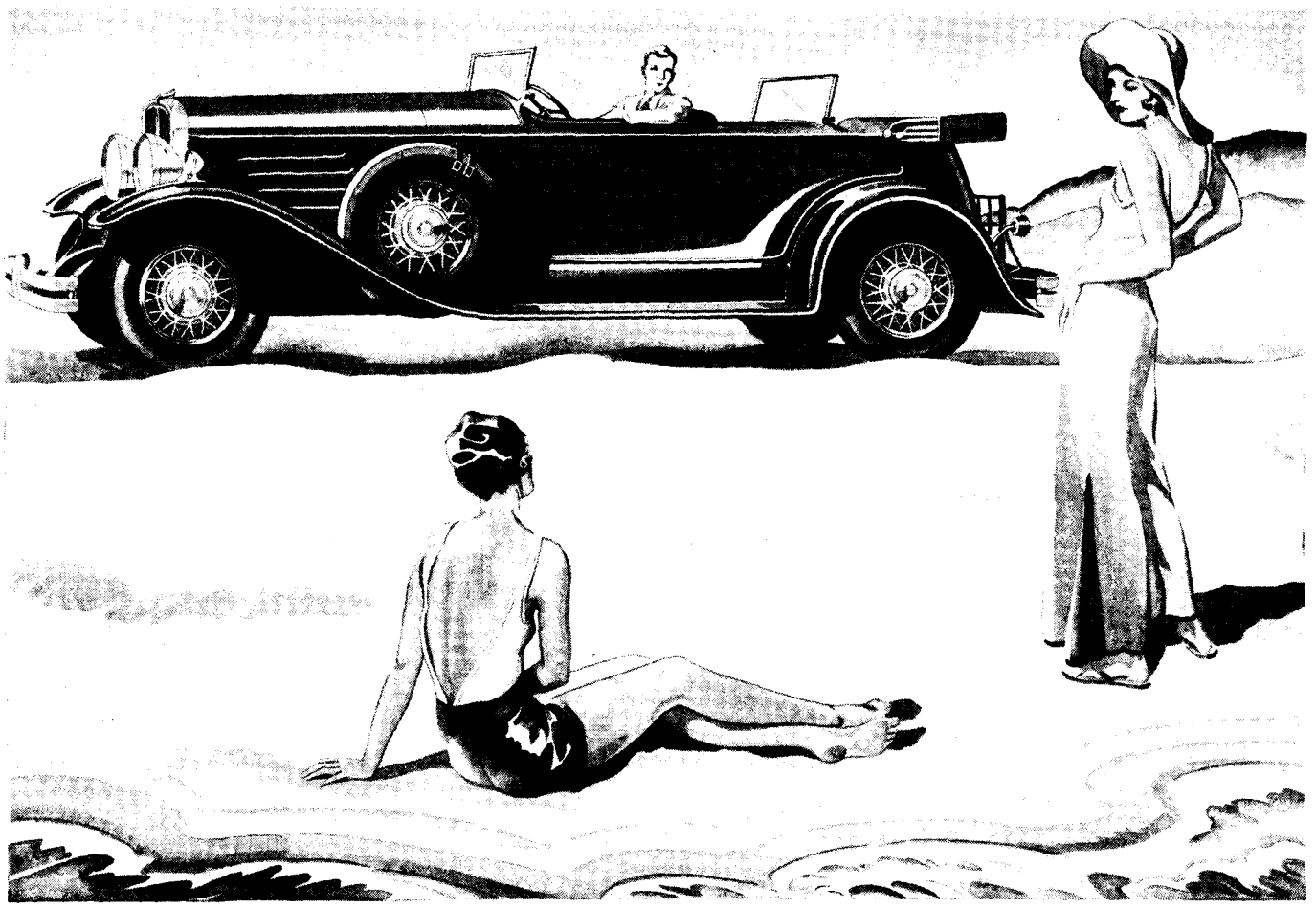

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The Crandall Case

Beginning a stirring new serial —a tremendous drama of the court-room—in which two human lives hang in the balance and love plays a leading rôle

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

IN FINISHING his opening address to the jury District Attorney Roger Caxton apologized again for the valuable time he was about to consume in laying the facts of the Crandall Case before them. The law, said he, had prescribed for criminals, no matter how conclusive their guilt or how brutal and heartless their crime, the same considerations to which innocent persons were entitled. It was altogether proper and fitting that this be so. He himself would be the last to advocate any hurried legal procedure that might jeopardize the interests of an accused.

He paused and darted a menacing look at the two defendants, a youth and a girl, seated beside their attorney at a table near the one reserved for the State's imposing array of documents and exhibits, as if to crush any false hope his last statement might arouse in their hearts. A pair of soft brown eyes met his hard ones unflinchingly from the sensitive boyish face of the youth. There was not the slightest trace of resentment in them. They merely regarded the prosecutor with the detached curiosity of one of a theater audience who suddenly finds himself singled out for a trick by the performer.

Caxton seemed to sense this, for his thin lips compressed ever so slightly and his black, intimidating eyes shifted to the girl, a slender figure in a brown suit with a soft felt helmet of the same color fitting snugly about a fine small head, clear, almost cobalt-blue eyes, beautifully spaced, and a lovely, tender mouth. She sat very straight in her chair. Although her eyes swept the crowded court with an all-inclusive glance, omitting only the figure of the prosecutor, one felt that she took in no single detail. Her hands lay crossed in her lap—small, shapely, and very feminine hands. When the boy reached out one of his own and laid it reassuringly upon them for a moment. she turned her face and gave him a smile which seemed to roll back the scroll of centuries on a man and a maid in a Roman arena.

Little faint lines of scorn edged the prosecutor's mouth as he continued:

"I have sketched to you briefly what I intend to prove happened, gentlemen, on that fateful twentieth of May, this year, when the integrity and decency of Marshall was violated by the brutal and premeditated murder with which the defendants, Conrad Merrill and Virginia Lansing, stand charged; that integrity and decency, gentlemen, which is the most precious heritage of our New England forefathers. I have shown you the life of a rich woman snuffed out in its prime, and I have taken you into the homes of those who, because of the loveliness of our town and its proximity to the greatest city in the world, New York, have brought their wealth here that they, too, might live in peace and decency.

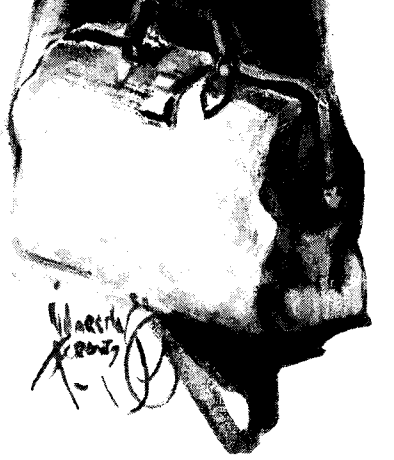
"AND so, gentlemen, if I bore you with repetitions in the presenting of the evidence which the State has so"—he paused for emphasis—"impartially and carefully gathered for your consideration, I beg of you to bear with me, remembering always that it is one thing to be convinced of a person's guilt, and quite another to prove it beyond a reasonable doubt to twelve intelligent and disinterested citizens like yourselves!"

As he thumbed through his notes on the table, Judge Farnham glanced up from the bench. His Honor was a spare, kindly-looking man with a thin, ascetic face and serious gray eyes. He regarded the prosecutor contemplatively as Caxton called out:

"Mr. Corbin!"

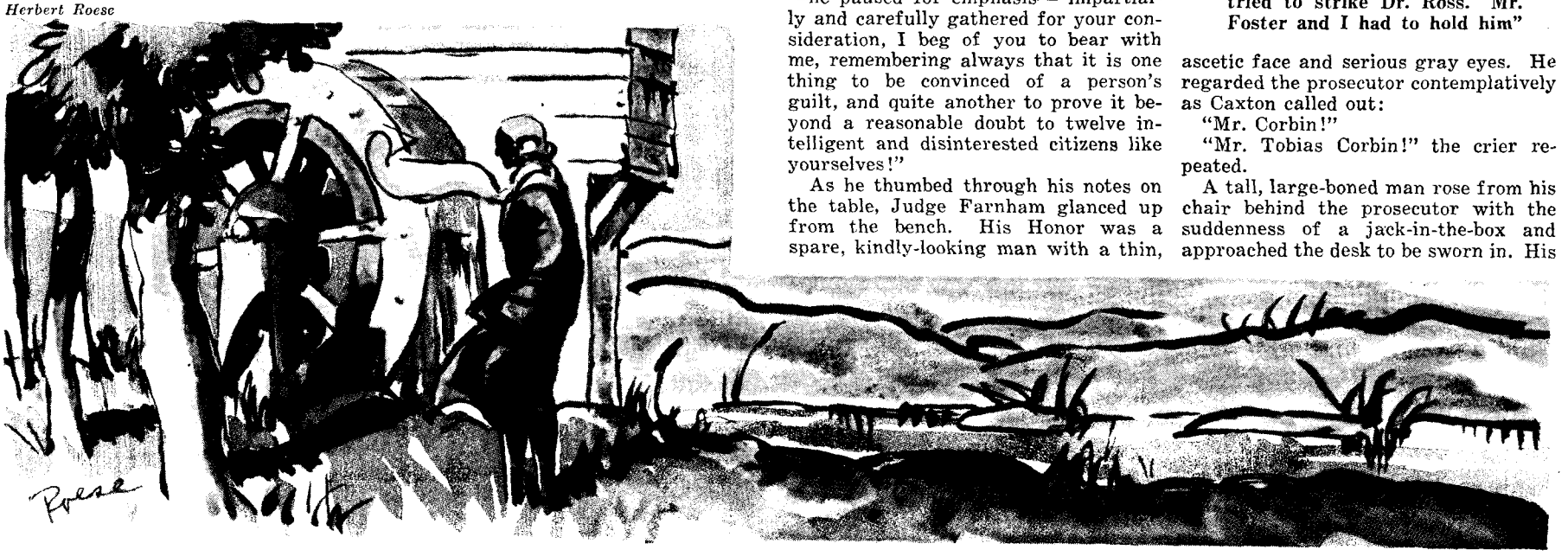
"Mr. Tobias Corbin!" the crier repeated.

A tall, large-boned man rose from his chair behind the prosecutor with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box and approached the desk to be sworn in. His



"He took it very badly, sir. He tried to strike Dr. Ross. Mr. Foster and I had to hold him"

Herbert Roese



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"You're sure he said he happened to be walking through the grove? He didn't say he had come because he had an appointment there?"

thin, high-pitched "I do!" in answer to the clerk's droned incantation fell upon the silent room like a bleat of fear. He stumbled and all but fell into the witness chair.

An abrupt change had taken place in the manner of the prosecutor. There was a friendly, almost benign, expression upon his handsome, predatory face as he said to the witness in the sort of voice one might use to soothe a frightened child:

"What is your occupation, Mr. Corbin?"

The witness looked up from his toil-bound hands with a jerk of surprise.

"Why—I'm a farmer, Mr. Caxton."

"And where is your farm located?" The prosecutor was smiling indulgently, and the witness evidently took heart at his interrogator's friendly manner.

"WHY, everybody knows where my farm is located, Mr. Caxton," he said, glancing about the crowded courtroom as if for affirmation.

"Just so, Mr. Corbin!" The prosecutor's voice was velvety with patience. "But for the purpose of court record we'd like to have you tell us. Please answer the question."

"Oh!—at the corner of Middleboro Road and Quaker Path," the witness replied.

"On this farm of yours is located the picnic ground and pond known respectively as Locust Grove and Corbin's Pond?"

"Yes, sir."

"You rent this picnic ground to parties during the summer?"

"I do."

"You built a dancing pavilion there at a considerable cost some time ago?"

"I did. It cost me six thousand dollars!" There was a sudden aggrieved note in the witness' thin voice.

"Have you rented the picnic ground lately?"

"No, sir; not once since—this thing happened."

"I assume you refer to the murder of Miss Jane Crandall?"

"Yes, I do."

"This terrible occurrence was particularly unfortunate for you since you went heavily into debt to build the pavilion?"

"Yes, sir; it's about ruined me."

At this moment a sharp creak from the chair of the attorney for the defense made Caxton glance about. Counsel was a large, portly man with massive features and wiry, iron-gray hair brushed back from a wide corrugated forehead. Until now he had been seated sprawled in his chair with his great veined hands folded comfortably across his stomach.

"Your Honor," he remarked blandly, "it's undoubtedly very interesting as a problem in finance, but I fail to see that Mr. Corbin's real-estate speculations have anything to do with the guilt or innocence of my clients. May I ask the court respectfully to inquire of Mr. Caxton where this line of questioning is leading us?"

The prosecutor smiled icily.

"I'm merely trying to bring out the public-spiritedness of the witness, Your Honor," he said. "If his testimony helps to bring about justice and avenge the murder committed upon his property of a harmless and gentle woman, Mr. Corbin will be the one most injured!"

"Oh—oh, I see," counsel replied amiably, "in that case we'll waive the objection, Your Honor."

The prosecutor's thin lips were stretched to transparency as he resumed his questioning:

"Mr. Corbin, is the picnic ground of which you speak fenced?"

"No, sir; anybody can walk in from the road."

"Do people do so?"

"They did. Young people used to come there in summer when it wasn't rented."

"You mean lovers?"

"Yes, sir; I reckon so."

"I BELIEVE there's a mill upon the property also?"

"Yes, sir. It used to be a flour mill. It was built by my grandfather. I took the machinery out four years ago, all except the water wheel, and installed a dynamo. It generates electricity for the pavilion and the house and barns."

"How often do you run the wheel?"

"For about an hour every evening during the summer."

"Was it running the night Miss Crandall was murdered?"

"Yes."

"How far is the mill from your house?"

"About three hundred yards."

"Does the wheel make much noise when it's running?"

"Yes, sir, a great deal of noise, particularly in the spring when the dam is full of water. It's an overshot wheel and the bearings are a little loose."

"If a person in distress near it cried for help, would the noise be sufficient to drown out such an outcry?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You can't even hear another person shout when you're near it."

Caxton glanced at the ceiling. He seemed to be drawing there a diagram of Mr. Corbin's mill.

"The dam you speak of," he said, "is on the upper side of the wheel, of course?"

"Yes."

"How deep is it?"

"It's pretty deep—eight or nine feet in some places."

"I see. Now, Mr. Corbin, will you please tell us what occurred on the evening of May the twentieth, this year?"

The witness' eyes moved to the face of the defendant, Conrad Merrill. The accused, leaning across the table upon his elbows, inclined his head as if not to miss a word of what was to come. The girl beside him flashed him a quick, reassuring look. Corbin swallowed so hard that the cords of his scrawny neck seemed on the point of bursting.

"When I went down to the mill to shut the water off," he said in a voice that rustled like a piece of dry paper, "I saw Miss Crandall lying on the bank of the spillway—"

"JUST a moment, Mr. Corbin," the prosecutor cut in, "the spillway is the pool below the mill. The pond you referred to a moment ago is the body of water impounded *above* the mill? Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"How deep is the water in this spillway?"

"It's very shallow. I doubt whether it is much more than three feet in any place, even in the spring."

"So in the event anyone wanted to commit suicide by drowning, he or she would certainly have chosen the deeper body of water impounded by the dam *above* the mill?"

"I should think so."

Counsel for the defense aroused himself long enough to ask that the last question and reply be stricken out on the grounds that it was purely hypothetical, and that the defense did not claim for a moment that the deceased

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had committed suicide. His Honor allowed them to remain in the record, upon which counsel asked for and was given an exception.

Caxton stood blinking at his opponent. He seemed unable to reconcile the interference of counsel with the best interests of his clients. A wary look came into his eyes. He took two short steps toward the witness chair—slow, deliberate steps like a cat suspecting a trap.

"Now, then, Mr. Corbin," he said, "you stated that you saw Miss Crandall lying on the bank of the spillway. What else did you see?"

The witness, who had relaxed with relief at the clash of arms between the two attorneys, stiffened to action again.

"Young Merrill there was standing over her," he replied in a voice drawn by defiance to the pitch of a taut string. "When he saw me he called out to me. I couldn't hear what he said on account of the noise of the wheel, so I went and shut it off. When I got back, Merrill had pulled Miss Crandall farther up on the bank."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said, 'I think Miss Crandall's drowned. I just pulled her out of the water. I happened to be walking through the grove when I found her lying in the water near the bank.'"

"You are sure he said he *happened* to be walking through the grove. He didn't say that he had come because he had an appointment with her there?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sure."

"What did you say?"

"I said that it was a matter for the sheriff and that I'd go and call him."

"Did the accused show any emotion at this or make any comments?"

"WELL, yes. His face was very white. He said: 'Is it necessary to bring the police into this? Can't we just carry her up to your house and telephone for a doctor?' I told him that I wouldn't touch a dead person until the authorities had taken charge. He said something about not being sure that she was dead and began working over her as I went up to the house to call Sheriff Putnam and Doctor Ross."

"Do you remember how Miss Crandall was dressed?"

"Well, sir, I didn't notice much in the excitement, and it was quite dark and, besides, her clothes were wet. As near as I could tell she was wearing a suit of some dark gray material. I remember there was a scarf around her neck."

The prosecutor nodded.

"A scarf? I see! Mr. Corbin, can you fix the exact time when you came upon Conrad Merrill and the deceased upon the bank of the spillway?"

"Yes, sir. The clock in the hall struck eight as I passed through on my way down to the mill to shut the water off."

"You said that the mill was about three hundred yards from the house. Can you see it from there?"

"No, sir, it's down in a hollow."

"That's all, Mr. Corbin. Cross-examine, Senator!" Caxton said briskly.

Senator Enderley, counsel for defense, remained sprawled at ease in his chair, lips pursed as if debating whether or not to release the witness without cross-examination; but presently he said, without arising:

"Mr. Corbin, you testified a while ago that the mill wheel was too noisy for anyone to hear an outcry if there had been one. Have you ever had occasion to test this?"

"Yes, sir. My boy, Sam, will bear me out. When we're down there together we can't hear each other even shout when the wheel's running. We have to make signs to one another."

"I see," said the senator. He turned to the court. "Your Honor will pardon me for remaining seated. I'm not as young as I was, and two hundred and ninety-five pounds is a lot of beef on the hoof." He tapped the desk with his pudgy fingers.

"Mr. Corbin," he asked suddenly, "have you ever worked in or near a boiler factory?"

"Why, no!" the man replied with a shock of surprise, "I've been a farmer here in Marshall all my life!"

"Just so; and for that reason you're not aware that although two boilermakers could not make themselves heard to one another above the roar of their riveters' hammers their shouts can be heard very distinctly by a third party at a distance of several hundred yards?"

"No, sir, I'm not aware of that!"

"In other words, if there had been a sharp outcry from a person in distress near the mill, you or your son would in all probability have heard it in spite of the noise of the wheel?"

"If you say so, sir!" the witness replied vaguely.

"I want that question struck out on the ground that it is a mere matter of conjecture," Caxton snapped.

"Matter of acoustics," the senator corrected. "I'll abide by the court's decision."

"The State can take its exception," Judge Farnham ruled; "the question may stand!" His Honor regarded Caxton fixedly for some moments.

"No further questions," Enderley said, releasing the witness.

"DOCTOR ROSS!" Caxton sang out. "Doctor Martin Ross," the clerk repeated.

A white-haired, wiry-looking man with spectacles and a ruddy, smoothly shaven face arose almost before the clerk had called his name and walked briskly to the witness stand after having submitted to being sworn in with dispatch that spoke of familiarity with court procedure. After the preliminary questions as to his residence and profession, the prosecutor said:

"You performed the mortuary examination of Miss Crandall, did you not, Doctor Ross?"

"I did."

"What did you find had caused her death?"

"Strangulation with other contributing causes."

"Upon what do you base this finding?"

"Upon the usual symptoms. Collapsed lungs—" He went into details in a thorough medical manner. "Then there was the circular mark about her throat caused by the silk scarf which I removed from about her neck."

"I see," said Caxton. "This silk scarf was the direct cause of Miss Crandall's death?"

"Yes. It was wound tightly about her throat."

"How many times?"

"Three times."

"Tightly enough to have caused her death?"

"There is no question in my mind but that the scarf was the direct cause of Miss Crandall's death."

"What were the *contributing* causes, Doctor?" Caxton asked.

"A bruise on her left temple, two inches above the ear and slightly in front of it."

"Could this bruise have caused her death?"

"Hardly. It probably stunned her."

"What sort of a weapon could, in your opinion, have caused it?"

"A stone, a hammer, a lead slingshot, or a piece of iron pipe. Any one of a dozen things."

UPON Caxton's left stood a small, black leather satchel. The prosecutor's hand darted into it. It came out holding a pocket flashlight which he carried to the witness and handed to him across the low railing.

"Could this have caused the bruise you speak of, Doctor Ross?" he wanted to know.

The physician turned the end of the flashlight up and subjected it to a minute scrutiny.

"I think it could," he replied. He hefted the object in his hand. "It's quite heavy," he added, as he handed it back to the prosecutor.

Caxton turned to the court.

"May I ask to have this flashlight marked for identification, Your Honor? It was found by one of my deputies in the water of the spillway near the

(*Continued on page 52*)

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Artists are Like That

Love finds a way—and chooses detours from end to end of the route. But the scenery is elegant

By Joseph Hilton Smyth

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

IN THE beginning it was very embarrassing, and then it got worse, which the Big Boy says is only a suggestion of how I am going to feel in the years to come, only he is joking.

I was heading up from the beach at Bournemouth Cove, Connecticut, going through the woods and about my business, when I saw the girl in the red jacket again, only this time I didn't see her until I nearly bumped into her.

I said, "I'm sorry."

She said, "Oh! It's you!"

I said, "Yes'm. I mean, sure."

She laughed a little, and it was a very pretty laugh, and then stood looking at me, not saying anything. I didn't say anything, either, because there didn't seem to be anything I could say. She looked even prettier than she had at a distance, only I thought it maybe wouldn't sound right if I said that, right off, so I just kept quiet.

"I've been wondering about you," she remarked finally, still smiling.

"You have?"

She nodded her head.

I felt a little nervous. Things being what they were you never could tell when people would start wondering, or what. So I just stood there, waiting.

"I've seen you wandering about these woods so much," she explained. "And in all kinds of weather, too. You must be very fond of them."

I said, "Them?"

"The woods."

"Oh!" I said. "Yeah. I think they're swell. I mean, I think they're fine." I sneaked a look at my watch to see if I had much time left, which I hadn't.

"Maybe," she suggested, catching me at it, "you don't like to be interrupted in your walks. Do you prefer being alone?"

"No," I said quickly. "It's just that sometimes . . . well, you see, it's a sort of business." I waved one hand around a little vaguely.

"I understand," she said. Then she smiled brightly. "I'll be seeing you again."

I said, "I certainly hope so."

I watched her swing off down the path, and then I wiped my brow, which had grown pretty damp in a very short time, and then kept on my way.

I kept on until I came to a gate with a sign "PRIVATE PROPERTY—POSITIVELY NO TRESPASSING" on it. I was now on land listed under the name of Mr. Hesikiah Biddle, and Mr. Hesikiah Biddle would certainly have been very surprised to know it, because there wasn't any Mr. Hesikiah Biddle. I mean, the land was really owned by the Big Boy, only he believed in being careful.

There was an old house, all boarded up, in the center of the property, and I let myself in with a key, and climbed up to the attic, where the radio set was, and settled down to work. There were a couple of boats due from St. Pierre, and I had to tell them when and where they would be met, the weather and Coast Guards permitting.

While I was sending out their code numbers I kept thinking about the girl in the red jacket. She was certainly a smooth-looking girl, with no parts missing, or anything, and I began to wish I had had more time to linger with her. I began to wish a lot of things, and then I decided that life was getting a little complicated.

THE next morning I ran into her again. I had been up all night, keeping in touch with the boats, one of which was being watched by a seventy-five-footer, and I was pretty tired. Maybe if I hadn't been so tired I could have thought quicker. I was walking along the beach, back to the Big Boy's place, when I saw her.

She said, "'Morning, stranger."

I said, "Howdy."

She said, "I know all about you now."

I stopped short. "What's that?"

She smiled up at me, and I noticed for the first time that her eyes were sort of sherry-colored. They looked like sherry does in candle light, neither light nor dark, but somehow both. "I was thinking about it last night, and then it dawned on me."

"Oh," I said, "it did, did it?"

"Uh-huh. I know what you do now," she said.

I said mechanically, "That's fine, isn't it?" I began to feel sunk.

"I just figured it out," she said, with a little laugh. "Someone told me there was an awfully unsociable artist down here, and after I met you I knew."

I said, "Huh? What did you say?"

"Why," she explained. "I knew you were the man. That's why you don't like to be bothered when you're walking. You're the artist." I didn't say anything, and she looked at me with her eyes very wide. "Aren't you?"

"Well . . ." I tried to think quick, only somehow I couldn't. Not with her looking at me that way I couldn't. And if I wasn't an artist, then what was I? I mean, not being able to tell her what I was, what could I say? I began to get mixed up myself, so I just said, "Well" again, and waved my hand about as if it didn't matter anyway.

She said, "Don't you want to talk about it? I mean, don't you want it known?"

"Well," I said, "I was sort of keeping it a secret."

She smiled again. "That's all right. You can trust me."

SO I let it go at that, and went on my way, figuring that that was the end of it. And it might have been if I hadn't run into her again three times in the next three days. Each time we spent a little longer together, and each time it seemed as though she was prettier than before. She began telling me about her-

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I said, "What's the big idea?" "Art," said Sid. "We're training Chico to take your place when you go to paint the President's portrait"

self. She was named Terry, after her father.

"Terrence Taylor," she said.

"Yeah. It sounds sort of familiar."

"Of course it does," she said, looking at me queerly. Then she stuck her chin up defiantly. "*The* Taylor, you know, Taylor's Trusty Tripe. In Tins."

"Well, well," I said. "What do you know about that? I've eaten it, too."

She gave me another funny look out of one corner of an eye, and then started digging aimlessly in the sand with one heel. "Lots of people think it's funny."

"What?"

"Tripe."

"Listen," I said. "Don't let anyone kid you. There's nothing funny about tripe." I thought of the mess I was in, and all. "I wish I was in the tripe business, myself."

"Do you, really?"

"You just bet your life I do!"

I did, too. In fact, I began to wish I was about in any kind of a business but the one I was in. Not but what the Big Boy had always treated me pretty fine. And I'd gone to work for him with my eyes open and my mouth closed. And my pockets empty. Still . . .

That night I put it up to him. I said, "You know that green and white cottage about half a mile down the beach?"

"What about it?" he asked.

"Well," I said, starting to explain. "There's a girl lives there. A girl named . . ."

"Listen," he interrupted. "Lay off the women! Haven't I always told you that?"

"Yeah," I agreed, "but this one's different. I mean, she's not like the rest. . . ."

"They all are. None of them are like the rest, but they're all the same. You can't trust any of them."

I didn't like to contradict him, because he'd been divorced from three and had married four and certainly should know if anyone did, but I wanted to get things straight.

I said, "This one's all right. She's just sociable, that's all."

"SURE. But let me tell you something: A woman never talks to you without wanting to find out something. And when even a congressman's grip leaks nowadays, you can't be too careful."

"This one's got me all figured out," I said. "She thinks I'm an artist."

"What?" he exclaimed, wheeling on me sharply.

"An artist. You know, the kind that paints pictures."

He grunted at that, and then he eyed me up and down. Finally he said, "I don't care what she thinks you are as long as she doesn't find out. Watch your step, brother."

As I went out of the room I heard him repeating "artist" to himself, and laughing. I couldn't see anything to laugh at, though. There's nothing funny about being an artist, particularly when you aren't one.

It began to be a little difficult keeping up the idea with Terry, too. I usually ran into her on the beach or one of the paths when I was on my way up to the radio, and it was very pleasant talking to her. She told me about her mother, that she could just barely remember, and how her father had scrimped along for years in the delicatessen business, until he discovered that this was an age of specialization, and had specialized in tripe, and made a lot of money. Only the money hadn't brought happiness, because a lot of people seemed to think that tripe wasn't a very aristocratic business, and she was pretty lonely. But she didn't want her father to know it.

"Yeah," I said. "Life is that way. Some folks are funny."

"If I cared for someone," she said, "it wouldn't make any difference what that someone did."

"Honest?"

"Of course it wouldn't." She looked at me for a minute, and then out over the sea again. "It's what you are, not what you do, that really counts."

I wanted to lay the cards on the table then, only somehow I couldn't. If it had just been myself that was involved, I might have done it, but I owed something to the Big Boy. And I couldn't go spilling his business all over the lot. So I just said nothing for a moment, and then I realized the time.

I said, "I'll have to wander along."

"Why?"

"Work," I said. "I have to work sometimes."

"Can't I come with you?"

"No," I told her. "I . . . I have to be alone."

She said, "I can understand that when you're really working. But you can't be going to work now."

"Why not?"

"What with? I mean, where are your paints and brushes and everything?"

I looked at her for a moment with my mind in a whirl, and then I said, "I'm just going to make kind of mental notes," and left her. I began to wonder how long I could get away with it. I hadn't really said I was an artist in the first place, only that didn't do me any good now.

The Big Boy thinks of everything, though. One morning when I was getting ready to leave the cottage, he called me into his room. "Here," he said, pointing to a lot of packages in one corner. "I brought you back some stuff from the city."

I said, "Brought me?"

"Open them."

So I started tearing off the paper, and the first thing I discovered was a big tin paint box, filled with brushes and a lot of tubes. Then there was an easel that opened from nothing out into something that resembled a centipede with only three legs left, and a big polished board shaped kind of funny with a hole on one side. I looked at it blankly, and the Big Boy said, "That's a palette."

"Go on," I said. "A palette's something or other in your mouth, that you use to tell whether it's Scotch or rye you're drinking."

He said, "That's a palette. They said so in the art store and they should know."

I didn't feel like going into a discussion, so I kept on opening packages. There was a folding camp stool, and then a lot of plain canvases.

I said, "What's the big idea?"

"They're for you."

"Huh?"

"You're supposed to be an artist, aren't you?"

"Listen," I said, "this isn't any joke. What do I do with all this stuff?"

"Take 'em with you," said the Big Boy. "If you're supposed to be an artist, you're going to be a good one. Or look like a good one, anyway. You carry those with you when you go to and from the radio shack and linger on the beach with your girl friend."

"Listen . . ." I began.

THE Big Boy looked at me with a pair of cold blue eyes, and said, "You heard me."

I started to leave the room, and he called me back. "Wait a minute, I nearly forgot something." He opened another package and took out something that looked like a cross between an orphaned tam-o'-shanter and a monkey cap, and threw it towards me.

I said, "What's this?"

He said, "A béret."

I said, "A berry, hell! The boys will give me plenty of berries if they ever see me in this. But they'll be razzberries."

"Put it on," he said, not paying any attention to my remarks.

I said, "Yes, I will!"

"Listen," he said. "You got yourself into this. Remember, you started this game; now finish it. We've got to be careful."

"Being careful is one thing," I said, "and being damned fools another. And that's what you want me to be."

For a while I felt pretty hot under the collar, but after I had a chance to think it over I couldn't blame the Big Boy any. Maybe, as he said, he was just trying to help me along, and cover up things at the same time. Maybe.

WHEN I started out of the house, loaded down with all the junk, I ran into Art Samuels and Sid Ginsberg, a couple of contact men that worked for the Big Boy.

"Well, well," said Art. "What have we here?"

I didn't say anything, but just kept going.

"It's Willie," Sid said. "Willie, the Boy Artist. Going out to paint the hills and dales. Will you paint me a pansy, Willie?"

"I'll paint you a shiner," I said, "right under your left eye if you don't pipe down."

"Tut, tut!" said Sid. "Why, Oscar!"

I said, "Aw, lay off!" and kept going. For the first time it occurred to me that artists sure must earn whatever it is they make.

A couple of nights later the moon began to get full, which meant there wasn't much to do, as a full moon is very bad for the business. So I made a date with Terry, and met her down at the beach.

We sat on the sands and looked across the water at the reflection of the moon, and talked about each other. Finally a breeze blew up and it began to grow cool. Terry shivered a little, drawing closer to me, and then before I quite knew how it all happened my arms were around her and her lips were against mine. Then suddenly I realized what I had done, and I let her go.

"Oh, Steve!" she said, after a moment.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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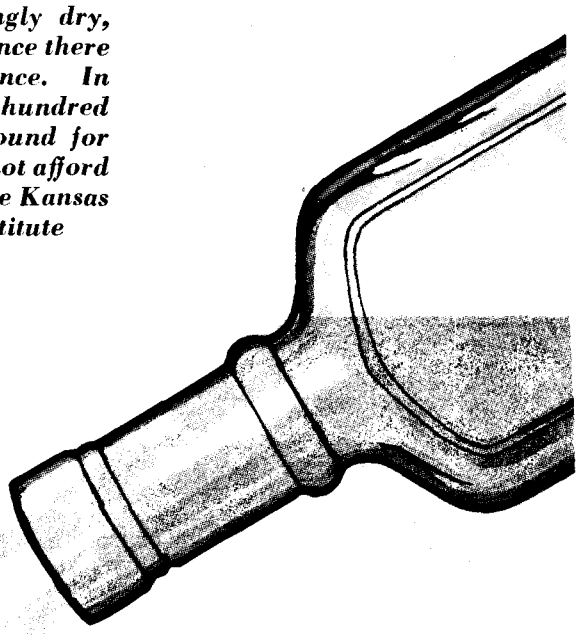
Kansas, by Ginger!

Here's a new kind of paralysis which has stricken thousands of citizens in the United States—"Jake" paralysis. There are other states which have more Jamaica ginger paralytics than Kansas, but Kansas is so overwhelmingly dry, politically, that popular indulgence there takes on a special significance. In Wichita alone there are five hundred cases, and no cure has been found for these pitiful victims who could not afford twelve dollars for irreproachable Kansas whisky and accepted a substitute

By William G. Shepherd



UP ON College Hill, a suburb of Wichita, Kansas, well-to-do citizens with twelve dollars in ready cash could telephone to a bootlegger and have him deliver one full-sized gallon of Kansas-made whisky right at their doors. The buyer had to have the twelve dollars, however; the bootleggers had promised certain authorities that they would not break their packages and permit their stuff to get loose around the town. That would make the town LOOK wet. Looking wet is the chief crime in Kansas. Both bootleggers and citizens know this.

Down in the town people with only fifty cents or a dollar available for drinks had an equally easy time getting them. They, too, did their part to keep this Kansas town LOOKING dry. They drank, quietly, at soda fountains in many of the drug stores. Boys and girls, men and women, sitting on high stools before the soda counter, or in little stalls, would consume thousands of bottles, weekly, of Jamaica ginger. First, they would go to the drug counter and pay from thirty to fifty cents for a two-ounce bottle of the mixture; then they would carry it to the soda fountain and ask that it be mixed with some fountain drink. No loud laughter or disorderly conduct was allowed on the premises. No one would admit, of course, that these drug stores were speakeasies.

Wherefore, to the outside world, the town had a semblance, quite common throughout Kansas, of near-beer dryness.

But Wichita since early last March has been unable longer to hide the effects of liquor drinking.

This is because the 500 victims of paralysis in that town of 100,000 will not stay hidden away in their rooms or homes or in the county poorhouse. They are learning to walk on crutches and to make their ways about the city.

You can't mistake the victims of fluid-extract-of-ginger poisoning. They lumber along clumsily, because crutches are new to them; they bend far forward on their crutches as they walk, because they do not dare to trust their weight on paralyzed toes and insteps.

There has been a singular silence in Kansas about the dreadfulness of this paralysis; yet every person in America ought to know about it as a warning. That is one reason for painting the following gruesome picture.

Doing the "Jake Step"

The victim of "jake paralysis" practically loses control of his fingers. He is able to press the tips of his little fingers and his third fingers to the palms of his hands. But the other two fingers on each hand, and his thumbs, are nerveless and useless. He cannot, with the index finger and the thumb, strike a match or wind a watch, hold a razor, lace his shoes, hold a book or newspaper, fasten a button, or hold a brush, comb, spoon, knife or fork. By standards of the War Veterans Bureau in granting compensation, this would be counted an eighty per cent disability. But the crippling of the feet is even more devastating.

The feet of the paralyzed ones drop forward from the ankle so that the toes point downward. The victim has no control over the muscles that normally point the toes upward. When he tries to walk his dangling feet touch the pavement first at the toes, then his heels settle down jarringly. Toe first, heel next. That's how he moves. "Tap-click, tap-click, tap-click, tap-click," is how his footsteps sound. Add to this the pounding of his crutches and you soon realize that it is as harrowing to *hear* a victim walking as it is to *see* him.

The calves of his legs, after two or three weeks, begin to soften and hang down; the muscles between thumbs and index fingers shrivel away. This is "jake paralysis."

To be fair, this disease is not peculiar to Kansas. During the months of March and April it appeared, with its crippled victims, among the Negroes and poor white people of Mississippi; in that state it has ruined the lives of over 8,000 persons by official count of Federal prohibition officials. The Federal count of victims in Kentucky is about 1,000 cases; in Louisiana, 1,000 cases; in southern Tennessee, 800 cases; in Georgia, from 300 to 400 cases. Several hundred cases in all have appeared in the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Former Federal Prohibition Commissioner Dr. James M. Doran estimates that there are now 15,000 cases in the country; half as many Americans paralyzed within the space of three months as were killed outright on the battlefields in the Great War.

They joked about it when it first appeared in Kansas, supposedly driest of the states, last March. The good, dry-voting folk there, in Kansas fashion, tried to laugh it off. The citizens of the town of Wichita, for instance, jokingly called the first victims of this disease who appeared on their streets "jake trotters." They said the victims were "jake jazzed"; said they had "jake foot." That ghastly "tap-click, tap-click" of helpless toes and pounding heels they called the "jake step" or the "jake dance." But as the March days went by Wichita citizens ceased joking. Paralyzed men, women, boys and girls made their way to the office of Dr. R. E. Hobbs, head of the city health department, ten a day, fifteen a day, twenty a day, all with the same story.

"Each one would tell me that he or she had drunk a little," Dr. Hobbs told me. "The calves of their legs had begun to hurt first, three or four days after they had taken liquor. Then the thumbs and the first two fingers of their hands had begun to tingle and then feel numb. Within a week the paralysis had struck them full force, leaving them with half-dead feet and hands."

One hundred and thirty-six of these paralyzed individuals "tap-clicked" their way to the fourth floor of the Wichita city hall to beseech the health officials of their town for aid.

From Kansas' popular two-ounce bottle of jake came a new, devastating prohibition horror: a swift, sure and incurable paralysis that defies the medical world

In desperation Dr. Hobbs interviewed ninety-four of the physicians of the town. He made the ghastly discovery that among them they were trying to treat 366 other cases.

Five hundred cases in all! The population of Wichita is about 100,000. Granting that the adult population is 50,000, this meant that one citizen in every one hundred was a victim of paralysis: one per cent of the adult population.

On the County

No wonder Wichita stopped joking about jake foot. Among the rich people up on College Hill who pay twelve dollars a gallon for "Andover rye," named for a small town near Wichita and made in the near-by stills of a gang which has since been indicted, there are no victims of the paralysis. Jake paralysis is a poor folks' disease. Wichita is a town like Oklahoma City, like El Dorado, Kansas, and many small towns in Texas and Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, where a man with a ten-dollar bill can buy a whole bottle or even a whole gallon of safe liquor, but where a man with fifty cents or a dollar has to take his chances with what he can get.

But even the folks on College Hill in Wichita are going to pay for these five hundred cases of jake paralysis in their town. And here's how: the savings of the victims began to wear down. It became necessary for the county to begin to take care of them and their families. Plumbers, painters, two policemen, a turnkey in a prison, several drug clerks, workers in the railroad yards, store managers, several professional men, girl stenographers, girl clerks—most of them with someone dependent upon them—suddenly found themselves with their pay days ended, their earning power gone, and their last savings spent. There was only one thing for the county to do and that was to take them in at the county poorfarm. There were forty-five of them there when I visited the institution recently. Rows of beds were on the porches. One hundred more wanted to go in but there was no room for them. As savings fade away the number will increase.

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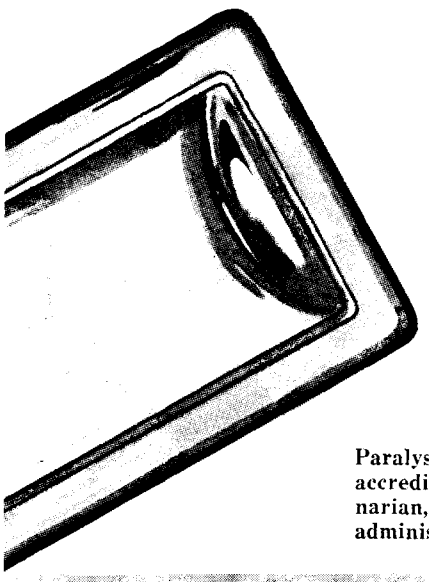

Paralysis victims, desperate, turned from accredited doctors to J. S. Lehr, veterinarian, who, with his assistant, a jockey, administers his advertised treatments

some pictures of the plight of some 500 of our fellow American citizens, to say nothing of the economic plight of perhaps 1,500 of their penniless dependents in a thriving, busy town in the heart of our rich agricultural district is this: During four years as a correspondent in the Great War I never met a correspondent of any nationality or with any army on either side who did not feel that it was his duty, in so far as he could, to paint the true picture of the war in all its gruesome reality. Of course the censors would never permit us to do that.

At Wichita, I saw the battlefield of a war. I saw its victims. This war extends down into Oklahoma; it extends down into Tennessee, where in small towns the "tap-clicking" of the injured and the pounding of their crutches mark more victims. It extends through many towns in the dry districts and in the dry states where rich people can get safe drinks and poor people can't. It is the duty of a correspondent to tell of the plight of these booze-war victims.

"I'll admit I drank," said a man at the Wichita poorfarm, who, in the midst of his job of decorating the interior of one of the fine hotels of Wichita, was stricken with the paralysis. "Sure, I drank, but you can't kill a man for that, can you? You can't paralyze his hands and feet and ruin his life for that, can you?" These people are as surely victims of war as any cholera-stricken soldier in Russia, any gas-choked soldier on the Western Front, or any wounded or dying man that I ever saw in a uniform.

The war is not between bootleggers and public officials; not between vice and decency in the government. It is a war between the make-believe, which tries to keep up an appearance of dryness in Kansas, and reality.

"Drying up the Town"

Let me repeat the very words which I heard proudly spoken by a police official of Wichita: "Well, all this jake business only goes to prove that we were drying up the town." True enough; he and his fellows were perhaps "drying up the town" in respect to *safe* liquor for the man who had only a little money. They were making Wichita *look* dry on the surface. But at the very moment he was speaking Dan B. Cowie, assistant Federal district attorney in the Kansas district, was in possession of over 6,000 gallons of rye whisky and six huge stills seized on the outskirts of Wichita. It was all good whisky.

"The man who made it," Cowie told me, "had been bribing local officials somewhere around here and we trapped him into paying $1,000 a month for three months to John Madden, the assistant Federal prohibition director of this district, in order to secure further protection. His representatives told Madden that they had all the local protection necessary and that if they could only secure Federal protection as well, from him, they would be sitting on top of the world. We told Madden, who is thoroughly honorable, to go ahead.

"During the three months that Mr. Madden, protected at all times of course by secret service men, was receiving this $1,000 a month Federal officials

(*Continued on page 48*)

"But what they'll do when winter comes I don't know," said Dr. Hobbs.

"What's the treatment?" I asked. "What's the cure?"

"We don't know any," said Dr. Hobbs. "I am advising all of those who come to me to save their money for bed and board, for ham and eggs. Quack doctors are advertising cures in our newspapers but they are curing no one. The reputable physicians of Wichita are experimenting with treatments, but they can hold out no hope. The symptoms are very similar to those of lead poisoning, but physicians who have given the lead poisoning treatment have not been successful. The state health officials have been working with us but they can give no aid. Dr. R. C. Williams, assistant surgeon general of the United States Health Service, came out here from Washington but he could give no suggestions for a cure. Rest outdoors, sunshine, plenty of food—these are all that any of us can suggest, letting time take its course."

The newspapers in Wichita are merciful and kind; they have not told the public that after four months of trial and experiment medical science finds itself unable to bring life, feeling and strength back into those withered hands and feet.

My apology for painting these grue-

Myra McHenry of Wichita, one-time colleague of Carry Nation, with the hatchet used by the great reformer in her famous saloon-smashing

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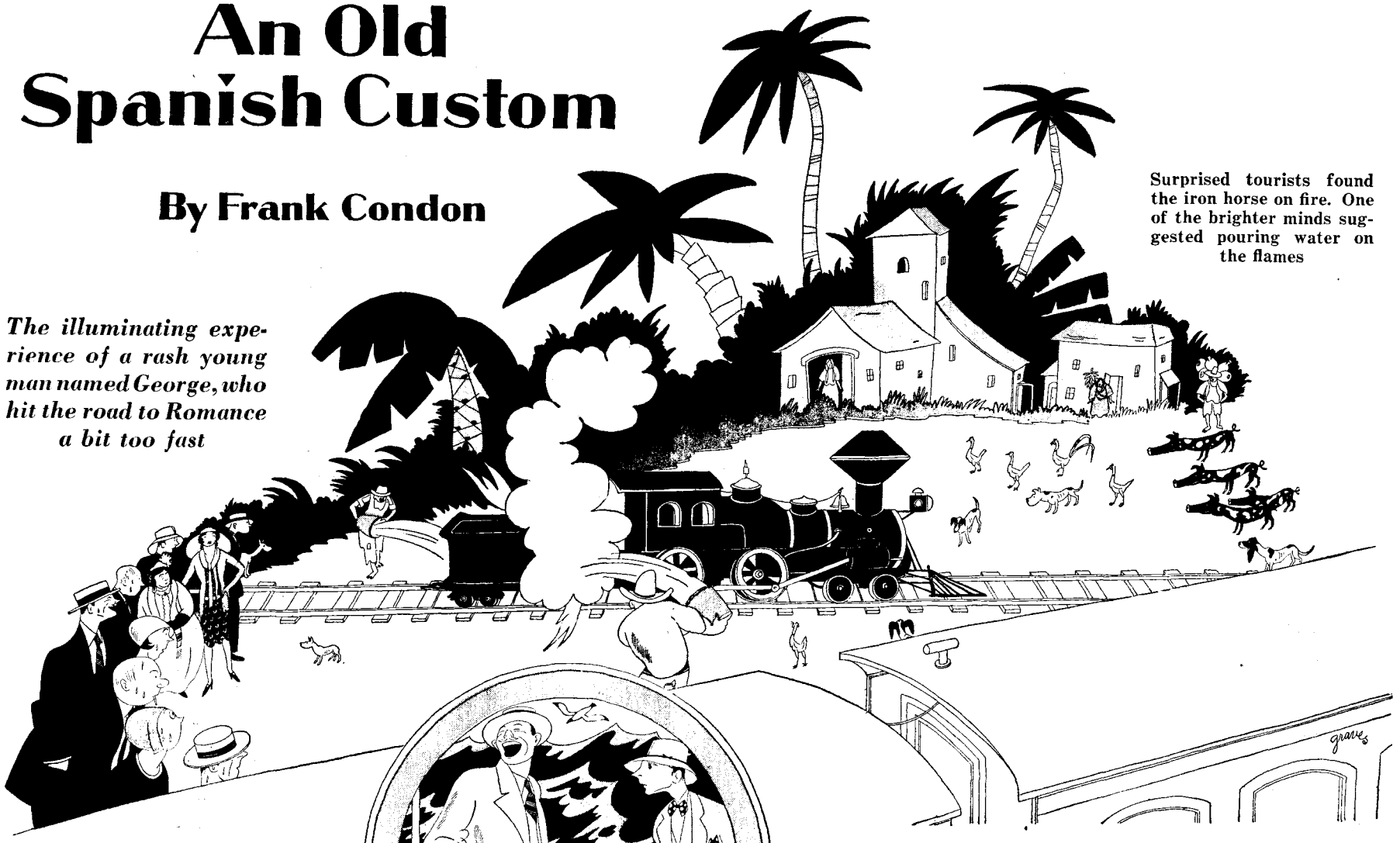
An Old Spanish Custom

By Frank Condon

The illuminating experience of a rash young man named George, who hit the road to Romance a bit too fast



Surprised tourists found the iron horse on fire. One of the brighter minds suggested pouring water on the flames

LISTEN," I said to George, who was trying to shave. "Are you feeling well?"

The ship happened to be rolling from right to left and George shaved his chin with one hand and clutched a doorknob with the other.

"Certainly, I'm feeling well," he replied, turning to glare at me. "Why shouldn't I feel well?"

George is tanned a deep saddle brown and looks very nice when he is in his prime.

"You don't act right. Your conduct for the last week has been a trifle odd and I'm beginning to fret."

"What are you driving at?" he demanded.

"Well, for one thing, the Helado girl. There are other girls on this ship, George. People are commencing to talk."

"Let them," he said defiantly. "What do I care for people, especially the half-witted refugees on this steamer? Let the poor things talk."

He hurled a discarded razor blade through the open port and began stropping a fresh one, murmuring at the same time profane criticism of passengers on steamships.

"This Helado girl, as you call her," he continued, "is the most extraordinary and charming creature I ever met. Her name is Alicia, in case you wish to refer to her again."

George resumed his acrobatic shaving and discussed the Helado girl at great length, and as he talked he slowly assumed the silly expression that sets him apart from the rest of mankind.

I stared sadly at the back of his neck and thought of the time when we were innocent lads together. . . . Only ten days before, old George, George's father, had taken me aside and poured forth a tale that would have melted a heart of stone. Old George manufactures dynamos, generators, copper wire, insulators and is the George Daniels Electric Company, with branch factories in Seattle and elsewhere. He has

"He's the chief of police," George admitted, with great reluctance

money. I mean to say if old George's money were to be set down in the street, it would require some time to pass it, walking at ordinary parade speed. Like many American adults, old George hates to give away cash. He had just given some away or, rather, it had been wrenched from him and the old boy was fit to be tied.

"Aubrey," he said on this occasion, "you take him somewhere. Take him thousands of miles. I'll pay the bills, only get him out of here."

He referred to his only son.

"George," continued old George, speaking of his sole heir and calling him names of a rather unusual nature, "is in another scrape."

"Something about a girl?" I asked politely and old George roared like a wolf on the steppes.

ALL of George's scrapes are monotonously similar and in the case to which old George referred George had chatted idly with a silken siren in the lobby of a San Francisco hotel. The result of this chance meeting was that old George was forced to pay out the sum of six hundred shinplasters in bills of the realm. One report placed the sum at six thousand. At any rate, he shipped the siren to China and was now ready to be rid of his only son.

"Find a nice, slow boat, Aubrey," he said to me. "There must be a slow boat bound for New York or Glasgow. Take him somewhere east of Suez, where I won't have to listen to him or look at him. And try to keep him away from young women."

At this I gave a low, hollow laugh.

"You'll do it for me, won't you, Aubrey? Our families have always been friends."

The old boy threw such a note of pleading into his tone that there was absolutely no refusing him. It was a silly job. Now that I can think calmly, I perceive the utter absurdity of the thing. I consented. So here we were, young George and myself bobbing around aimlessly on the Pacific Ocean, hundreds of miles from anywhere.

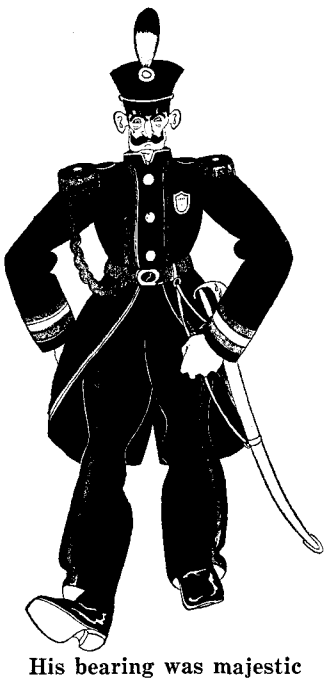
"Aubrey," George continued, taking up the thread again and lowering his voice, "I feel obliged to tell you. You're a family friend and you ought to know. I have finally met my fate. After all these careless years I have met the one woman in the world."

"The Helado girl?"

"Alicia," he said solemnly, cutting himself on the chin, "is in a class by herself. She is an angel. She is not like other girls."

Now George has always been recognized as a young man of means and girls are forever hooking him. The Daniels Electric Company is famous everywhere, and for a single man George has been hooked oftener than a garden gate.

"Alicia," he went on, adding to my information, "is the most beautiful and delightful human being I have ever known. I am going to marry her."



His bearing was majestic

A shiver ran down my spinal column and I thought of old George and what he had said in our last conversation.

"You're not thinking of marriage?"

"Thinking! I am going to be married."

"You don't know the girl."

"Oh, but I do know her."

"You met her only three days ago."

"Four days. And even so, what has time to do with a deathless love? Why should anyone mention days or even years in the face of a love that is timeless?"

PAUSING to review George's life, it was easy to perceive that time had nothing to do with his deathless affairs, some of which lasted a month, while others dragged along a full half-year. I sat anxiously on the edge of his bunk and surveyed the present fever, which was strictly a salt-water romance. Our steamer was the Formosa, bound for New York from San Francisco and she was one of the slow steamers of all time. She carried passengers and freight and moved along leisurely from port to port, discharging flour, kerosene and sewing machines, and gathering up coffee for New York and Europe.

Three hours after the Formosa left San Francisco I noticed George standing at the port rail with a sloe-eyed vision in a blue dress with red trimmings. The sloe-eyed one happened to be accompanied by her mother, a squat, heavy-set parent who wore diamond rings, spoke what she innocently thought was English and resembled the lady Indians who sell stone jars in

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the railway station at Albuquerque.

This was the Helado family, Alicia and her mamma, homeward bound for a Central American republic, the nearest one on your left after you pass Mexico. It was the first time George had ever encountered a sloe-eyed Spanish beauty and he immediately blew up.

Miss Helado had just completed her education in San Francisco and spoke English with a delightful accent, or at least it was delightful to George. Her olive complexion and black hair arrested him. Her free stride down the deck left him mute with ecstasy. She was a raving Spanish beauty, with dark, haunting eyes and a slow manner of speech, but she did not affect me. I never gazed at her without thinking of almonds. I do not know why, but she made me think of almonds. I avoided Alicia and her mamma during the voyage, especially the mamma, who talked by the hour.

"What do you know about these Spaniards?" I inquired of George when the shock had passed and speech returned.

"They're not Spaniards," he said indignantly. "They're Central Americans."

"Same thing. What do you know about them?"

"They're lovely people, and very refined, going back to the bluest blood in Central America. Alicia has been studying stenography, commercial law and secretarial work in San Francisco and is extremely democratic. Mrs. Helado is one of nature's sweet souls."

"One of nature's fat souls. Where is the father?"

"In Simeon Siga, of course. Simeon Siga is the capital city."

"What does he do for a living?"

"What do you care what he does for a living?" George asked irritably.

"I have my duty to old George," I declared. "What does Mr. Helado do in his working hours?"

"He's the chief of police," George admitted with great reluctance, and at this information I leaned myself against a handy rail and howled at the Pacific Ocean.

"What ails you now?"

"Chief of police," I said, sniggering. "Good heavens, George! Old George is going to admire that, isn't he? Old George is going to have two more fallen arches when he hears you've married a cop's daughter in Central America."

George thrust his shaving materials into a bag and sneered at me.

"Trouble with you, Aubrey, is you're a snob. Just a small-town snob. What matters it to me if Alicia is a policeman's child? She is a superb creature and I intend to leave this ship and marry her."

MY UNEASINESS increased thereafter, for George was plainly non compos sapienta, and nowhere in our program of travel did it call for leaving the Formosa and marrying dark-eyed damsels. Our intention had been to remain securely on board the Formosa until she pulled into New York harbor many days later.

"George," I pleaded, "you don't really mean to get off the boat?"

"I certainly do. I am going straight to Simeon Siga and ask Alicia's father for her hand in marriage."

"Why don't you ask the mother? She's right here on deck."

"You can't ask a Spanish girl's mother," George informed me with a tolerant air. "Spanish mothers have nothing whatever to do with matrimony. You ask the father. In affairs of the heart the father stands supreme. It's an old Spanish custom."

"George," I said, "will you please be sensible? Just use the old bean and survey this matter calmly. It is, in the first place, a shipboard flirtation and nothing more. It is probably true that the Helado girl likes you—"

"Likes me! She adores me."

"And you like her."

"I am mad about her."

"Have you asked her to marry you?"

"Many times. And she will gladly do so the minute her father gives consent. That is why I mean to leave this ship at Chaperango and go overland to Simeon Siga."

The sloe-eyed one was accompanied by her mother

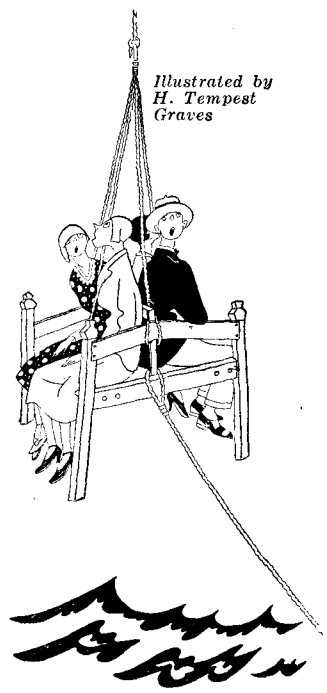
Simeon Siga is a splendid city with three buzzards for every voter

"Where the father does odd jobs of police chiefing," I added in scorn. "Where's your pride? Can't you see how absurd it is? You don't want a Spanish bride. You won't be able to understand her half the time, and when you can understand her, it won't do you any good."

He waved me aside and suggested I devote more time to my own affairs. I spent one entire morning pointing out pertinent facts, but there is little to be gained indicating facts to a person like George Daniels. It is a great deal like bouncing tennis balls against the battleship Florida in the hope of destroying all on board; or shooting a mad hippopotamus with a peablower.

I turned an unhappy eye upon the fascinating Señorita Helado, and an even more unhappy eye upon her mamma, who daily looked more and more like a popcorn and peanut lady in a Coney Island concession. It appeared to me that George was taking too much for granted in fancying the sloe-eyed Castilian was feverish about him.

As long as he remained in the rôle of young male tourist, en route to New York, he appealed to Alicia as a desirable fellow, a pleasant companion for moonlit strolls on deck and moments of flirtatious philandering beneath the stars, while the Formosa barged on through the tropic sea; but the moment George began discussing in a serious way the problem of matrimony I thought I saw faint changes in Alicia's attitude. I thought I noticed a somber glint in those dark and passionate eyes. Maybe I was wrong.



Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

Chaperango gets along without docks. If you go ashore you are lowered to the waiting jaws of a coffee scow

A love affair on shipboard is one thing, but when the young Romeo hurls away the rest of his through ticket and decides to leave the steamer for a chat with Father it may bring frowns of alarm to the maidenly brow. . . . I enlarged upon these theories, lounging in the smoke-room and scowling at George, upon whose countenance was the strained look of the male who is no longer normal on the subject of women. We were having ginger ale. George was strictly on the water-wagon, owing to painful scenes in the home with old George before we sailed.

We steadily neared Chaperango, a small seaport, a sandy village basking in the splendid heat. . . . Chaperango is at the ocean end of the railroad, and Simeon Siga lies one hundred and sixty miles inland, nestling amid a bevy of volcanoes, some smoking and some preparing to. Despite my tearful protests, George stuck to his guns. He followed Alicia wherever she moved. He danced with her in the calm of the evening and hated other young men who seized and hurled her into the ecstasies of the waltz.

He poured passionate words of San Francisco love into her pink ears, and stood by her side in wordless joy, gazing into the blue of the sea. He bought her costume dolls and expensive perfumes from the ship's barber. He gave the orchestra sums of money to play her favorite harmonies. You never saw anything like it. He gradually began to look like an Acajutla blanket-fish, which scientists declare is the silliest-looking fish in the entire world. As we approached the equator he led her aft and helped her hunt for phosphorescence—unfailing proof that a man is wild about a woman. Slowly but surely he became the ship's official sap and tourists chuckled. Every south-bound steamer has its sap and George won by a mile on the Formosa.

Alicia listened to him with a bright Spanish look and seemed to enjoy the passing hours. Nevertheless, to me it remained a maritime flirtation and nothing more.

"Suppose," I argued, "just suppose Alicia's old gentleman says go ahead and marry her. What will you do?"

"Marry her, of course," he returned promptly.

"Then what?"

"Get a job."

"Where?"

"In Simeon Siga. It's her home town and she likes it."

"What can you do in a foreign city, beyond annoying the traffic cops?"

"I can work in a bank," George said, thinking rapidly. "I worked in a bank once."

"You'll have to work somewhere when your parent hears you've married a gendarme's daughter."

"Chief of police," he corrected me, "and never mind discussing it further. . . . Just get your bags packed so you can step off the ship at Chaperango."

I turned to see if he were jesting.

"You don't expect I'm going with you?"

"You are. You surely wouldn't desert a pal at the steps of the altar in a town like Simeon Siga? You aren't the sort that would run out on a friend at the most critical instant of his life? You couldn't do it, Aubrey."

"I am bound for New York City," I said in a cold voice. "If you make a fool of yourself, you do it unaided by me. I told you what I think of this ridiculous business."

"Aubrey," George said, "remember when I saved you from drowning in a well? Remember the time I picked a bullet out of your leg with a penknife?"

"If you put it that way," I said dismally, "I suppose I shall have to go with you."

THE Formosa dropped anchor and with George tenderly aiding Alicia we departed for the shore. Almost at once I perceived that a frightful mistake was being made, for, instead of walking down a civilized gangplank, we left the Formosa in a strange, and exceedingly shaky, wooden contraption. Chaperango is a town that gets along without docks, and if you decide to go ashore, you are lowered in a canasta, or swinging cradle, to the waiting jaws of a coffee scow, manned by six savage bandits who are said to carry knives in their shoes. I cannot testify to this, for our bandits had no shoes. The scow is presently towed ashore by an asthmatic tug and you rise aloft in another canasta, feeling each instant will be your last. The canasta seats four Americans, who swing dizzily in the air, eying the ropes and hoping nothing bad happens.

George leaped into the danger zone with Alicia and her mother, and I ascended into Chaperango beside an elderly gentleman from Seacaucus, New Jersey, who had heart disease anyhow and feared nothing.

A tiny train panted in the heat, eager to transport tourists to Simeon Siga, a train of three coaches and a locomotive in charge of an engineer named Ernesto Melendez. There was a fireman, too, having no name at all and only parts of a shirt.

With George warmly enthusiastic and Alicia apprehensive, we began what I shall always regard as one of the miracle railway journeys of history. George occupied a rattan seat beside the light of his life, holding her hand in a moist clutch, and you can see what a romantic idea that was, with the temperature one hundred and four and the humidity probably two hundred and eight. If

(*Continued on page 42*)

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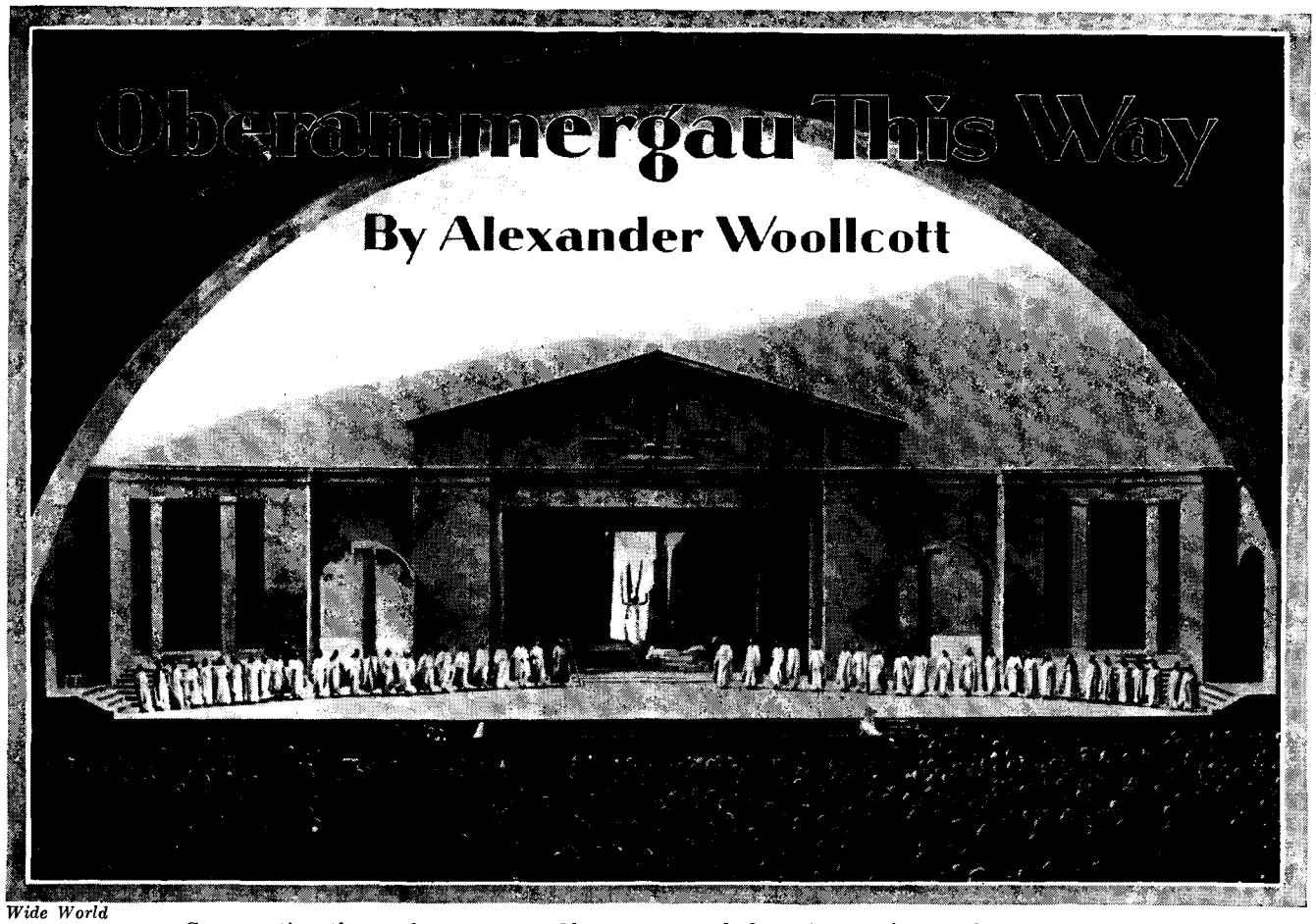
Oberammergau This Way

By Alexander Woollcott



Wide World

Consecrating the outdoor stage at Oberammergau before the opening of the 1930 season

In Oberammergau Mr. Woollcott saw the Passion Play. He saw a good many other things as well. Here he tells you what is happening in this Bavarian village where thousands of Americans foregather every decade

THE place was the little hilltop town of Oberammergau, and the time the eve of the Passion Play's first 1930 performance. The whole valley was humming with its last-minute preparations for the production of the sacred tragedy by the performance of which, once every ten years, the villagers fulfill a vow their forefathers made three centuries ago.

Curious, expectant, skeptical, I found myself rubbing shoulders with the multitude which had come from the ends of the earth to attend this latest revival. Inevitably my path led first to the doorstep of Anton Lang. Nowadays his appearance rather suggests that of a jolly old pedagogue, and indeed he faintly resembles that dimly imagined Professor Bhaer who, as you will remember, carried off our Jo in Little Women. But for two decades Anton Lang was known to the whole world as the humble Oberammergau potter who had been chosen by his neighbors in 1910 and again in 1922 to embody the Christus. I suppose that in 1950 (if the next great war does not prevent the Passion Play's being given that year) one of the tow-headed urchins who now pursue you through the Oberammergau streets with shrill, insistent offers of souvenir buttons will have to be the Christus. Through the same inexorable processes of time, Anton Lang has this year yielded the great central rôle to a younger kinsman.

But while his is now a minor part in the play itself, his name is still one to conjure with, and I was not the only pilgrim who knocked on his door that day at sundown. Indeed, as we stood talking in his garden there were sundry interruptions. But the late Theodore Roosevelt was no more practiced or adroit than Anton Lang in handling visitors. We would be in the middle of a sentence when between us would be thrust the hearty hand of someone proclaiming resonantly that he was Mr. O'Connor of Boston.

"Ah, yes, Boston!" Herr Lang would respond in flawless English, "the Charles River! Bunker Hill!" and so send Mr. O'Connor on his way, somehow mysteriously gratified.

With the same economy of means he would tactfully shift my oblivious bulk out of the way of the lady tourist who was trying to take a snapshot of him for her memory book. In between phrases he would give a reassuring nod to twenty other lady tourists gathered grimly near by with yawning autograph albums, and another reassuring nod to the thirty women milling in his shop, each bent on buying a bonbon dish or at least a pin-tray from Anton Lang's pottery. From within came the sound of the maidservants toting trunks and hand luggage to the bedrooms which the Langs are good enough to let. From beyond the garden wall came the steady roar of tourists arriving by thousands, the grinding of omnibus brakes, the shouted orders of the traffic policemen, the squawk and rasp of motorcycles. Above the uproar Herr Lang could just make himself heard.

"It must be a pleasant change for you," he said, "after all the noise of New York, to come to this quiet Bavarian village."

It was with difficulty that I restrained a startled chuckle at that. But it had to be done, for, quite clearly, his observation was innocent of any ironical intent. Indeed, I would swear that everything Anton Lang thinks can come to his lips without the aid of a wink. I am sure he is so absorbed in the original Oberammergau legend that he really thinks it is *still* a quiet Bavarian village. I doubt if he himself hears the ugly sound which tourists always make when swarming. I doubt if he even hears the clink-clink-clink of the money-changers who are so busy on the steps of this latter-day temple. I doubt if he even realizes that what began long ago as an uncomplicated Bavarian piety has become, by insensible degrees within recent years, a most elaborate American folkway.

The theater in Oberammergau, where at least seventy performances of the Passion Play will have been given this year before winter comes down once again from the snow-capped mountains round about, seats just a shade under six thousand persons, a few more, in fact, than the New York Hippodrome. For the scheduled performances (there may always be extra ones to appease the mere Bavarians in the near-by towns) all the July and August seats were sold out at least as long ago as early April. And eighty per cent of these reservations came from America.

If you who read this are among the

(*Continued on page 60*)

Wide World

Hans Lang, the sculptor, who appears as John

Wide World

Alois Lang, the Christus of the play

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The Sport's-Eye View

By Grantland Rice

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

GRAHAM McNAMEE, the widely known radio announcer, was explaining to Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion, the perfection of the timing system in putting on radio programs. "Every detail," announced McNamee proudly, "must move along in clocklike order. Every second counts. Do you know, Benny, if we make a mistake that costs more than ten seconds in any program we've done a very bad job."

"You've got nothing on the fight profession," said the lightweight king. "If we make a mistake that costs more than ten seconds we've done an even worse job."

Adequate Rebuttal

Dazzy Vance pitches for a great ball town, the same being Brooklyn, but the rabid fans that make a great ball town are also rabid enough to offer their uncensored opinions at times, even of the home stars.

I asked Dazzy a few days ago if such razzing ever bothered him. "It might," he said, "if I ever heard it. But when you are working you are too much concentrated on the job of trying to keep someone from spilling the ball out of the park to listen.

"Sometimes, though, you can't help hearing what the other club is calling you from the bench. I recall one game against Pittsburgh. What they said to me was more than a plenty. But I kept pegging away and about the sixth inning I had eight strike-outs and had allowed only two hits. So I finally swung over by the Pittsburgh bench and asked just this one question:

"'Say, do you guys like them bird shot I'm throwing at you?' I never had any trouble after that."

Times Have Changed

Some of the old-time fight writers who covered the training camps of Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries and Fitzsimmons still can't quite fathom the change that has come over the modern game.

In those days most of the discussions were about left hooks, upper cuts, right counters, left jabs, etc.

Four days before the Sharkey-Schmeling fight I dropped in on the big black-haired German to get his angle on the situation.

"How are things going?" I asked.

"All right," he said, "but I am having a lot of trouble with my putting, especially the short ones."

It Might Work

Clark Griffith, president of the Washington ball club and an old-time pitching star, one of the smartest of them all, has a new idea to advance in handling golf championships. Grif is also an ardent golfer, so he isn't guessing about a game that is strange to him.

"Did you ever notice, in all these championships," he asked, "how tense the players are and how often high-class golfers fall well below their normal average? I think there's a reason. And the reason is the demand for quiet. Even if you whisper, some official frowns at you. You are hardly allowed to breathe. The big gallery stands there pop-eyed and you could hear a rubber pin drop on a carpet of plush.

"Under these conditions everyone is tense and strained. All this must have its effect upon the players. They get into an atmosphere of tenseness. I believe the scoring would be a lot better and nerves would be easier to handle if the crowds were allowed to talk and chatter as much as they wanted to. I believe the tenseness would then be lifted from the golfer on occasions when, today, he looks as if his nerves were tied into knots."

Rough on Leather

Hyder Barr, the former Athletic first baseman, tells this one on Shoeless Joe Jackson when he first broke in:

"We were both playing for a small town," Barr said, "where the outfield was full of rocks and broken glass. Joe was playing barefooted. Finally, around the fifth inning, Jackson came in and said he wouldn't play any longer unless the rocks and glass were cleared out.

"'What's the trouble?' our manager asked, 'cutting up your feet?'

"'No!' said Joe, 'but it's cutting up the ball and making it too fuzzy to throw.'"

Learning from Golf

Sam Rice, the veteran Washington outfielder who led the American League for the first two months, says that golf was a big factor in his development in baseball.

"When I get into a hitting slump," Sam Rice says, "I can usually tell what I am doing wrong by turning back to the golf swing. You have more time in the golf swing to see, study and correct your faults, which may be hitting too quickly, or getting the body in too soon. These faults also apply to baseball. They are the most common of baseball errors, so far as batting is concerned."

Any Other Way?

Rube Goldberg, the famous cartoonist, had been playing golf left-handed. He hadn't done so well. Then he switched to the right-handed game. He gave that a trial. After a tournament Goldberg said to an instructor: "Say, isn't there any other way to play this game except right-handed and left-handed?"

It's in the Blood

Not long ago a certain golfer came in with a score of 109, looking about as cheerful as a wounded bear.

A few minutes later another reported with a score of 123. There was an immediate gleam in the 109 golfer's eye as he promptly took the 123 duffer aside to show him how it ought to be done. And if a 150 golfer had arrived about that time the 123 golfer would have started teaching him.

Fixed Faults

"The trouble with so many young ball players who show promise and then flop," says Walter Johnson, "is that they lack proper teaching and coaching when they first start out. For this reason most of them develop certain faults in form. They can get by with these faults in a minor league, but when they come to faster company they are found out.

"We had one great-looking prospect come up. He was fast and smart. He looked like a real ball player. But he had a fixed fault in batting and it was too late to correct it. It is almost impossible to correct faults after they have become habits. Some day we will have a school of instruction in fundamentals that will still leave the natural ball player the greater part of his own method."

The Uplift in Boxing

"When I fought Choynski on a barge," Jim Corbett said the other day, "he wore skin-tight gloves and I had on the three-ounce brand. So it was close to murder, where we both were fighting to keep from getting killed. About the twenty-fifth round when I was cut and bleeding I knocked Joe down. As he hit the floor I promptly stooped over and helped him to his feet again. The crowd started cheering my act of sportsmanship, but they missed the point. I was just using my head: I didn't want Joe to stay down and take a rest. I wanted to get another sock at him while he was still dizzy."

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One Charge of Powder

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Harry Davis

Crutcher could have dropped old Shad from the doorway. But his partner, George Culp, dropped the tin box and leaped for the door

A Short Short Story complete on this page

EVERYTHING—life itself, probably—depended upon Shad's conserving that one shot he had left. Just a few moments ago the affair had been merely a hold-up in a lonely mountain cabin; but old Shad Blackhook, with one of his characteristic, unreasoning bursts of temper, had turned it into a murderous siege. His huge voice had boomed out like a thunderbolt as he snatched from the wall that ancient, incredible buffalo gun.

"Now UP—and OUT! Jump, you, before I let you have it!"

The man called Crutcher could still have dropped old Shad from the doorway. But his partner, that fox-sharp, squirrel-quick little man who called himself George Culp, dropped the tin box he was carrying and leaped for the door like a spring released. Culp's flight knocked Crutcher endways; his automatic exploded into the air, and the two sprawled in the dust outside the door.

Then the heavy door slammed, the bar fell, and from within old Shad Blackhook was roaring, "Now *git!* And I'll drop the last to cross that crick!"

All his life Shad's explosive anger had got him into trouble. He could have been a mine owner or a cattle boss, for he was shrewd, tireless and thrifty; but always that red berserk fury of his came to the surface in time to frustrate him. Just this once, though, that temper had saved—for the moment, at least—all Shad Blackhook possessed.

Culp and Crutcher had planned their coup carefully, and executed it smoothly. Evidently they had got hold of some pretty detailed information about Shad. They had got in under the pretext of begging breakfast. With a superlatively smooth technique they had first filched Shad's weapons, even down to the last loose cartridge. Then, coolly, they had held him up; and they had known exactly where to find the tin box that contained all the old man had.

Only that aged buffalo gun, pegged high in the shadows under the eaves, had escaped Culp's eye at the last; and this—together with Shad's temper—had spoiled an otherwise perfect job.

Barricaded now within the cabin, old Shad picked a set of loopholes in the mud chinking of the walls; and when these were done he kneeled, and began putting spilled yellowbacks and gold pieces back into the tin box that Culp had dropped. His big gnarled fingers were almost tender as they laid the money away. Lately he had counted it pretty carefully and found that he had far more than he had supposed. Enough to keep him comfortable through his remaining years, if only—

Suddenly the coins dropped from his fingers, and he turned to rummaging feverishly among his traps. A cold sweat appeared on his forehead: his powder horn was nowhere to be found. Bullets and caps for the ancient gun he had in plenty, but powder— Fearfully he examined the gun itself. As he remembered, it still contained one good solid charge. One charge of powder, and two well-armed men outside. . . .

PRESENTLY, when he detected Culp and Crutcher cautiously creeping back, he knew that they must know this, too—that he had but one shot left.

It soon appeared that the besiegers knew even more: they knew that Shad's great weakness lay in his ungovernable temper. From outside, startlingly close at hand, came the voice of George Culp—a leering voice, bold and insolent: "Hey, you, grandpaw—" There followed a slow, taunting string of profane insults, reaching Shad distinctly behind the logs.

Old Blackhook's face darkened, and the veins began to stand out on his forehead. The muzzle of the long gun in his hands quivered as he peered out through one of the gun loops he had made. He got hold of himself, however, and slowly let the gun sag. If he wasted that one shot, how long would it take them to crash the door and swarm in upon him with their automatics? He wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Again came George Culp's evil taunting voice. It was recalling forgotten incidents now, raffishly probing sore spots in Shad's career. Against the inner wall the old man stiffened. His eyes seemed to start from his head, and though their surface was glazed there burned within them a terrible light.

Outside the sneering, penetrating voice spoke once more. With the growling whimper of a struck bear, Shad whirled upon the loophole, and the long gun whipped up. He thought he saw the outline of a hat. In a sane moment he would have known that that hat was offered him on a stick, bait for the one shot he had left; but now— The hammer of the long gun clicked back. . . .

DUSK, the quick sharp dusk of the Lomas de Dios, where night seems to flow into the forested gorges like water.

Shad, listening intently, heard the voices of his tormentors once more. But now they were lowered, and Shad recognized that they were no longer taunting, but weary, exasperated, unnerved.

"It's dark enough," Crutcher was insisting. "Stand up and smash in that door! I'll do the rest."

"Stand up yourself," Culp suggested furiously.

"I will, by God!" said Crutcher.

Softly Shad unbarred the door. Instantly a chunk of rock crashed against it, flinging it wide. Shad snatched up a coat, and cautiously showed it at the side of the doorway; and outside a gun spoke rapidly, almost hysterically, four times.

Shad dropped the coat, and with one hand thrust out his gun, so that the dull barrel showed dimly in the last little light.

"Drop him! Drop him"—Culp gibbered—"he's coming out!"

Shad heard the frantic, empty snap of an automatic lock. "Drop him yourself!" Crutcher snarled.

"Now, you two!" said Shad, stepping out into the open. "Up your hands! And if one of you makes a break—"

There was a long moment while Crutcher and Culp, each waiting for the other to fire, arrived at the realization that neither of them was able. Their hands went up.

"All right, we're beat," said Crutcher in a dead voice.

SHAD stood the pair faces to the wall, disarmed them, and bound their wrists with heavy string.

"I thought you had plenty of cartridges," Culp snarled at Crutcher. "You *would* of had plenty, if you hadn't blew up and wasted 'em, trying to shoot through cracks!"

"Who, me? If you hadn't of got sore because you couldn't get him sore, you wouldn't have shot wild the last four—"

"Oh, was you trying to get me sore?" said Shad.

"I can't understand it," Culp kept saying over and over. "Blackhook, you look like a guy that would blow up, and you talk like it, and you got the name of being dynamite; and we knew you had only one charge of powder. But we worked on you all day and tried everything, and damned if *I* could get you mad enough to let go with it."

Shad chuckled. "I'll tell you the truth," he decided. "You got me mad all right. But it seems that that gun has been resting under a leak in the roof, and I guess the powder was wet. If I snapped that hammer once, I bet I snapped it ten thousand times—*but the fool gun wouldn't shoot.*"

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Why be downed as the temperature goes up? What you eat, how you eat it, and even how much noise you make have a lot to do with your mental and physical equilibrium in hot weather

Riding the Heat Waves

By Betty Thornley

Illustrated by James Billmyer

The more we focus our minds on heat the hotter we are, because we add irritation and self-pity to already adverse conditions

LOTS of people like summer better than winter. But when they say summer, they don't include those terrific peaks of temperature with prostration all over the front page and one brow-mopping gentleman saying to the next, "Well, is it hot enough for you?" Nobody loves a heat wave but the soda-fountain man.

Heat waves, however, are part of our heritage. Most of us can't spend the summer on a mountain with our feet in a glacier, or lie all day on a lonely beach with our noses just above water. We have to suffer more or less. But there *is* such a thing as acquiring a heat-wave technique that cuts inconvenience to a minimum.

The first thing to do is to refuse to take the weather man so seriously. Men are such sticklers for truth; they may lie about what kept them at the office till 1 A. M. but on serious subjects like age, weight and temperature they're too painfully honest. There ought to be a weather woman sitting up beside the weather man.

He'd look at a lot of little instruments, put his right hand on the Bible, salute the flag and intone, "There—is—no—relief—in—sight."

She'd say, "Dearest, I'm just too sorry. But when I haven't a hammer, I drive a nail with the heel of my pump. When I can't reduce any more, I make you think I have with the lines of my clothes. And if we simply can't get that breeze from the northeast or wherever you say it ought to come from, I can cool off both of us with the right kind of food, clothes, surroundings and mental attitude."

In other words, when the mercury column lets out all the tucks and shoots for the zenith, we should stop registering the facts of life and begin figuring what to do about them. The more we focus our minds on the heat, the hotter we are, because we add irritation, fear, self-pity and emotional fatigue to the adverse conditions outside. If we can persuade ourselves into making a game of outwitting the thermometer, we'll be cooler from that moment.

Your breakfast is an important hot-weather meal—don't gulp it

It's Only an Illusion

A friend of mine took her first step in heat-wave morale by telling everybody at the beginning of the summer that she didn't feel high temperatures as much as most people. The reiteration of this not only rearranged her own mental furniture but gave her something to live up to. She couldn't join the groaners and brow-moppers, out of very shame. She couldn't register heat with every second word and gesture as her friends did. The consequence was that she began to feel a little superior to the pale, wilted, harassed morning crowds who went to work certain that today was going to be worse than yesterday and thereby making it so.

Perhaps the most important thing to do in covering such a bet against the weather man's getting you is to tackle the food problem. Since our bodies are engines, our stomachs furnaces into which we dump food to provide energy and heat, the strategic move is to cut the fuel content. People who wouldn't dream of lighting the fireplace in July seem to think nothing of eating their way up the thermometer. The strangest common fallacy that leads them to do this is the idea that a food cold on the plate and cold in the mouth will continue to act that way after it has been swallowed.

Meat and eggs contain about equal amounts of fat and protein—heat-making units and those that supply energy and repair tissue—and this irrespective of whether they are served hot or cold. Cakes, pastries, rich sauces and dressings, frozen desserts that are made with a lot of sugar, butter or cream light just as big a blaze no matter how chilly they may look to the eye and feel on the tongue.

Summer, of course, isn't the time to go to the other extreme and adopt starvation diet, no matter how high the temperature. Fatigue comes on all the more quickly because of the loss of body salts in perspiration—something that no amount of bluffing the weather man can control. Summer is the time to reduce the amount of meat and eggs, cut out rich desserts and play up vegetables and fruit. Summer is especially the time for the so-called "high residue" foods that provide roughage to keep the machinery clean; nobody is likely to take the count on prostration who keeps his head clear and his bowels open.

Beginning with breakfast—a meal which should never be omitted or gulped in a race for the 8:25—orange juice is as good a starter as can be picked, though some authorities consider the fruit itself, pulp and all, even a better bet for most of us, on account of the roughage. Orange juice is a liquid gold mine of vitamins A, B and C, those beneficent abstractions that most of us mention so glibly and understand not at all. Orange juice, by the way, is excellent for children, because it contains that very Vitamin C which is milk's only lack.

We Appreciate Our Cows

Every child up to the age of fourteen ought to be getting at least a pint and a half of milk a day, counting the amount used in his share of the cooking, just as every adult ought to have the equivalent of a pint whether he drinks it or eats it. But nobody needs to be told today of the virtues of milk; anyone who has seen the fast milk-trains that thunder toward any big city through the night knows that, as a nation, we've learned the cult of the cow.

As to what shall be the next number on the breakfast program, that depends. Some of us seem to fare very well on the Continental sort of procedure, rolls or toast and coffee, with a bit of fruit. But the rolls shouldn't be hot for best effects, the toast is much more healthful if it's whole wheat rather than white, and the fruit is more in line with sound dietetics if it's fresh (without being drowned in sugar and cream) rather than turning up as something like that English stand-by, marmalade. People seem to disagree as to the ideal way of making the all-important coffee, but the famous Dr. Clarence Lieb of New York sticks out for having it filtered rather than boiled, steeped or percolated.

Many of us, sad to say, seem to go hollow in the middle unless we eat something for breakfast that sticks to the ribs. Dr. W. D. Sansum of Santa Barbara, another well-known authority, inveighs against what he calls "shoppers' headache," the demon that attacks women who plunge into town for a strenuous day on little or no breakfast. Not having been given sufficient food, the body sustains itself by burning a large amount of its own fat and protein—clever enough, since no man-made machine could perform such a feat, but hard on the lady herself, since it brings on acidosis, which in turn makes headache and such nausea that when lunch time comes, the subject doesn't feel like eating. Food requirements increase with physical activity, and, even for the Continental breakfast fan, a day's shopping may require a poached egg on toast, a serving of bacon, even a bit of cereal if she and such food get along. What breakfast shouldn't have in

(*Continued on page 26*)

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The Devil's Eyelash

By James Francis Dwyer

A Human Vulture flees the talons of the Hoosier Hawk

Tony pulled his gun. Pride could not spare a finger. A bullet flicked the face of the wall within a yard of the flyer's head

THE one really active spot in the whole of Venice is the railway station at the head of the Grand Canal. The rest of the city is moribund if viewed through American eyes. The dead hand of the past lies heavy upon it.

But the railway station buzzes. The iron horse roars across the *Ponte sulla laguna,* that umbilical cord of steel that connects the Sea City with the mainland, dumps new squadrons of American tourists and collects those who have grown weary of damp palaces and gondolas. The newcomers are full of the pep born of expectation, while the outgoing band sort of perk up when they hear the whistles of the engines, the yells of excited porters, and all the sounds that go with vigorous modern life. They snap out of the somnolence produced by the City of the Dead.

"Hey, see if they have an American paper on that bookstall! Doesn't matter how old it is! Gosh, I'm just dying for news of folk that are still living! Been chewing guide books about the dead ones! Byron, old Wagner, and a bunch of doges that used to marry the sea!"

RICHARD CLEFELD PRIDE, once of Indianapolis, and known wherever birdmen gather as The Hoosier Hawk, stood on the middle platform of the railroad station and regarded his hurrying compatriots. By the side of The Hawk was Penguin Murphy, wartime mechanician and faithful servitor of the elegant adventurer from Indiana. Captain Pride and Penguin were on their way to the big autodrome at Monza to cheer a daredevil American speed king who was competing against the crack drivers of Europe.

Suddenly, out of that welter of tourists, came a tall handsome lady who attracted the attention of The Hoosier Hawk. A sweet lady, sitting, as old Herrick would say, somewhere in those delightful savory years that he called the St. Martin's summer of youth. Lifted out of that mass of sightseers by some strange quality, an aura acquired by rubbing shoulders with far-off cities and magic ports.

Her eyes took in the tall figure of the Indiana flyer. She spoke hurriedly to a hotel porter trotting at her heels. The porter looked at Pride. His face expressed doubt. The two passed, turned and, standing together, attentively regarded The Hoosier Hawk and his companion.

Richard Clefeld Pride thought the lady was an American, but he was not quite sure. A little puzzling was that lady. Her traveling dress of flat crêpe was fiercely Parisian, the thrilling little hat also, but the shoes that covered her dainty feet might be American. Surely American.

Again the lady spoke to the hotel porter. Hurriedly, protestingly. The fellow became immediately interested in the two valises that were resting against the sturdy legs of Penguin Murphy. He left the lady and approached the mechanician.

The porter circled Murphy, his black beady eyes on the grips. Penguin noticed his movements and showed irritation. The grabbing qualities of the Italian porter made the mechanician particularly resentful.

Nearer, half-stooping, came the porter. His eyes were upon the large valise, a well-worn pigskin that had ridden with Richard Clefeld Pride from St. Nazaire to Perm, and from Hammerfest to the Cyclades. American-made. His mother had bought it on East Washington Street, Indianapolis. Her last present. She had seen that his initials and the name of his home town were placed on it. Fine old mother. Proud of Indiana. The inscription, in spite of the poultice of hotel labels, was still visible: "R. C. P., Indianapolis." A sweet link with home was that grip.

The circling porter stooped as if he wished to read the lettering, and, in his effort to decipher the faded initials, he forgot himself. He reached out a dirty paw and touched the much-traveled bag.

Murphy exploded. An open hand caught the porter under the ear and hurled him halfway across the platform. An Irish-Hoosier roared his indignation. "Get out, you wop!" cried Penguin. "Don't touch the property of your betters!"

Screams, indignant curses, the flash of a quick-drawn knife. The porter rushed, the right foot of the mechanician flew out, the shoe caught the wrist that thrust the knife forward, the blade went skyward. The two clinched.

Richard Clefeld Pride and a small, gold-embroidered station master flung themselves upon the combatants. The Hawk grabbed Murphy by the back of the neck; the decorated official seized the porter, shrieking threats as he pulled him away. It was then that the lady in the flat crêpe dress appeared at the side of the adventurer from Indiana.

"It is all my fault!" she cried, her big violet eyes upon the face of The Hoosier Hawk. "My fault entirely!—I—I asked the porter to—to try and read the full initials on your suitcase! I could only see the letters C. P. and the word Indianapolis. I—I thought there might be another initial!"

Pride thrust Murphy backward, tossed a ten-lire bill to the porter, then turned apologetically to the lady. Something had stirred him strangely. Something connected with her approach. For an instant he had been transported to other scenes. He was back in an old château behind Martigny with the thunder of the German guns in his ears. What was it? It came again! Ah, he knew now! It was a faint, faint perfume from the slim handsome woman before him! A perfume that hurled him back across the years!

Wondering greatly he stopped and turned the old valise so that she could see the lettering. "There it is," he said, smiling at her. "R. C. P., Indianapolis."

Little hands were pressed to an agitated bosom. Little white fingers were plaited nervously around each other. Startled eyes were upon Richard Clefeld Pride. Handsome was that lady. Handsome in that wistful way. Again came the faint whiff of perfume. Again the Indiana flyer was back at Martigny. He saw for an instant the bare room in which he and two comrades slept. Saw the tables, the chairs, the disorderly equipment thrown around by the tired men of the squadron.

THE lady was speaking now. Hurriedly, excitedly. Little words hopping from red, red lips rising above the babble caused by the swift affair between Murphy and the porter.

"I—I had a cable from someone you know!" she cried. "From Colonel Danby of the law firm of Danby, Acton and Lethbridge of New York! He asked me to see a person at the Hotel Danieli whose—whose initials are R. C. P. and who came from Indianapolis! That person had left! I—I hurried here! Is it—is it possible that you are Richard Clefeld Pride?"

The Hoosier Hawk, wondering as to the cause of her excitement, admitted his identity. He knew Colonel Danby. He had served under him in France. Again came the whiff of perfume that had the powers of a magic carpet.

The lady swiftly opened her little handbag. She thrust a cable into the hands of Pride. He read:

"Evelyn Waldron Grand Hotel Venice. Cannot believe your message think Carberry has blundered all reports say funeral was regular see friend of your husband Hotel Danieli Richard Clefeld Pride of Indianapolis tell him everything. Danby."

The Hoosier Hawk took the little white hand that the lady offered. His voice was soft and low as, with charming grace and reverence, he touched the shapely fingers with his lips. "You are the widow of Harry Waldron," he murmured. "He and I were flying mates. I am your humble servant no matter what the task." Now he understood why the faint perfume had thrown him back to that château behind the lines at Martigny! Waldron's letters! The letters from his wife!

The Milan express roared into the station. Pride and Murphy had intended to take that train for Monza. Now, perhaps, the American daredevil motorist would have to circle the autodrome without the cheers of his two countrymen.

"Where— Oh, where are you going?" gasped the red lips. "Tell me! I—I wanted to talk to you!"

Richard Clefeld Pride bowed. "I

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have just made myself your servant," he said gallantly. "Your road is mine."

"Thank God!" she gasped. "You—you are kind! I—I am going up into the Tyrol! To Innsbruck! Come! Quick! We must hurry!"

PORTERS were slamming the doors of the train to Trento. The lady ran along the platform, Pride at her side, the amazed Murphy at their heels. The Hoosier Hawk, accustomed to happenings that others might think unusual, was, himself, a little bewildered. The voice, the words, the violet eyes of the lady created an atmosphere of dreadful inquietude. With her ran the goblins of fear.

The train was moving. Pride lifted the lady and swung her into a first-class compartment. He pushed Murphy and the valises after her. As he followed them another tardy voyager scrambled awkwardly aboard and slumped into a seat. A thin, evil-faced man bearing an unpleasant deformity. The fellow's nose had been neatly split at some time in his career and a crimson streak down its generous length marked the spot where the blow of knife or rapier had done the damage.

The Hoosier Hawk glanced at Evelyn Waldron. Her eyes were upon the stranger. Big were the eyes. Big with terror. The little lips were parted, trembling too, as if afraid they would never meet again.

An alert conductor pounced upon them as the train hurled itself landwards. Pride, much puzzled, looked inquiringly at the lady. "To what point shall I take tickets?" he asked. "Did you say—"

"Take them to Trento!" she cried, as if fearful that Pride would mention Innsbruck. "To Trento, if you please!"

The Hoosier Hawk proffered the money for himself and Murphy. In silence the conductor made out the slips, then turned and demanded the ticket of the man with the split nose.

The fellow offered a second-class ticket to Brenner, the junction town on the Austrian frontier. The conductor pointed out that the *voiture* was first-class. An argument ensued. The passenger said that he was thrust into it at the last moment. He had no money to pay the excess demanded by the official; he wished to remain where he was.

The conductor had other ideas. Splitnose became indignant. He was determined to stay. The conductor took him by the shoulder and thrust him into the corridor.

The Hoosier Hawk, glancing at Evelyn Waldron, understood why she had interrupted him when he was on the point of mentioning her destination. She was afraid of the unpleasant stranger.

"He has followed me!" she whispered. "I—I didn't wish him to know where I was going."

The train roared through Mestre and across the Venetian plain toward Castelfranco. Then, suddenly, the lady commenced to speak.

Fearsome tales have been told on that stretch of country leading from Venice up into the Val Sugana. Tales that brought the ash of horror to the lips of listeners. Tales of rape and murder, of pillage and plunder. Tales of the Ghibellines and Guelphs, reeking of midnight assassinations, of poisoned goblets, of horrid deaths. But no story was as strange as that which Evelyn Waldron told to Richard Clefeld Pride as the express hurled itself toward Bassano. Not one.

CLEVERLY, by quick-flung questions, she discovered what knowledge The Hoosier Hawk possessed about the latter days and death of the man who had been his flying companion in France. Did Pride know that Harry Waldron had been murdered by gunmen in Chicago three years before? The Hawk inclined his head. Did he know the reason? Waldron was wealthy, public-spirited, courageous. He wished to help in the work of cleaning up the city of his birth. He was warned. He laughed at the warning. Returning with his wife from the Auditorium a big car came within touching distance of the Waldron machine. An arm was thrust out, a revolver spoke, and Waldron, mortally wounded, fell back into the arms of his wife.

The questionnaire was finished now. The violet eyes in which grief had died were fixed upon the Indiana flyer. The faint perfume came out and flung up forgotten scenes before The Hoosier Hawk. "Ready Money" Waldron, forever gay, generous, and brave. Waldron, flying above him as the squadron went a-prowling. Waldron, the Mæcenas of the A. E. F. . . . Damn the gangster!

"I'm goin' to send you to join yer hubby an' yer kid! You've run me inter a corner an' yer goin' to get yours!"

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Pride opened his mouth to question her in turn, but she was bringing the story forward now. With the full barrage before it. The little fifes of splendid narrative marching with it.

"He died with a smile on his lips!" Her voice was wonderful. "Smiling at me! . . . Smiling at me!" She repeated the words as if the phrase was a silken bow that she loved to draw over the emotional strings of her soul. "And as he passed he whispered a few words. Just a few. 'Going out in debt,' he said. 'That fellow . . . can't pay him. . . . Damn it all. . . . Ready Money Waldron, too.' And as he said those words he died."

The flying wheels of the express picked up the words. "Died! Died! Died! He died!" shrieked the wheels. Tossing the words out into the quiet of the afternoon.

"I was ill for weeks." Sweet was the voice as it took up the tale. "You see, my baby—our baby—was born three days after Harry was killed. . . . Baby lived five hours. It was—it was a double murder."

The Hoosier Hawk sat motionless. The story reached out with a thousand feelers and clutched him. Memory was swelling in a background behind her words. He heard again the voice of Waldron whispering advice against recklessness; saw Waldron swoop out of the skies to chase a murderous Fokker from his tail. Once more he saw the German drop through space, flakes of flame peeling from the machine.

The soft voice added little sentences to the tragic tale: "The police failed. Chicago is an enormous city. It shelters hundreds of gunmen! thousands. . . ." The voice died away, husky, choked.

On roared the train. Castella di Godego, the hills of Asolo far away on the right. Asolo, where Robert Browning wove Pippa Passes. Old Boccaccio had tramped along here. But Browning and Boccaccio knew nothing of Chicago as a setting for fine bloody tales! Nothing at all! They jabbered of piffling dead towns! Of Venice! Of Florence!

"I took up the search!" The red silken lips made the avowal boldly. "You see, Harry had said, as he passed, 'That fellow. . . . Can't pay him. . . . Damn it all. . . . Ready Money Waldron too.' "

PRIDE seemed to understand now what was in the violet eyes. There where grief had died there rose high purpose! A sanctified high purpose. Galahad might have had that look in his eyes as he sought the Grail.

Faster came the words. Unloosed in little gasping squadrons. Quick flashing descriptions of her efforts. Private agents combing the underworld. Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia, New Orleans! Ready Money Waldron had left a debt. An unknown had handed him an ounce of lead. "Can't pay him! Damn it all!" Now the violet-eyed wife was determined to settle.

The dusk crept into the compartment, and out of the dusk, where the violet eyes shone brightly, came a startling statement.

"Two years ago we discovered the name of the murderer!" cried the red lips. "Two years ago! A man who drove the murder car was dying in San Quentin! He sent for me and confessed! He told us the name of the man who had fired the shot! The name of Harry's murderer!

"We rushed back to Chicago. We pulled the state's attorney out of his bed. It was nearly dawn. With half a score of detectives we went full speed to the house of the man whose name was in the dying deposition of the San Quentin convict. We got there and—and—"

The voice died away. The Hawk prompted softly. "Yes?" he urged.

"We found that the man had been killed some twenty minutes before our arrival! He was shot on the doorstep of his home! They—they fired twenty bullets into his head! His name was Tony Sordino! Tony the Thug!"

"Sordino!" repeated Pride. "Tony the Thug!"

The lights came on at that moment. Timid lights. Blinking nervously as if surprised at the story. Tony Sordino had come from the valley through which flows the brawling Brenta. He had probably traveled over that route in making for Genoa on his first lap to the Land of the Free.

Into the mind of the Hoosier Hawk sprang the newspaper reports of the murder of Tony the Thug. Those strange stories that had been cabled to the ends of the earth. Tony's silver coffin! The five thousand wreaths from the underworld! The gunmen pallbearers! The political mourners! The two thousand police that held the route and thrust back twenty thousand morbid Chicagoans who came to see!

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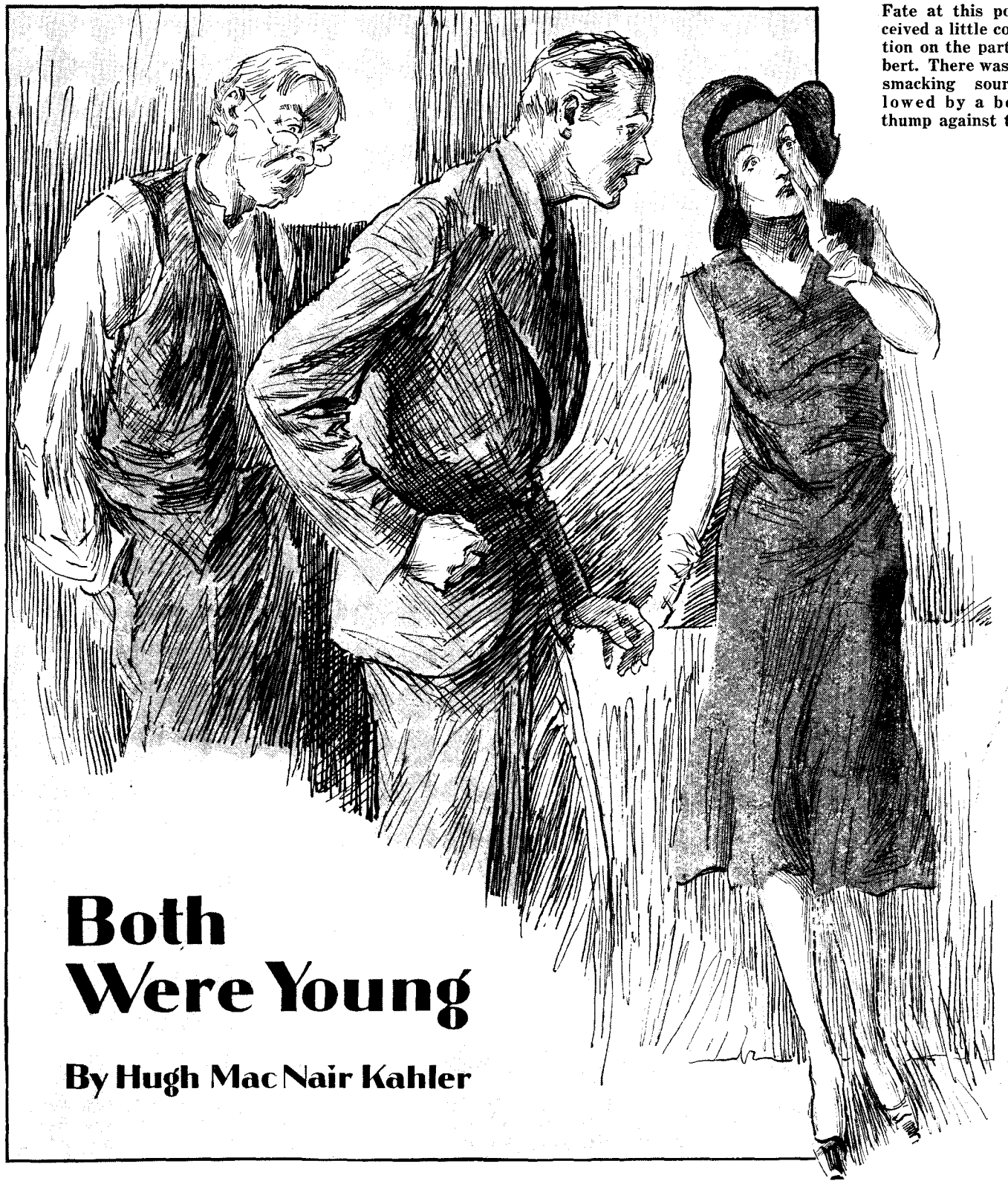

Both Were Young

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Fate at this point received a little collaboration on the part of Gilbert. There was a sharp smacking sound, followed by a booming thump against the floor

The Story Thus Far:

LEILA PLIMSOLL, daughter of Belden V. Plimsoll, president of the Intercontinental Adding Machine Co. of Lakeport, wishes to go to New York to study tap-dancing. Being denied permission, she inaugurates a campaign to bluff her father into acquiescence, and to this end cultivates the reluctant Gilbert Dolliver, whose chosen life work is bassoon-playing and gambling, and who is intensely disliked by her father.

Gilbert's mother, a Buddhist, believes her son the Reincarnated Buddha, and, much to his resentment, plans to take him "back" to India. Plimsoll, alarmed by his daughter's apparently sincere infatuation, has his detective shadow Gilly, and, learning that Lollie is furnishing a model home in a suburb and that Gilly is unknowingly about to inherit $40,000, resolves to end the affair by financing Mrs. Dolliver's trip to India. To insure her going, he sends Arthur Timlow, who is Mrs. Dolliver's sweetheart, but whom Gilbert detests, along on "business."

Despite Lollie's best efforts, Gilbert allows himself to be persuaded to go to India, and when the detective reports Gilbert safely aboard at the moment of sailing, Plimsoll believes he has outwitted Lollie.

On the steamer, Gilly, learning that the hated Timlow is going to India with them, manages to leave the vessel unobserved, and, to Lollie's unspeakable delight, dramatically turns up at the Plimsoll residence as Plimsoll is comforting his daughter.

Gilbert makes the pleasant discovery that his credit is apparently unlimited and purchases the model house. Being denied access to his bassoon teacher, who is a watchman at Plimsoll's unused piano factory, Gilly proposes to buy the factory also, using for the purpose his "credit." Plimsoll, hoping to tie up Gilbert's future funds, gleefully assents, and signs over the factory, worth much more, for what he knows to be the exact amount Gilly is about to inherit.

Gilbert's Uncle Herbert, hearing that Mrs. Dolliver has married Timlow and will live in London, decides to locate his business in Lakeport and buys the piano factory from Gilly for $90,000 in cash. Gilly then takes up his notes with Plimsoll and Greminger, the real estate agent, and tells Lollie about the house. Lollie takes the opportunity further to frighten her parents by talking about marriage.

Conclusion

NEW YORK?" Gilbert, his attention momentarily detaching itself from the absorbing smoothness of the new car, echoed the two words with vague disfavor. "What do you want to go *there* for? Just when—" he paused, coughed—"just when things are breaking pretty around here and everything?"

"I don't want to go, Unconscious!" Lollie spoke with heat. "It's my father."

Gilbert frowned. He had begun to harbor toward B. V. Plimsoll a certain forgiving tolerance. It was clear, from what Mr. McFetridge and Uncle Herbie said, that Lollie's father had behaved generously in the matter of the piano factory. Gilbert, in view of this, was willing to forget Mr. Plimsoll's complicity in the pilgrimage to India. Now, it appeared, he would have to change his mind again, a process that was always unpleasantly disturbing.

"Why does he want you to go to New York?"

Lollie hesitated. Her silence pulled his glance toward her. For some reason there was rather more color in her face than usual and the effect, Gilbert decided, was pleasing.

"He—well, he just does, that's all. You know what parents are, I guess."

Gilbert coughed gloomily.

"Yeh." He meditated. "But you don't have to do it. You're always telling me a person doesn't have to do things just because their parents tell them to."

Lollie made an impatient little sound. "That's absolutely different! Of course I don't have to do every single thing, no matter how poisonous it is, the way you did, but he can make me do this, and I just know he's going to do it, too. Or else he'll do something just as tiresome, like taking me abroad!"

Gilbert considered the matter deliberately. For some reason it displeased him.

"I knew all the time you were just handing me a lot of apple butter about not minding your parents," he said. "I knew it was all hooey about not having to mind your father."

"Well, you'll have a chance to see how you like it when your new father gets home!" said Lollie spitefully.

By narrow inches the new car avoided the roadside ditch. Before Gilbert there opened a future of pure ghastliness. In the bewildering excitements of the day the relationship in which he must henceforward stand toward Mr. Arthur Timlow had not come clearly before his attention. He saw it now with horror and despair. He saw it so clearly and with such panic-stricken repugnance that his mind was moved of its own accord to activity alien to its habit.

FOR the first time in his life Gilbert thought, thought intensely and vehemently, in the very fashion of a B. V. Plimsoll. And upon him, as reward, there descended a sudden, blinding light of inspiration:

"Look, Lollie! We got to do something. Both of us. We just got to!"

"Go on from there," said Lollie. "What do we do?"

"We—" he coughed—"the Perfessor says—"

He fell silent, appalled by the desperate nature of the one thin chance of escape.

"Well?" Lollie prompted.

"He says you don't have to mind anybody after you—after you get married."

"Do you mean *us?*" Lollie's voice sounded so unbelieving that Gilbert was moved to a defensive tone:

"Well, we're both up against the same kind of trouble, and—"

"Do you—do you *want* to?"

"Well, I guess I'd do pretty near anything sooner than—" he paused. Something, it seemed, was wrong with this answer. "I guess I could stand—" this, also, was wrong. The correct response came suddenly to him.

"Yeh," he said.

He was pleasantly astonished to discover the accuracy with which he had expressed his feelings. His foot increased its pressure and the speedometer registered a soothing sixty, but the pace seemed less than adequate to the moment and Gilbert was constrained to apologize for it.

"Got to go kind of slow for the first five hundred miles. You can't let a new car out till it's broken in."

"It won't work," said Lollie. It was clear to Gilbert that she referred to the previous topic rather than to the car.

"Why won't it?"

"My father." She shook her head. "He'd never let me."

"None of his funeral," Gilbert pointed out.

"TRY and make him see that!" Lollie sighed. "He's just absolutely got to general-manage everything. He's got a perfectly terrible big-business-man complex. He wouldn't even listen—he'd just call out the troops and start me off to Siberia!"

"But he couldn't. You wouldn't have to mind him." Gilbert groped for the letter of the Perfessor's assurance: "When you get married you have to forsake your father and—and cleaf absolutely unto your—your—"

He found it impossible to utter the next word, but the word itself, nevertheless, acquired a surprising appeal. There was a beautiful usualness about being a husband, a regularity even more agreeably commonplace than that of the property-owner.

"Oh, you mean you want to *elope!*" Lollie put upon the final word a stress

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of strong disfavor. "As if I'd do anything so poisonously old-fashioned!"

"Huh?" Bewilderment was in Gilbert's cough.

"People used to elope back in those sickening nineties," said Lollie, "when a girl had to get her father's permission to breathe! I hope I've got too much self-respect to do anything so positively mid-Victorian!"

Gloomily Gilbert accepted the decision as finally disposing of the marriage question. It was too bad. Getting married would certainly have settled, with beautiful completeness, any question as to his relations with Mr. Timlow, and the idea of being a husband had already fastened strongly upon his fancy.

"No," said Lollie. "I'm going to be married decently. I'm going to have St. Bartholomew's and the bishop and eight bridesmaids and the little Fanshawe twins for flower-girls and—"

Pure mechanics depressed Gilbert's revolted foot. The speedometer quivered up to sixty-five; a church . . . flower-girls . . . sixty-seven, sixty-nine . . . a—a bishop . . . seventy seemed slow as a pace of escape from these unthinkable suggestions, and seventy, at present, was all the car would do.

It was doing it nobly, however, when harsh honkings from the rear interrupted Lollie's description of the bridesmaids' dresses. A motorcycle swooped past, a blue-sleeved arm waved augustly at the roadside.

"What seems to be wrong?" An aggrieved voice feigned anxious interest. "Is seventy all you can squeeze out of her? Now ain't that just tooo-oo ba-a-a-d! It's lucky I come along. I'll just show you the way to Judge Eckstrom's shop, buddy. He knows just what's good for your kind of engine trouble!"

Gilbert knew all about Judge Eckstrom. Sawney County jail yawned.

"Look—" he fumbled uselessly for argument.

"OH, HAVE a heart, officer!" Lollie's voice slid creamily past him. "You don't want to ruin a perfectly good wedding, do you? We had to drive fast or the license office will be shut before we get there."

"Yeah? I heard that one a coupla times, too." The voice, perceptibly abating in harshness, was still skeptical.

"Honestly." A slight wobble introduced itself into Lollie's soprano. "Please don't hold us up—we can hardly get there now!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You got to go to the courthouse anyway. If you're on the up-and-up with this line, you go in with me and get your license; if you're just handing me the old apple sauce, you go across the hall and see Judge Eckstrom. And you don't need to hurry. You're in the sticks, and daylight-saving's out, see? How about it?"

"Oh, *thanks!*"

"Say, you might be on the level with it, at that!" The official eye relented a little, dwelt upon her, thawed, swung to Gilbert and became jocularly severe: "And if that's so, what's the idea of creeping along the way you was doing, buddy—holding up traffic?"

"New car," said Gilbert, apologetically. "I didn't want to let her out much, just yet."

The policeman leaned to inspect the mileage. He whistled.

"You win," he said. "Come on."

He sped on before them. Gilbert followed, his mind suffering from a mild confusion.

"I thought you said you wouldn't—" he began.

"I had to do something, didn't I?" Lollie interrupted. "You know what Judge Eckstrom is! If I hadn't thought of that line about the license you'd have gone to jail! Wasn't it lucky that we happened to be talking about it just before that policeman happened to—"

She stopped. Gilbert heard the catching sound as she drew a quick, awe-stricken breath.

"Happened! Another perfectly weird coincidence, unless—unless it's all *meant!* I wonder if Mr. Greminger could be right, Gilbert? Do you suppose—?"

"I always kind of liked that religion we tried that had fate mixed up in it," said Gilbert. "It's a kind of comfortable idea. If everything's all settled for you anyway, you don't need to bother about deciding things and trying to look ahead and all that. All you have to do is let things happen. I guess I liked that religion the best of all we ever tried." He paused. "Wish I could remember the name of it."

LOLLIE was thoughtfully silent for a space. Suddenly she straightened.

"I know! We'll just try it! We'll leave it to fate, and find out whether we're meant to—to do anything! We've got to get the license anyway, or else go to jail. So we'll get it and then see what happens. We won't try to decide it ourselves."

"Yeh!" Gilbert assented with the nearest approach to enthusiasm of which he was capable. "You're not so dumb, Lollie. I always said you weren't."

He drew in to the curb before the Sawneytown courthouse and, deeply stirred, accommodated his pace to the swiftness of Lollie's; for once, somehow, he didn't mind hurrying a little. The policeman, pausing at the doorway of the license bureau, ushered Lollie gallantly past and found opportunity for a profanely emphatic whisper to Gilbert on the topic of luck.

Coughing, by way of answer, Gilbert felt vaguely that there was something in what the fellow said. It certainly did look as if something—luck or fate or whatever you wanted to call it—would manage your affairs for you if you let it. So far today it had unquestionably managed Gilbert's, anyway, and managed them in a fashion to inspire complete confidence in its good will and competence.

Affairs of greater moment would still be left, at Lollie's clever suggestion, to the decision and control of this same convenient arbiter. Gilbert felt a very strong hope that fate would rise to this emergency, but he was aware of a desire, altogether foreign to his habit, to do something himself toward ensuring a satisfactory event.

While, therefore, he leaned upon a wooden shelf before a wicket and answered the impertinences of a tired-looking clerk, he struck thrice, with the knuckles of his right hand, on the under surface of the disaster-averting wood.

He felt, as he followed Lollie away from the now wistful policeman, that, whatever happened, he, at least, had done his part.

He did not notice the approach, from the direction of Lakeport, of an ordinary little sedan, arriving at the courthouse a few seconds after the new car had moved away. He had forgotten all about being shadowed; he omitted to cast behind him the routine glance of the habituated fugitive. He failed, therefore, to observe the encounter, on the curb, of a warm, shirt-sleeved, blue-jawed gentleman and a traffic officer who stood gazing, rather unprofessionally, after a blithely departing brand-new car.

At the Buttright Inn, a few brief miles beyond the village, Lollie decided that it was too early and too hot to eat. She seemed a little queer, Gilbert thought; she was unusually still, anyway, and whenever he glanced at her he had a dim feeling that she was afraid. This, vaguely, he could understand; he was frightened, kind of, himself.

He chose, by instinct, a road that circled widely back toward Egandale, and Lollie didn't object. She didn't say anything at all; she just sat there, holding the license and looking—well, looking scared. He discovered that he didn't like this; he didn't want Lollie to be scared.

"Nothing to be afraid of," he said. "Bound to come out all right."

"I know." She sounded queerly breathless, though.

"You're all right," he insisted. "I wouldn't let anything happen to you. I guess you know that. You don't ever need to be afraid of anything as long as I'm around, Lollie."

"I know," she said again. "I'm silly. Only, thinking about fate that way kind of scares me. If there is such a thing it just has to be so awfully big, and we're so tiny and—and helpless!"

Gilbert's right hand astonished him by leaving the wheel and closing about Lollie's left.

"I guess it doesn't matter how big it is," he said, "as long as it's on our side."

"If it is!" She sounded more afraid than ever. "If it just *is!*"

"IT IS, all right. Just look how everything's happened right along—look at the way I got out of going to India and look at how we found the house and the piano works and look at how Uncle Herbie showed up just in time and everything! Look at that cop, just now! Why, it couldn't just happen, Lollie—not all that. No, sir—it's *meant!*"

He enlarged upon the theory. They came presently to Egandale and the piano works, where Mr. Fenstermacher, dinner pail in hand, was in the act of opening the office door. He made them welcome and, the debate continuing while he assembled his bassoon, expressed himself strongly on the side of destiny.

"If a man doesn't learn anything else out of the funeral directing game," he declared, "he can't help learning that you can't buck fate. Why, that's right at the bottom of the funeral directing business, that is. If we didn't have to take what's coming to us and take it when it comes, there wouldn't *be* any funeral directing game! Why, I could tell you any number of cases where—"

He stooped to recover the license which had slipped from Lollie's unnerved

(*Continued on page 36*)

In a sitting posture, his back against the partition, Mr. Noonan blinked with pained and puzzled surprise

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

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Zoë had let herself into the card-room unheard and was looking from M. de Freycinet to Mrs. Lanchester with puzzled eyes, as if she had witnessed the embrace of two utter strangers

Speaking of Women

By Louis Joseph Vance

The Story Thus Far:

LONA SCHELL, seeking to escape from her involved and shadowy past in America, travels to Europe under the name of Mary Lanchester, recently widowed. En route, she becomes part of a gay company comprising Tess and Tim Macready; Julien de Versennes, a French nobleman, who instantly falls in love with her; Phillips Canning, an American millionaire, and Rollo Tattersall, who is cynically aware of her notorious past.

Hoping to marry Versennes, Mrs. Lanchester wins Rollo's silence by her assurances of sincerity. But in Paris, despite her promise and her tacit understanding with Versennes, she manages a clandestine meeting with an engaging young Frenchman, who, it later develops, is Robert de Freycinet, the man who is betrothed to Versennes' charming daughter, Zoë.

De Freycinet wisely chooses to ignore Mrs. Lanchester's repeated overtures and she, fully realizing the extreme dangers of her position but imagining herself in love with him, persists. Zoë, instinctively on guard against Mrs. Lanchester, observes this. Her father, blindly in love, is unaware of the growing tenseness of the situation, and proceeds happily with his plans to marry Mrs. Lanchester.

At a reception at the home of the noted artist, Fuenterrabia, it is arranged that the entire party shall go to the country home of Versennes. Mrs. Lanchester, hoping still to win de Freycinet and at the same time further her plan to marry Versennes, accepts Julien's invitation to spend a few days at his château before the arrival of the rest of the party. Robert is absent, however, and she spends her time miserably with Fuenterrabia, Zoë and Zoë's openly hostile aunt, Eugénie. Upon Robert's arrival she resumes her attempts to win him, and is calmly rejected. Angered, and seeking revenge, she sets herself to win Fuenterrabia, who, with full knowledge of her character, accepts her for exactly what she is.

X

NEVER tell me there isn't an understanding there."

That growl of an old watchdog arrested Zoë in the act of rising from the piano; and, sinking back, she looked aghast to her grand-aunt instead of, what would have been quite as pardonable, in dumb prayer to heaven. For if the sense of those words had come of late to be a weariness in her hearing, it was none the less shocking to hear it uttered in an alien's: that Aunt Eugénie should so far forget herself as to impugn the conduct of one guest in the presence of another passed all believing.

Only too evidently one had missed, in one's dreaming to the music, something of the traffic of the after-dinner hour; something exceptionally flagrant surely had been transacted within the last few minutes to instigate such a breach of the amenities, wake that snap of black diamonds in Aunt Eugénie's eyes and cause each separate hair of her modestly penciled mustache to bristle.

Mme. Lanchester, it now appeared, had maneuvered M. Fuenterrabia—he having fallen to her lot upon the retreat of the others to the card-room—as far as one of the windows that opened on the night, upon whose threshold, as though he had offered to balk, she stood airily at pause, casting back over one sweet white shoulder eyes of arch challenge, such a glance as no fair-minded woman gives a man unless she is prepared to make its invitation good. The dinner-gown she wore was a mere sheath of black-lace fronds, as few as she could do with, the sheerest parody of mourning which her Parisian wardrobe had as yet presented, delicately accenting not only the milky fairness of her flesh and all its lovely flowing lines but a subtler attribute which it had begun to divulge of late, as though Riviera suns had been needed to mature it, a faint peculiar glow as of an aura on the verge of becoming visible, the innuendo of a diablerie like a natural efflorescence, as natural as the bloom of a hothouse nectarine.

Was it any wonder, then, the woman had virtually bewitched every man alive within the walls of Quézac? Or every man, at least, but one. And even of this lonely exception Zoë was by no means certain.

She made the admission freely, without bitterness, in a spirit neither of envy nor of false contempt. If she was daily finding less reason and less to love Mme. Lanchester and would have been sad indeed to recognize any real affinity with her, it still was in the girl to be generous and just: accept the woman for what she was Zoë could and did, so saw her in her own fashion matchless, and understood that men too must see her so and covet her—man being what he was, what he had always been and always would be, instinctively more or less a Turk. But even more than beautiful and strange, the very flower of her kind, clever and supple and consummately selfish, hereditary high priestess of woman's time-old mystery, tireless in the practice of its rites, and so rapt with its ecstasy that life creamed in her palpably like wine in a rare chalice: a heady draft for the lips of any man, yet a draft sweet beyond any man's rejection. But a little drunk herself, conceivably, with consciousness of power, too drunk to be always sure-footed on the paths her feet were set in, paths that wound by dizzy brinks. A single misstep would be fatal—and to at least one onlooker an ultimate plunge to disaster seemed surely fated. But patience yet a little longer . . .

If only Aunt Eugénie could be brought to see this!

Of a sudden the woman posed against the peering night, requited with a rich laugh of derision the ironic countenance which M. Fuenterrabia was bending over her, and, laughing, went out lightly, swiftly, to the terrace—went without so much as a backward glance, as though troubled by never the least doubt but that he would follow.

NEITHER, as it fell out, was she mistaken: all in one instant M. Fuenterrabia, with neither haste nor hesitation, took himself off in turn by way of the window, Mme. Macready leaned toward Mme. Savinien to take issue with her, and Zoë's hands strayed back to the keys with no other design than to damp their voices. It was simply that she reckoned the piano a more agreeable gossip, kinder and saner. But for once it was not, as she directly learned, a more charitable.

Muted chords breathed on the quiet, barely strong enough in the beginning to serve the player's purpose, but swelling as the Funeral March of a Marionette intoned, in effect uninvited, its ribald lugubrious rhythms.

The young head took a deeper droop lest the twitching of her lips be read as indicating that she had resorted of impish choice to the sardonic humor of Saint-Saëns.

But there was nobody looking, nobody listening.

The cream of the jest was this, that it remained a secret between herself and the piano.

"'Understanding,' madame?" Tess Macready asked, making specious eyes

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under brows blank as paper—just as if she had been slow on her part to follow up that glare to the tableau by the window!

"Between those two," Mme. Savinien grimly affirmed—"your protégée—madame will forgive an old woman her bluntness—and Monsieur le Marquis."

"I'm afraid you will think me frightfully stupid—"

"Figure to yourself, then, that Monsieur le Marquis is of an age to arrive at only one sort of understanding with a bouncing young woman. Ever since that first time she went to sit to him—alone, if you will believe me!—they have been as we see them tonight: she takes the high hand with him, he humors her!"

"It's only her way," Tess Macready protested—"the modern way." All the same, if an honest word could have been shaken out of her at that junction Tess would have called the line Mary Lanchester was taking with the Spaniard more than merely pert and enterprising—not to mince terms, incendiary. That may have been why she found the inflection that queried "'Modern'?" so irritating. "The new school of manners," she enlarged. "I don't say I frightfully care for it myself, madame; but who are we to teach the up-and-coming generation how to behave? It has the bit in its teeth and goes its own pace—in too great a hurry to stand on formalities or questions of taste."

"But Monsieur le Marquis is a great man and a great gentleman—"

"That's just it. Respect for rank and reputation, or anything but money, went out with the war."

"I mean to say, madame," Eugénie Savinien persevered, "Monsieur is a grandee of Spain, peer of the proudest aristocracy in Europe. Yet—we are agreed, I think—Mme. Lanchester, since coming to Quézac, comports herself with him as if he were no more than a young man of her own condition. Does that not appear to you, too, madame, significant?"

"He doesn't seem to mind, if you ask me." Tess made her voice shake as if with amusement; actually she didn't feel the least bit light-hearted. "The more a man really matters, I've noticed, the more he seems to relish being treated without ceremony—I mean, by attractive young women. After all, I suppose, it's only natural: the bigger the man, the more human."

"They are all alike, men," Mme. Savinien grunted—"that knows itself—great or small, imbeciles all whenever it's a pretty woman. One is nevertheless disappointed in Monsieur le Marquis."

"Oh! if it comes to that, I daresay we're safe in leaving him to look after his dignity."

"IT IS not his dignity one is jealous of, madame, it is Julien's. Monsieur le Marquis and he are life friends—"

"But I'm sure you are mistaken if you think Mary Lanchester would do anything intentionally to Julien's injury—!"

"One has only the evidence of old wits; yet madame must admit it would be difficult to be blind to what goes on here at Quézac. It is well understood that Mme. Lanchester is as good as betrothed to Julien; yet even you, I think, madame, even you, her friend and countrywoman, will hardly deny that she lets no chance go by to flirt with three other men under Julien's very nose!"

"But four, madame," Tess corrected in lamentable levity: "you're forgetting my Tim."

"To the contrary, I assure you; it is that knowing Monsieur Tattersall whom we must leave out of the count."

The piano behind them snarled in macabre mirth; but its abrupt silence was all that claimed Tess' attention.

"Delicious," she fluted to Zoë, glad of the excuse. "You do play divinely, child. What was that charming little thing?—I can't seem to place it—something of your own?"

"It's difficult to decide on a suitable title," the girl with serene, grave eyes replied. "I do feel it ought to be called The Maiden's Prayer, but I can't help thinking that's so obvious, it must have been used."

"THAT'S a wicked thing," metallic accents commented when the music was no more—"enough to give a person the creeps!" The night was heavy on the terrace, windless and unseasonably warm, only a thin filtration of shine from its high starry ceiling defined the sulky pose which the woman had been holding by the stone balustrade for some minutes, the toss of her bright head that broke it. "Played it as if she meant it, too, as if she was saying it with music!" Fuenterrabia gave a blank "Comment?" and Mrs. Lanchester a flat brief laugh. "Trying to tell the world how much she loves Mamma. I wouldn't put it past her. She's a sharp little thing, and only the other day she was telling Tess Macready sometimes she composes piano pieces. Maybe that was one of them—written in my honor."

"Forgive me, most beautiful, for pointing out that you are mistaken in at least three of your assumptions."

"Oh, yes?"

"You are not Zoë's step-mother—"

"Not yet, but soon. That's why—"

"The composition that offends you was written by a French musician these ten years dead."

"I bet he had a mean disposition."

"And you may be sure, mademoiselle would be the last ever to direct attention to your honor."

The starlight struck sudden gleams from eyes that shifted to search his shadowed face.

"That sounds like a nasty one—unless you're trying to be funny."

(*Continued on page 29*)

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

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"Oh, goody, goody, Mr. Smyth, you're my partner—won't that be just lots of fun?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. 10-9 H. 4-3-2 D. A-J-9-5-2 C. K-J-7	
West S. A-7-4-2 H. Q-10-8-5 D. 8-6-4-3 C. 6		*East* S. Q-J-6-5-3 H. K-9-7 D. K C. 10-5-3-2
	South S. K-8 H. A-J-6 D. Q-10-7 C. A-Q-9-8-4	

IF THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, had been played at Auction, South as dealer would have bid one No Trump. He also would have had a sound Club bid, but with all four suits stopped South would bid No Trump in preference to a five-card minor as there would be a better chance of taking nine tricks at No Trump than of capturing the eleven needed for a minor game.

After South's No Trump, West would pass. North also would pass as his hand is altogether too strong for a "rescue."

East's hand lies "under the shadow" of South's No Trump, thus placing his two Kings in the position in which they are least likely to prove trick-winners. This fact, coupled with his ability to supply an honor to assist any suit West may lead, would cause East to pass rather than make a foolhardy bid of two Spades for lead-directing purposes.

This hand was played at Contract (both sides vulnerable, score 0-0) in a team-of-four duplicate match in Boston. The bidding at both tables was: one No Trump by South, passed by West; two No Trump by North, passed by East; three No Trump by South, passed by all.

The Play

Both Wests were experienced players, and consequently selected the Five of Hearts for the opening lead. This preference over the four-card Spade suit headed by the Ace with the Seven as its second card was sound because there was little chance of establishing a long card in so weak a suit, and leading a Heart retained the Spade Ace to serve as an entry for the Hearts if they can be established—always a possibility, even against a No Trump declaration, when the original lead is from a suit headed by two honors.

When the dummy was exposed and East played the King of Hearts, both Souths saw that even with eleven possible tricks in sight (that number would be assured if the King of Diamonds were held by West) the hand nevertheless was loaded with dynamite.

The Declarer at one table could see no reasonable chance for game unless he could capture the King of Diamonds by finesse. Consequently he won the first trick and to trick 2 led the Queen of Diamonds and held up dummy's Ace. He lost nine successive tricks; viz., the singleton King of Diamonds, five Spades and three Hearts.

East knew that West had led his lowest Heart and consequently from a four-card suit because the Five was West's initial card and dummy exposed the three lower Hearts. As game could not be saved with Hearts, and as it was advisable that the Spade suit should be led by East rather than West, East led a Spade to trick 3 instead of returning his partner's suit; and South was held to four tricks.

The wiser Mr. South determined first to run the Clubs and obtain any information that the adverse discards might furnish; so he led a low Club to the second trick, and the second Club round showed that West had held a singleton. This, in turn, indicated that West, who originally opened a four-card suit of not more than moderate strength (and hence had no suit longer than four cards), had held a hand divided 4-4-4-1; and this conclusion led to another of the greatest value to Declarer. With West shown to have four Diamonds and with a total of eight Diamonds held by North and South, East was marked with exactly one Diamond.

Since Declarer did not fear a lead from West and playing the Ace of Diamonds made it impossible for East to obtain the lead, North made that play on the first Diamond round as a precautionary measure, and the King dropped from East. After that it was a showdown for North and South at this table to take eleven tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 8-5-4 H. A-Q-10-3 D. 9-7-4 C. 9-6-2	*East* S. K-7-2 H. K-9-4 D. 8-6-5-2 C. J-8-7
West S. 6 H. J-7-5 D. A-K-Q-10-3 C. K-10-5-3	*South* S. A-Q-J-10-9-3 H. 8-6-2 D. J C. A-Q-4

Riding the Heat Waves

Continued from page 19

summer is too much fat foods or sugar.

When lunchtime comes, whether we meet it at home or abroad, the more vegetables and fruit it entails, the less meat and heat-making sugar and fat, the better. Crisp salads are fine, but rich dressings are to be avoided. The worst lunch of all is the one we grab at the soda fountain, made up of a sandwich that gives us bread and meat—never a very good combination—with ice cream for dessert and a sense of hurry for perpetual sauce.

When the workers of the family come home at night, the general American hot-day habit seems to prescribe piling into the car and going somewhere for dinner. Where people live in very small, badly ventilated apartments, there may be some excuse for this, but otherwise it just doesn't make sense. A bath—tepid rather than cold—a change into crisp negligee of some sort, a leisurely meal eaten in surroundings much freer from noise and tension than the average restaurant—all these things favor such relaxation as makes a promising prelude for good digestion. Even the best restaurants sometimes slip up in hot weather, too, and serve food that a conscientious housewife would have shaken her head over and dumped regretfully into the garbage can. At home, one runs no such risks.

Dealing with Lettuce

Summer dinners can well begin with chilled grapefruit, tomato-juice cocktail, jellied bouillon or anything else that gives the illusion of ice without the actuality. Meat—which must come on this bill of fare, even if one omits it for lunch—should be the only protein dish, but at least two vegetables other than potatoes ought to be added, preferably the "high residue" kind, such as asparagus, string beans and all leafy vegetables. If the temperature dictates they may be served as salad rather than hot.

Vegetables, in some families, seem to form a sort of closed corporation; the same stand-bys appear over and over, cooked in the same old way. This isn't desirable at any time of year, but it's fatal in the summer when appetites need coaxing. Many devotees of spinach, who believe all that has been written about this much-trumpeted item of diet, never seem to think of varying it with dandelion greens, beet tops and so on. Lettuce can't be served too frequently, but changing the dressing and the combination of other vegetables or fruits served with it makes it seem new. In large cities, a visit to the markets of the foreign-born will turn up all sorts of possibilities; for example, most of us use broccoli, but lots of us have never tried fennel. Tomatoes, too, are good for us, but why need they always come sliced when they taste so good in jelly with a dash of lemon juice and a bit of onion, and such subtle additions as a stalk of celery, a bay leaf, a hint of green pepper and a couple of cloves cooked along with them? Cabbage has a grand little lot of vitamins rolled up in those crisp summer heads, but cabbage salad that palls may be given a lift heavenward by adding, again, the useful lemon and onion to its dressing. Any crack cook can tell you a thousand and one other things to do, and most of them will, if you tune in on the radio.

But to return to the dinner table. The best summer dessert is fruit. Here, again, one proves the wisdom of dining at home. Even very good restaurants often serve fruit that doesn't correspond, and, as any fruit-orderer has long ago noted, the price per serving is apt to be out of proportion to the price per basket.

Practically all of us sleep too little in hot weather. Sleep is difficult to reach and hard to maintain, so many people don't even try for it as they do when they need it less. What we all ought to realize is that relaxation, while not so good, is a pretty fair substitute for at least some of our usual nightly ration. Relax in the car, the train or whatever carries you to work or play. There are even right and wrong methods of strap-hanging. If you're rigid with rage at the company for not providing you with a seat, you're far more tired than if you have cultivated a rhythmic balance of mind and body. In any case, it's always possible to relax at lunch, instead of talking business or scandal a mile a minute. Those who are at home will find that even five minutes spent flat on the back is an aid to the removal of tension, and to lie down for half an hour, as they do in the tropics after dinner, is time well spent.

If sleep doesn't come at once when you finally put out the light at night, don't give heaven and the weather man a good dressing-down; try to lie still and slack off. Sometimes it helps to think of cold things—the top of a British Columbia mountain above snowline, the sea off Maine, Christmas night in the country. If you aren't the sort who can kid yourself, sit up, be as comfortable as possible and read a book that doesn't require too much concentration. An electric fan helps, because air in motion is better than air at rest, even if the breeze generated isn't really cool. But be sure to keep the parts of the fan tightened up, well oiled and noiseless. Never—please, never—run the radio late at night when others, less nervous, are getting at least forty winks. And if you go out in the car, don't yell and slam doors on returning. But if somebody else is guilty of these atrocities, try not to let your anger rise; there's nothing so heating as a good stiff hate.

A Kind Word for Husbands

When it comes to the question of hot-weather clothes, most women can sit up and look satisfied. They've learned the trick of reducing their load to a minimum. They've fallen into line with the prevailing habit of dressing the children in the least the law allows. But as for their poor dear husbands—why doesn't the weather man turn stylist to his sex and advise them not to carry their winter suits over into the summer, almost unchanged? If your particular husband shows a spark of rebellion and leaves off his waistcoat—don't tell him that's not correct. If he wants to wear linen suits that aren't customary in his part of the country—don't say he looks like a street cleaner or a chorus boy. Some day you'll be proud to think he was in the vanguard of progress. Men aren't always going to carry the tropic of Capricorn and the tropic of Cancer crossed over their poor equators. They may be more conservative than Queen Victoria and Mrs. Grundy put together, but some day they're going to wake up and wear pajamas on Fifth Avenue if they feel like it.

They'll be lots nicer to have around the house at night when they don't work so hard all day keeping up the proprieties. Probably they'll even take us dancing after dinner in the cool snaps, when some man has invented a type of evening clothes that isn't in a class with Sing Sing at hard labor.

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Makes me hungry just to *think* of Milky Way

THAT thought is being expressed many times *every* day in every city and every town in America. Folks who know Milky Way find that to see one, or even to *think* of one means—well, they simply have to have one, that's all.

Why? There really is no secret about it. Milky Way is just so honestly *good* that its taste never is forgotten. Being reminded of it brings back the memory of that taste. Result is, you find yourself hungry for Milky Way, with an urgent, insistent *craving* that will not be refused.

If you never have eaten one, of course you can't imagine its taste. It simply cannot be described; you'll have to experience it for yourself.

It will satisfy your candy hunger as nothing else ever did. Furthermore, once you've tasted it, it will make *you* hungry just to think of Milky Way.

Wouldn't it be great to have one right this minute! And why not!

MARS, INC. · 2019-2059 North Oak Park Avenue · Chicago, Illinois

Milky Way

"When you crave good candy"

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

© P. Lorillard Co.

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just four years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."

ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of **OLD GOLDS** reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

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Speaking of Women

Continued from page 25

"Do me the justice to believe I am too well aware of my limitations."

"Just what did you mean, then?"

"But you yourself have said it—that Zoë is unusually understanding. Do you imagine she is blind, then—as nobody else is, here, but Julien—to the spirited gait you have displayed since coming to Quézac, in such marked contrast with the demure and almost timid pace you went in Paris? to your reckless if not studied contempt for appearances and the good will of the family you propose to marry into, and the constructive insolence of your attitude toward the gentleman who has offered to pay you the highest honor any man can bestow upon a woman?"

"'Insolence'?" Mrs. Lanchester repeated, as though she marveled—"to Julien!"

"DO YOU call it showing him respect to trade on his infatuation and flirt like a young devil with other men before his very eyes?"

"Well, but Julien knows I'm only trying to get a little amusement—"

"'Julien knows'—my Lord!" the Spaniard cried—"but I think you forget it is I to whom you say that." The stump of his cigarette traced an angry trajectory over the balustrade.

"Maybe I have gone a bit far," Mrs. Lanchester sullenly allowed; "but I don't think it's fair to blame me when I'm simply bored to tears here, most of the time—all the time, if you want to know, except when I'm with you. I shouldn't wonder if it did look as if I'd fallen for you too hard. I guess maybe I have, if it comes to that."

"My dear young woman!"

"You don't believe me, after all—!"

"Modesty has never been accounted among my glaring faults, but really—!"

She let a moment pass, as if pensive, before declaring in accents of almost virginal candor: "It's true, all the same. I mean it."

He replied as thoughtfully and as though more to himself than to her: "This is too much."

"You want me to prove it?—I mean, how much I've learned to care since—"

"But be a little patient, please, give me time to reconcile what you tell me with my reason."

Impossible now to tell what his temper was, whether she had persuaded him or he remained skeptical and satiric. . . . "You haven't forgotten, have you, asking me, the other day, to go to Madrid? Suppose I say I will. . . ."

"Are you serious?"

"Absolutely."

He said it in the tone of one who seeks to clarify a situation by arraying the facts in order: "Zoë's portrait, as you know, is finished—all but a few touches. Nothing detains me here but yours. As soon as that is completed, say in another week, I return to Paris to attend to some affairs; after a few days there, at most—Madrid. Do I understand you will join me there?"

"I'm thinking of it."

"Admit that is hardly an answer. . . ."

"I haven't decided yet. It's a fearfully important step for me, you must see that. Give me another day to think it over. Tomorrow, maybe, day after at the latest, I'll let you know."

"I see." The ironist became audible again: "Even in love, the instinct of self-preservation perseveres to function!"

"I must say you don't seem positively delirious with joy."

"Should I be, when you want time to weigh love in the scales against the title of Comtesse de Versennes?"

"But I thought a marquise ranked a comtesse."

"Ah-h! But how fortunate, before it could be too late! Or am I again mistaken in believing that thoughts of marriage are in your mind in connection with this proposed honeymoon in Madrid?"

"Why not, if we find we love each other enough—?"

"My dear girl!" Fuenterrabia took her hand and pressed it. "You are one of the most charming women that ever breathed, and if I am not in error one of the most fatal. I adore you—and I couldn't be more afraid of you if you were dynamite. To be loved by you would be an adventure worth any price in reason; but marriage is beyond reason. Neither will you deny, I think, that the price you ask me to pay for love is a steep one."

"Who said anything about price? Unless, of course, you're still harping on the lies that beast Canning told you to get even with me for saying no to him! If you think I'm that kind—"

"The price I have in mind has nothing to do with such financial arrangements. But consider that I may love you only at the cost of a dear friendship."

"You mean Julien's—?"

"Julien's?" Fuenterrabia cried as if the name were strange to him.

"Taking me away from him would lose you his friendship; that's what you mean, isn't it?"

"But that, thank God! is one sin of which my conscience could never reproach me. You have never loved Julien; how, then, could I accuse myself of alienating your heart from him? It is quite another tie that I should jeopardize, my affection for Robert."

The woman with a low, harsh cry snatched her hand away. After some time her voice came to him again as if from a distance, though neither had moved, a throaty croak of rage through darkness: "Damn you!"

"But why be angry with me when I am not angry with you?"

"What right have you to be angry with me?"

"It seems to me I have every right to resent being used as a stalking horse, to make Robert believe he was in danger of losing what the good fellow hesitates, as a man of honor, to accept."

"What has he told you?"

"DO NOT misjudge him. I assure you he has never so much as whispered your name. But did you really flatter yourself I could not see you keeping him in the corners of your eyes all the while you were pretending to be interested in nobody but me—watching to see how Robert was taking it? You do injustice to my good sense."

"If you don't go away and let me alone before I forget myself—!"

"But you will never do that, I am sure; you are far too level-headed. You will not, for one thing, risk making an exhibition of yourself that would put Robert off or hurt your chance—which you do not forget for an instant, I know—of holding Julien to his bargain; a bad bargain for him, I grant you, but one he can't get out of with his dignity intact if you should choose to hold him to it."

"For heaven's sake! go away—"

"Your lightest wish," Fuenterrabia said, "is my law. I go, my darling, but with regret, and in the hope that, if worst comes to worst, you won't forget me. After all, we understand each other and—I bear no malice. A telegram addressed to my studio in Paris will always reach me—and Madrid in April is worth the journey, I promise you."

She waited where he left her, in a bothered rather than an indignant stare, observing the vague stir of shadows which marked the line of his retreat. His tall, lean shape darkened one of the salon windows and without a hint of hesitation disappeared: a gesture which said as clearly as if he had turned to shout it back at her: "Finish!" The next move, if any, would be up to her.

Turning then she made her way as quietly as a cat toward the château till she came to a point from which, herself unseen, she could spy on the party in the card-room. Standing there in the dark and peering in through the open long window was like watching a scene on the stage. The low-hung dome light concentrated its pour on the green square table immediately beneath it, at which four players sat, deep in the mystery of Contract. To three of these the spectator paid, however, no heed whatever, but fastened her hungry gaze instead on the features of M. de Freycinet with a single-minded intensity which must, one would have thought, have registered on his awareness, even though he could not see her, had he not been so intent on the manipulation of his cards. The young man, like M. de Versennes, gave himself to the game with a devotion, an almost ferocious concentration which precluded all recognition of exterior circumstances. And she contemplated this spectacle jealously, with a sense of frustration, holding it incomprehensible that he could spend himself upon the fall of cards with so much extravagance when, as well he knew, love was waiting for him in the night, love ready and supple that he need only step aside to take and possess and realize in its completest expression.

THE resolution which she had been possessed by ever since waking up that morning, to make by some means, however desperate, an opportunity to talk alone with Robert before she slept again, settled, while she watched, into decision to remain where she was until he should cut out of the game, at the conclusion of one of its interminable rubbers. It would be possible then to intercept him unobserved, between the card-room and the salon, and fix their rendezvous.

She had hardly resigned herself to the prospect of an indefinite wait, as it turned out, when M. de Freycinet, playing as declarer, after a prolonged study of the board, led a card from dummy, finessed through the strength held by Rollo Tattersall, and with a flashing smile of pleasure in the success of his generalship, exposed his hand, claiming the remainder of the tricks and game and rubber; whereupon Tim Macready, who had been playing as Tattersall's partner, swore thickly and, rising, went to the doorway that opened on the entrance hall.

"You're in, Tess," he called, and dealt a facer to her hopes who waited on the terrace by adding: "And I, by the mercy of God, am out; and that's the only stroke of luck I've had tonight."

He turned back to busy himself with a decanter at the buffet and bend a jaundiced glower on the two Frenchmen who, with the vivacity of seasoned cardsmen, were holding a happy post mortem on the hand which had just

(*Continued on page 32*)

We *Guarantee* The Best Shave In All Your Life

To prove that MOLLÉ is as far ahead of other shaving creams as the modern safety razor is ahead of the old straight razor, we make this exceptional offer: Get a tube of MOLLÉ No-brush, No Lather Cream at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the "MOLLÉ way"—and then, if you do not get the *quickest, smoothest, cleanest,* and most comfortable shave in your life, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a *quick, easy* shave that leaves a most delightful *after-feel,* simply do this:

(1) Wash your face . . . leave it wet.
(2) Spread MOLLÉ over beard like a fragrant cold cream.
(3) Shave with your favorite razor.

Simplicity and speed are only a small part of the advantages of the MOLLÉ shave. You will be doubly surprised at the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and soreness—and, best of all, that comfortable after-feel that requires neither lotions nor balms.

MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) was originally the private formula of a learned physician—a skin specialist. It is the blending of ingredients recognized for their healing, soothing, and antiseptic properties. Although publicly offered a comparatively short time, its sale is tremendous—nation-wide. Each day adds new users.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

They're calling him the

. . . . BUT HIS

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Crystal Gazer

CRYSTAL IS A BALL OF FACTS AND FIGURES

THROUGHOUT his industry he is known as . . . "The Man with the Clairvoyant Mind." New business conditions face him . . . but don't faze him. For, with uncanny accuracy, he seems to anticipate and discount today's business trends before they happen.

When, not long ago, the whole trend of design in his industry began to change, somehow his men were showing the new lines while competitors were struggling with the "old stuff."

Inventories don't seem to weigh heavily on him . . . somehow his stocks are just a trifle "cleaner" than his competitors'. Ruthlessly, it seems, he's cutting items from his line. Recklessly, it seems, he's adding new ones. Salesmen get sudden instructions to skip whole sections of their territories . . . and somehow, close more orders.

Those who know him intimately know that his hunches are not hunches at all but simply the guidance of timely and accurate business information. No crystal ball gives him his vision . . . but crystal-clear digests and break-downs of sales, daily comparisons of salesmen's and customers' activities; graphic summaries of the movement of every product in its line, by styles, colors, models, sizes and mark-ups; field surveys of shifting public demands and public swings; vivid resumés of expenditures, experiments and results in every department of his business.

The daily statements placed on his desk are really fact-and-figure televisions of all the operations of his business, inside and out—and of the actions and reactions of his competitors and the market.

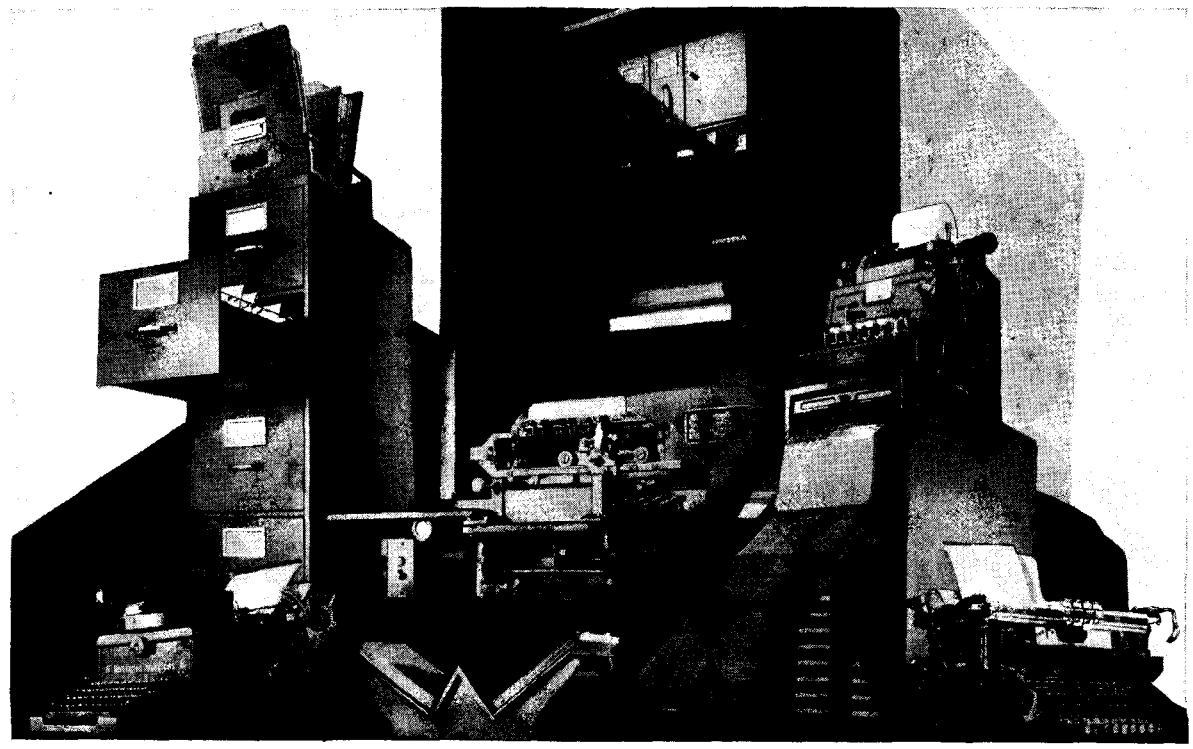
CALL ON REMINGTON RAND

NO BUSINESS man need deny himself the inspiration and direction of complete and pertinent facts and figures about his own business. Put the whole job up to Remington Rand to equip your office so that you can have the figures and facts you need and want. Turn to the one "headquarters" on modern business equipment, systems and appliances. And with one interview and one order you can secure all of the systems and machines you need to simplify and solve your problems of business control.

Remington Rand Service is unbiased and all-embracing. It is not a special pleader for any one particular type of appliance or method. It is a consolidation of all the best systems and machines for facilitating the functions of any business, large or small. The Remington Rand equipment recommended to you will be chosen as the best equipment suited to your specific needs.

A telephone call will bring a Remington Rand man to your office . . . a trained man who will confer with you on any phase of your business systems, and bring to you, without cost or obligation, the best guidance and counsel available for the solution of your problems.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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turned the victory for them.

"Go to it, you sharks!" he growled. "Give each other the accolade, why don't you? If I couldn't win with the cards you two hold I'd sneak off in a corner somewhere and blow my brains out."

"That wouldn't help any," Tattersall darkly doubted. "You'd only come back and play as good bridge as you ever did in your life."

Tess came in to ask why all the merriment; and Tim, hastily swigging off his drink, went out by the hall door. Mrs. Lanchester saw Tess take note of his weaving feet and wondered at an indulgence which was expressed in a dim, one-sided smile as Tess went to the table to cut for partners. Tess, one would think, must know what was the matter with Tim, why he had taken to hard drinking again, and with how much provocation; yet seemingly she bore no grudge against the author of his misery or even blamed Tim for seeking to drug it.

The quartet in the card-room was settling to the new rubber when Tim appeared in one of the windows to the salon and rested there an instant, at blinded gaze into the murk, before coming out and beginning uncertainly to quarter the terrace, for all the world like a doddering old bird-dog beating a covert. He had, it was easy to surmise, asked after Mrs. Lanchester and been informed that she was out there somewhere. She cringed from the prospect of being tracked down by him, and when he had once passed so near, while she cowered in the lee of a tubbed ilex, that she caught a whiff of air tainted by alcohol, gave way to fright and, as soon as Tim had put a safe distance between them, scurried at discretion into the château through its main doorway.

CHANCE was kind to her then; her entrance could not have been timed more happily. She came in at the very instant that M. de Freycinet, taking advantage of the fact that his hand was dummy, strolled out into the hall to stretch his legs.

"You got my note?" she demanded, half breathless, but in a voice so hushed that it could hardly have carried farther than his ears. He answered with a nod, a wry look of helplessness. "You will do as I wish?"

He said in a tone to match hers: "But you are mad!"

"I shall go mad if I have to go on like this much longer," she bitterly retorted. "That's not an answer. Are you going to do what I ask? Are you going to meet me tonight after the others have gone up to bed?" In the face of her manifest determination, still the young man hesitated. "I warn you I won't take no for an answer. Unless you want to risk my coming to your room . . ."

Called to from the table he had just quitted and daring demur no longer, M. de Freycinet with a shrug gave in. "Where?"

"In there we'll be safe enough." A sign designated the card-room. "Twenty minutes, say, after the house is shut up for the night."

He gave another nod and went back to his game.

She held up long enough to collect herself and compose a guileless face for the tenants of the salon.

M. Fuenterrabia had disappeared. Mme. Savinien was at her needlework, Zoë returning to the piano from another quarter of the room. The possibility presented itself briefly to Mrs. Lanchester's apprehensions that the girl might have been somewhere near the door to the hall while she had been talking to M. de Freycinet; but it was hardly in reason to think that she could have caught a word of their communication, they had spoken in English, the pitch of their voices had been too careful. The sharpest scrutiny, moreover, couldn't have detected a shadow in the limpid gaze Zoë turned to the guest from behind her music rack.

"It is too marvelous out there," Mrs. Lanchester, in nervous gayety, volunteered—"mild as a night in June. I perfectly loved it—until Tim came out. Then"—she made a moue—"I don't mind telling you I simply ran. Tim's a dear, of course, but when he's got a few drinks in he will paw a person, for all the world like a blind puppy. And anyway, I'd been out long enough, the night air was beginning to make me too sleepy. You won't mind if I run along to bed, I know; but say good night to the others for me, won't you?"

The piano played her up the stairs to her door with strains like puckish laughter; not those which, heard at a distance, had moved her to call them "wicked," but of much the same humor.

IT WAS weary waiting. She was so impatient that she changed, as soon as she was back in her chamber, changed in a haste that was without reason, to the tea-gown which she counted on to lend her charms their most alluring aspect. But once she had accepted the assurance of a cheval-glass that she had made the best of all possible selections, and had retouched her lips and lashes and toned down the rouge on cheeks that were feverish enough to do with none, there was nothing to do but sit down by the door and school herself to patience, and listen for the noises that meant the house party was dispersing for the night.

The last of these was slow to come. The card-players sat late at their game, it was hours after she had heard Mme. Savinien and Zoë go to their respective rooms when the rumor of voices from the card-room failed, to be followed presently by footfalls on the stairs and good nights called on the landing; and it was some time later before somebody, presumably a servant, finished making the rounds of the doors and windows, one after another shutting and latching them. But at long last the château rested in silence, and Mrs. Lanchester let herself out to the landing and with infinite stealth crept down the steps in her stockinged feet, carrying her slippers lest their heels clatter on the polished bare wood of the treads and the tiled floor of the hall. There was a night light on the first landing, but none at all below: she was obliged to grope her way to the door of the card-room and fumble for the switch inside, with whose location she was acquainted. Her heart was beating so wildly when at length the warm glare broke out over the green table that she had to sit down to let it regain its normal tempo, and was hardly given time enough for that—M. de Freycinet proving so punctual to his tryst that she was beforehand with him by little more than a minute.

She jumped up, with a hushed cry of relief and longing, when he came in, and threw out both hands to him in fond entreaty—hands which he pretended not to see. He made an elaborate business of shutting the door again and noiselessly easing the latch into its socket before turning to recognize her presence with a bow more nervous than formal. His eyes, she saw, were worried, and though it might have been a trick of the light cast up from the spread of green baize, his face, she fancied, wore an unaccustomed pallor. And immediately after he had bowed, without waiting for her to find her tongue, tight lips released a speech in itself insignificant but, as it fell, as she heard it, so toneless that it sounded threatening:

"Yes, madame? I am here."

She let her slighted hands fall and sketched a faint smile of reproach. "And, you wish me to understand, much against your will, Robert?"

"I do think this is insanity," he gravely agreed. "I can't think what you expect to gain by it that could possibly outweigh what you stand to lose. . . ."

"I'm afraid," she said, "I've come to such a pass that I don't much care what I lose if I can't gain peace of mind; and there isn't a man in all the world who can give me that but one."

"I should be glad," he began; but as if sensitive to, discontented with, the emptiness of the form of words, did not finish.

"Don't," she pleaded, "say anything you don't mean, Robert."

"But that's my trouble," he protested, steadying his gaze up to hers—"trying to refrain from saying precisely what I mean—what everything forbids me to say. What, then, can I say, in this damnable position I'm in?"

"You can say you hate me for putting you in it," she suggested, again with her broken and moving smile.

"No—I can't."

"You can say you're tired of the sight of me, tired of being told, what I tell you with every look, with every tone of my voice, day in, day out." He shook his head, but she wouldn't stop. "You can say you don't care how much it hurts me to love you like this, to madness, and never get a single little sign of affection in response. You can say you don't love me . . ."

SHE caught her breath as if in pain, waited, and when he said nothing mustered spirit enough to insist: "Can't you?"

He said, as if he dragged the confession out of himself by main force: "No."

"What does that mean?" she demanded in a start of gladness that was nevertheless dimmed by fear. "That you do—care for me—a little, Robert?"

"I don't know," the man said through his teeth; and then in a sharp gush of words: "I don't know whether I love or hate you; I only know you've made the very thought of you a torment to me day and night, till I can't sleep for dreaming of you, and I can't get you out of my head when I'm awake long enough to think. . . . I only know I haven't any right in honor or common decency to think of you the way you make me think of you. . . . And I can't think of any way out!"

"There's only one," she said, and opened her arms again. "It's here."

This time he hardly hesitated. The cry of triumph which bubbled to her lips was stilled by his kiss: her consciousness was for a moment wiped clean of coherent thought. That returned only when, abruptly as he had caught her to him, M. de Freycinet released and put her away. Dazed expostulations failed before they became wholly articulate, and in staring dismay she laid hold of a table for support.

Zoë had let herself into the card-room unheard, and was standing with her back to its door, looking from M. de Freycinet to Mrs. Lanchester and back to her betrothed again with puzzled eyes—much as she might had she found herself an unintentional witness of the embrace of two utter strangers.

(To be continued next week)

Speaking of Women

Continued from page 29

"You shot your husband four times and stabbed him twice?'"
"Y-yes—it was just an accident."

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The MONITOR TOP

has established a record of trouble-free service unequalled *in the entire history of electric refrigeration.*

The Monitor Top—just look at it—scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet one of the most amazing—one of the most revolutionary—triumphs of modern engineering.

Scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet sealed within it is the *entire mechanism* that will operate a General Electric Refrigerator year in and year out, without a thought, without a worry, without so much as a drop of oil from you.

In the Monitor Top—*sealed in steel* and *permanently* oiled—is a mechanism so remarkable, so unbelievably efficient, that the General Electric Refrigerator has established a record of trouble-free service *unequalled* in the entire history of refrigeration. Picture the comfort, the convenience—the *economy* in owning such a refrigerator!

Why not look at a General Electric Refrigerator this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. You'll find a model exactly suited to your own particular needs—a refrigerator of such quiet, efficient, and economical operation as you never dreamed of—ready to go to work for you tomorrow morning! Write for our illustrated booklet. Section C-7, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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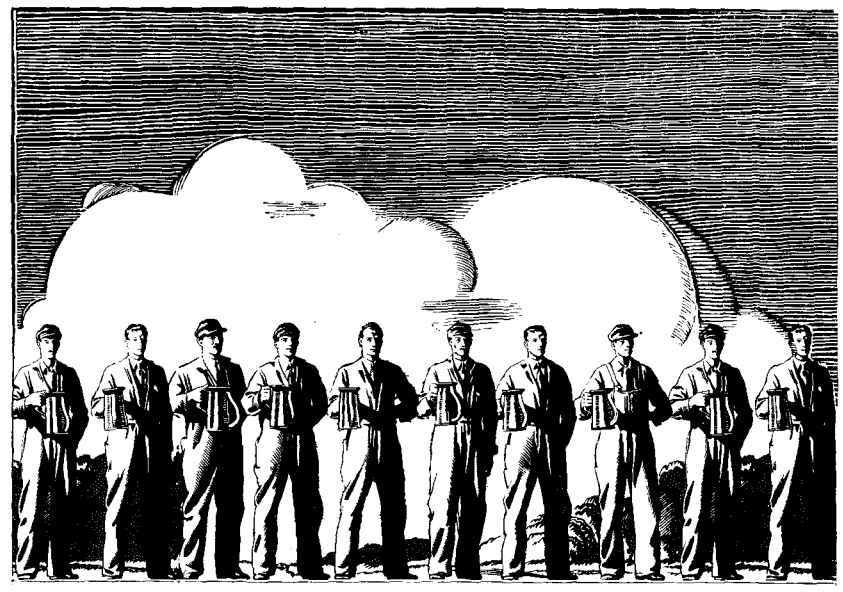
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

They can't all



HAS anyone ever told you—"This is the best oil for your engine because it was made from such and such crude"? The statement may have been made with sincerity—with conviction.

But someone else says: "No—*this* is the best oil for your engine"—and you find that he is talking about a *different* oil made from the *same* crude. Then another—because it, too, was made from the same crude!

It would be quite natural if you asked yourself, "Are all these oils *different?* If they are, then how can all these people be right?"

Yes, they may be different—widely different! So they *can't* all be right.

Not long ago a large chemical company analyzed 4 motor oils made from the same crude. In one important element alone the variation among these oils ranged from 31% to 63%!

"How can such differences creep in?" you may wonder.

The differences are caused by the *manufacturing processes*. Scientists versed in modern chemical knowledge of oil will tell you—"Manufacturing—not crude

TWO OILS MAY LOOK ALIKE

but in your engine they may give widely different results. In the oil you buy your engine needs all these properties in correct proportions:

Carbon control—to keep down hard carbon deposits.

Heat resistance—makes your oil *last* longer.

Oily character—protects moving parts from wear.

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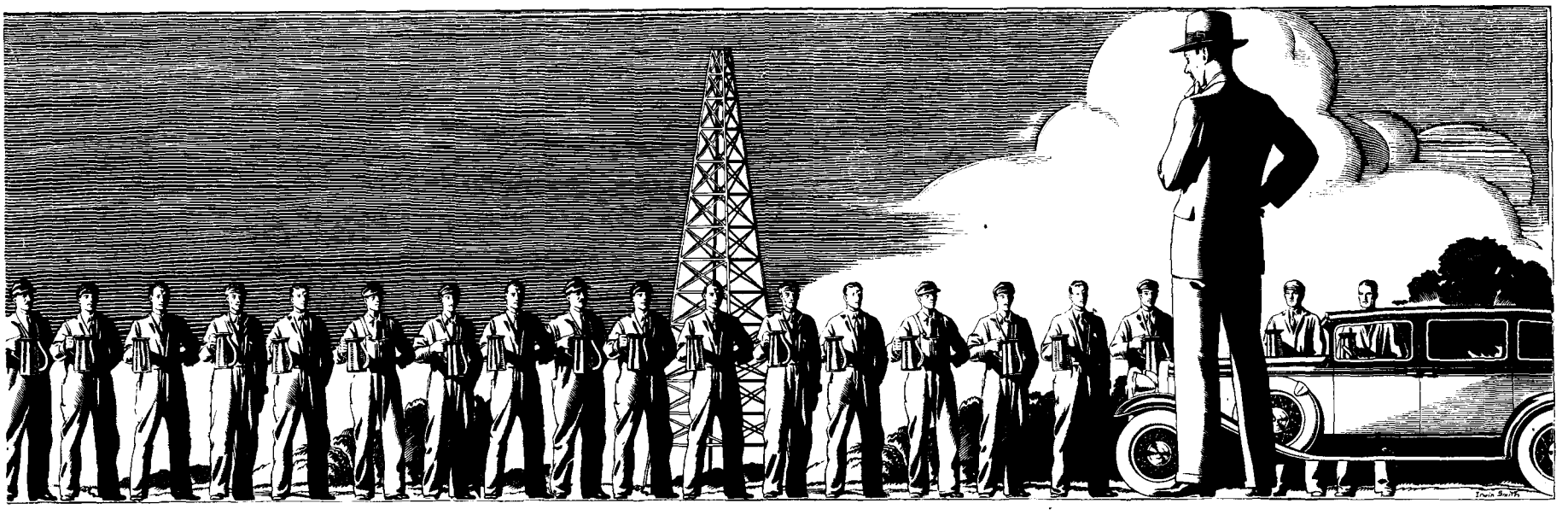
be right!



—controls oil quality. Motor oil is made—not found."

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MANUFACTURING CONTROLS QUALITY

By its knowledge of oil chemistry and by its unrivalled knowledge of your engine, the modern-minded Mobiloil technical staff *controls* each manufacturing step.

Therefore, into the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car goes the correct proportion of the properties that result in: *carbon control, oxidation control, heat resistance* and *oily character* and give longer wear. Exhaustive tests check each manufacturing operation, so that when you buy the finished Mobiloil you *know* that every drop of it has been proportioned with scientific accuracy to fit your engine.

Fifteen seconds—one quick glance at the chart at the right—and you will find the grade of Mobiloil your car needs now.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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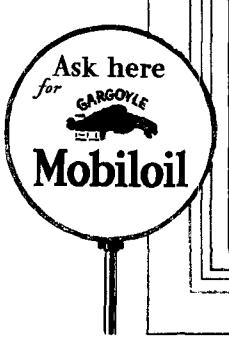

Mobiloil

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

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Both Were Young

Continued from page 23

fingers. As he straightened, holding it, accident or destiny elected to bring before him the countenance of Mr. Thomas Noonan, a countenance warmly moist but sternly, grimly blue-jowled and forbidding.

"That'll be all," said Mr. Noonan with rasping finality. "You can't put anything like this across! Not a chance! I'm stopping this wedding-bell stuff right here."

Gilbert could only stare. So this was the way fate acted, was it? So it had only been kidding him along, all this time, only playing with him, cat-and-mouse, just to pull a mean, low-down trick like this at the last of it?

"Oh, you're going to stop it, are you?"

Lollie's voice wasn't a bit like cream. It was more like a knife, Gilbert thought, a thin, sharp, curiously dangerous knife. She had moved, too, so that she stood close to him, a little nearer to Noonan.

"I'd just like to see you stop me from doing anything I choose to," she said. "Mr. Fenstermacher, you go right straight ahead and marry us!"

Mr. Fenstermacher was heard to say something incoherent about a license.

"You've got it in your hand," Lollie told him. "Never mind what this man says. You just marry us, that's all!"

Her hand slipped through the bend of Gilbert's elbow. Its gentle pressure turned him slightly so that he stood facing Mr. Fenstermacher. He began to think more kindly of fate.

"Nothing stirring," said Noonan. "Not if I have to hold a rod on the party!"

A FLAT blue gun appeared somehow in his big hand and pointed at the approximate middle of Mr. Fenstermacher. It was to Lollie, however, that he addressed himself:

"I'm doing this for your own sake, Miss Plimsoll. I told your father I'd pull a rod before I'd let you make a crazy play like this. I got a daughter of my own, and I'd thank anybody to do the same thing for her if she ever tried to muss up her whole life the way you want to! You think it over and you won't want to do it. Just think what it'd mean—"

"I've thought," said Lollie briefly, "and I'm going to do it."

"A bassoon-bug!" urged Mr. Noonan earnestly. "You want to spend the rest of your life listening to that parlor foghorn?"

"Yes," said Lollie.

"And the bassoon ain't the only thing he's goofy about, either!" Noonan's voice rose. "How you going to like it when he gets another one of them notions about being some heathen idol, huh? How you going to like being married to somebody that thinks he's a baby Buddha or—"

Fate, at this point, received a little collaboration on the part of Gilbert. There was a sharp smacking sound, followed by the booming thump of Mr. Noonan's solid weight against the partition and the floor, the clatter of the gun at Gilbert's feet. In a sitting posture, his back against the partition, Mr. Noonan blinked with pained and puzzled surprise and gingerly cradled a blue jaw in his palm.

Without haste Gilbert recovered the gun. He turned to the pop-eyed Mr. Fenstermacher.

"That's that," he announced. "You can go right ahead now."

"You got to have a witness," said Mr. Fenstermacher feebly. Gilbert scowled. His eyes returned thoughtfully to the recumbent Noonan; he coughed cheerfully. Using the blue gun as a pointer, he spoke.

"We got one," he said. "Right there. You can go ahead."

Mr. Fenstermacher, having withdrawn from his hip pocket a thin booklet, opened it ceremonially and cleared his throat.

"I TOLD you it'd come out all right." Lollie made only a queer little wordless murmur, but Gilbert interpreted it as agreement and returned placidly to the comfortable silence of his habit. Dimly, however, an association of ideas perplexed him: somewhere, long ago, something had happened to him that had made him feel almost exactly as he felt now.

Suddenly, as the car approached the summit of a long, familiar slope, light came to him.

"I know what it feels like," he said.

"What?" asked Lollie.

"It makes me feel just the way I did the first time I got my hair cut!" said Gilbert.

And by force of habit, with Lollie's

"For this happy occasion, folks—two for a quarter."

small, delighted laughter in his ears, he turned the new car blithely in between the illumined signs that entreated him, with lyric, needless urgency, not to pass by Paradise.

* * *

The mild October sun fell agreeably upon Belden Plimsoll. Even more pleasantly the words of Uncle Herbie Dolliver fell upon his ear. He was almost glad, now, that his regular Saturday afternoon call upon his son-in-law and daughter had not found them at home. If they'd been here it wouldn't have been possible to hear again the frank confession of Uncle Herbie's opinions concerning Belden Plimsoll's signal success in the father business.

These opinions had been expressed to Plimsoll on a number of earlier occasions, but they were the kind of opinions that could stand a great deal of repetition.

"The neatest job of match-making that's ever been pulled off," said Uncle Herbie. "The more I think it over the slicker it looks. The way you—" he glanced over his shoulder—"the way you got Pansy out of the picture, so she couldn't interfere! That beautiful scheme of sending Art Timlow along! My hat's certainly off to you, B. V. You're mighty near as smart as you thi—as people think you are!"

Plimsoll received the tribute with the graciousness of one to whom praise is a familiar, routine affair.

"And then that piano factory stunt!" Uncle Herbie's voice warmed. "The way you framed that up so that Gilbert would think he'd cleaned up a lot of money and feel perfectly able to get married! Why, Machiavelli would be proud of that one!"

Belden Plimsoll's look and gesture indicated that, however Machiavelli might have felt, the president of the Intercontinental Adding Machine Company regarded these little matters as all in his day's work.

"And most of all," said Uncle Herbie, "the way you managed to make both those youngsters believe you were dead set against the match! That was just plain genius, B. V. If either of 'em had suspected that you were in favor of it, I doubt if even you could have pulled it off!"

"Psychology, that's all." Plimsoll made another disclaiming gesture.

"But the thing that gets me is your having the genius to pick out Gilbert. I don't believe there's another man in the world that would have done that. Why, he's my nephew and all that, but if I had a daughter and he'd come hanging around her, I'd have telephoned for the dog-catcher, B. V. But you—how did you figure it out, anyway? How'd you ever come to see that he'd make just exactly the right man for a girl like Lollie?"

PLIMSOLL cleared his throat. For a moment the question troubled him, but only for a moment.

"It's simple enough, Herb. I've always made it my business to know my daughter better than anybody else. That's the real secret of success in—in this father business. You have to be—uh—pals with 'em. You have to know just what they think, just how they look at things. Lollie and I've always been just like that!" He lifted his hand, closed its fingers tightly.

"Yes, but—"

"And knowing her that way I couldn't help seeing that she'd never be happy with—with a go-getter. She wouldn't need one, you see. I've done all the go-getting that's necessary, and she's grown up watching me do it. She naturally wouldn't find anything very new or exciting about a man who was all wrapped up in a business. She'd want somebody whose talents ran the other way, if you know what I mean—somebody who specialized in enjoying life. And you don't see many like that around this country, Herb."

"What? No loafers?" Uncle Herbie challenged the statement. "Why—"

"I don't mean loafers or wasters or whoopee-makers," said Plimsoll. "I'm not talking about the youngsters who work at having a good time just the way their grandfathers used to work at selling groceries and building railroads. That's just making a business out of leisure, see? I wanted Lollie to marry a man who could sit still without being tied—a man who'd be perfectly happy being where he was, having what he had, a—well, a gentleman of leisure, if you see what I mean—the real thing, not the imitation. And that's what Gilbert is, when you get right down to it, and that's why I—" he hesitated. The words seemed still slightly difficult of utterance, but he forced them: "That's why I picked him out for Lollie."

He distinctly remembered, now, having said all this somewhere before. Indeed he could even remember hearing Lollie telling him, gratefully, that he had made her realize, for the first time, just what Gilbert was and just how she felt about him.

"Why I picked him out," he repeated, with conviction, "and why I saw to it that she picked him out too."

"He *is* a—well, I guess you've got it right," said Uncle Herbie. "I guess he comes about as close to being a gentleman as—"

"Look at the way he treated his mother," Plimsoll cut in. "And ask yourself how any boy who wasn't just a born, incurable gentleman would have treated Pansy!"

AGAIN, as if compelled by habit, Uncle Herbie cast behind him the wary glance of the hunted and fugitive. Plimsoll chuckled.

"Quit worrying, Herb. You're safe. She won't come back. Art Timlow's turned out to be a whale of a London manager. I always knew he would. I knew that front of his would knock the British for a—for a row of ash cans. And Pansy won't leave England till she gets the King and Queen and Prince of Wales to join that new Swedenborgian mission she's running. You're safe. And you were always safe, Herb. There was never any sense in letting her run you out of Lakeport. It's against the law for a deceased brother's widow to—"

"Not in this state, it isn't!" declared Uncle Herbie positively. "I looked it up!"

Plimsoll, still chuckling, rose to go.

"And that's another reason why my hat's off to you, B. V.," said Uncle Herbie. "You framed up that match, too." He wagged his head. "I always did say you were the biggest toad in this puddle!"

The tribute warm upon his ear, Plimsoll departed. In the hallway he encountered Zenia, and a vague shadow slightly overcast his mood. Toward Miss Lollums' father Zenia bore herself with tolerance, but her mustang eye continued to behold him, Plimsoll felt, as only a little man who acted kind of biggy and who said his name was Simpsons.

The shadow was deepened by the discovery, in the driveway, of the small sedan of Mr. Thomas Noonan, beside

(*Continued on page 39*)

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It had to be good to get where it is

Coca-Cola

TODAY
even in the desert they stop for *the pause that refreshes*

AT KINGMAN, hot-spot of the Arizona desert, the big T. A. T. monoplane swoops to earth. Out come the passengers —to stretch, relax and find *the pause that refreshes*. The adobe station bakes in desert sunshine. But quickly they move inside —to inviting shade and a big ice-box filled with Coca-Cola. What a place for such a drink! » » » And yet nobody is surprised. They've found it everywhere across the continent . . . at Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, New York; at Columbus, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Waynoka, Clovis, Albuquerque, Winslow. And they'll find it at the Grand Central Air Terminal, Los Angeles. » » » All the big passenger planes come down at intervals to let passengers put their feet on the ground. And ice-cold Coca-Cola, a-tingle with delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment, is always there.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

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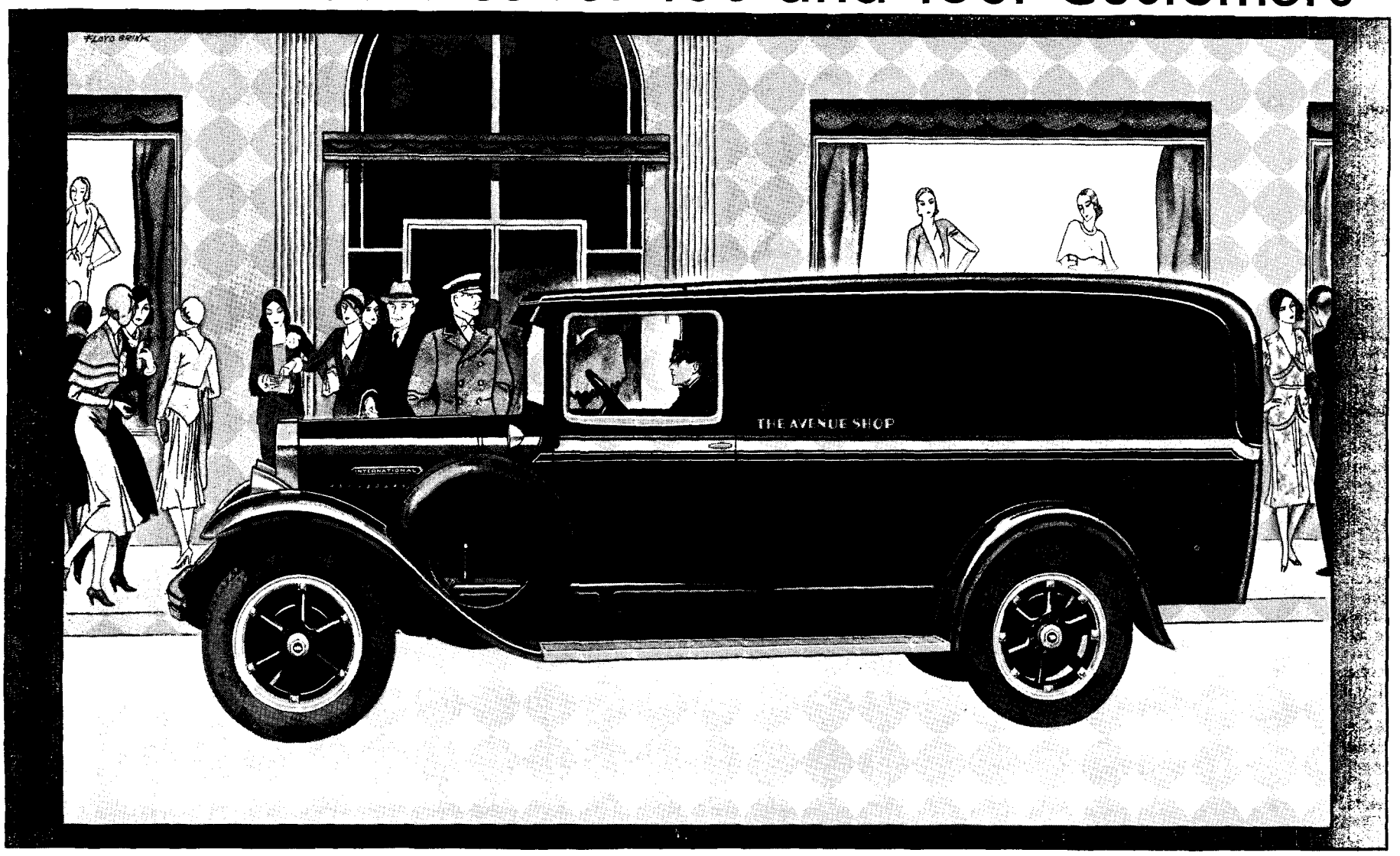

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It is an exceedingly handsome truck, with its neat, trim radiator; long, straight hood and cowl; graceful, full-crown fenders; modern steel wheels; 136-inch wheelbase; and attractive, well-built bodies. It is, moreover, as thoroughly modern in engineering as in appearance. All in all, a great truck—qualified to render *faultless service* for you and for your customers.

See this new International and check its many features, point by point. Note its increased power and smoother operation, improved steering, longer load space, more comfortable cab, 4-wheel brakes, increased operating efficiency, and complete equipment.

And then, go beyond the truck itself, to the service organization that protects every International every day of its life. International Harvester maintains 180 company-owned branches in the United States and Canada for this purpose.

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Both Were Young

Continued from page 36

whom sat a shock-headed, solemn infant, stickily preoccupied with a large, violently purple confection impaled upon a skewer. Under the high, condemning frown of his late employer Mr. Noonan exhibited neither contrition nor embarrassment. He descended, offering the hand of cordial good will.

"I been hoping I'd run into you out here, one these Sat'day afternoons," he said. "I gen'ly stop in to see Gilly and Lollie around this time, but we ain't happened to meet each other, so far."

He hesitated.

"It's turned out first-rate, ain't it? I honestly done my best to keep it from happening, the same as you done yours, but every time I come out here I feel gladder that we both fell down on the job. I guess you ain't so sorry, either, are you?"

PLIMSOLL shook his head, smiling. He rose easily above an impulse to enlighten the man's natural misapprehension. It would hardly be dignified to explain to an ex-employee the inner, intimate refinements of the delicate strategy in which he had been a humble but useful instrument. Let him continue to believe, if he could, that Belden Plimsoll had, for once, fallen down on a job!

"You see a good deal of—my son-in-law, do you?" He had been slightly puzzled by this implication in Noonan's presence, manner and words. "I didn't know that you and he were—uh—friends."

"What else would we be? Ain't a man gen'ly pretty good friends with his best man?"

Plimsoll swallowed. "Yes," he admitted. "I suppose that's so."

"It's so with me and Gilly and you can write it on your cuff," Noonan declared. "I think a whole lot of that kid. I only hope my Eileen 'll pick out somebody just like him."

Plimsoll felt a dim displeasure. He had forgotten about Eileen. Somehow he didn't like to be reminded that, in his own crude fashion, Noonan had discovered and was employing the secret principle of efficient fatherhood that underlay Belden Plimsoll's signal success in that high calling. He had a sense of trespass, of plagiarism.

"How are you getting along with your daughter," he inquired. "Still—uh—buddies?"

Noonan lifted and slowly closed his hand.

"Just like that," he said. "Ain't we, Eileen?"

Unmistakably he addressed the freckly infant on the seat. Visibly the child answered to the name. It looked up, slightly relaxed its effort to insert the purple lollipop in a mouth not quite equal to the test.

"Gup," said Eileen.

"Look at that!" Noonan spoke proudly. "Hear her, did you? She knows who's her buddy, don't you, Eileen?"

"Gup," said Eileen.

"Will you listen to that? And her only going on three!"

Plimsoll nodded the nod of impressed admiration that Noonan's tone demanded. He took leave of the two comrades with cordiality.

He drove home happily. With a pleasant content he recognized Gilbert's car in the graveled circle before the placid graystone manor house. He was climbing down from the seat when Gilbert and Lollie appeared at the doorway.

His heart swelled. Always now, Lollie was the Lollie of her photographs, the perfect proof and consequence of perfect planning, perfect system, but of this perfectness of hers her father was always most acutely conscious at just such moments as this one, the moments when she was in the act of going away.

She waggled a gay arm at him, called an affectionate hail and farewell. He didn't try to detain her; he didn't want to. Like all lesser blessings, it seemed, a perfect daughter had to take her flight in order to achieve her brightest radiance.

He spoke affectionately to a perfect son-in-law, and made jocular inquiry, according to ritual, as to the state of a stock farm that still lay wholly in the future. Gilbert coughed and grinned.

"Getting along fine," he said. "Got a new pair this morning. Look."

He exhibited, surveying them himself with grave approval, the new whip-cord breeches that clad his legs.

"Come on, Bassoon," called Lollie. "No, I'll drive. Hop in!"

Chuckling, Plimsoll watched the car till it was hidden by the curving drive. Even Lollie's nickname for Gilbert seemed to have a part in the perfectness of things.

Perfectness was in the bland, fragrant autumn air, in the slant of sun that flung down on barbered turf the long, dappling shadows of the little apple trees, in those little trees themselves.

One of the branches still held an apple, a warm red glow against silver-gray leaves, a thing perfect in itself, and yet, somehow, a flaw, a false note. He frowned at it. He was frowning at it when, with queer suddenness, it fell.

He saw it strike the clipped sod and roll gently down the slope. As he moved to get it he saw its parent branch rising, rising slowly, happily. The false note was gone. He felt his shoulders lift and straighten a little, as if in sympathy with that apple bough that rose until it gained the long slant of late, gentle sun.

The empty robins' nest had lost its hint of sadness. A fat red-breasted bird hopped cockily across the lawn, paused, pounced, tilted its head and blithely ate.

Obscurely an association wove itself in Belden Plimsoll's mind between this jaunty, carefree bird and the harried father of that crowded, noisy, thankless nest; there seemed to be the same connection between the tired, drooping apple bough that had bent low in the shadow, under the red fruit, and the light-hearted branch that now drank in the lazy Indian summer sun.

ALBERTINE'S round-throated yoo-hoo came to him from the steps. It made him remember, by force of contrast, the fretted, weary sound of Teenie's voice, last spring.

There was some relationship, he felt, between all these things. It hadn't been by accident that the robins' nest had been so crowded and so quarrelsome just before the fledglings flew; it wasn't blind coincidence that had dropped the ripened apple from the weary bough; perhaps it hadn't been mere chance, either, that the wide house, where love and peace were waiting for him now, had been, three months ago, a cheerless place of discord and unrest.

Maybe, after all, robins and apple trees knew something, too, about this father business. Maybe—

Without consciousness of plagiarism, Belden Plimsoll shook his head and spoke aloud for his agreeing ear.

"You can't tell me it all just happens," he said. "No, sir! It's *meant!*"

THE END

now a MAGNET *sharpens blades!*

to new and unheard of keenness . . . . . with *no work whatever* on your part!

To use the new MONROE Magnetic Sharpener, just leave your blade in it between shaves. No honing, stropping, or crank-turning — no time, no work! Yet this marvel of automatic operation will delight you no more than the uncanny *shaves* which follow.

Below, an unusual free trial offer pledges the return of more money than you send us if the MONROE Sharpener fails to meet your highest expectations. Yet, we tell you now to expect coolness and smoothness never before *mechanically possible!* . . . This is why:

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Every razor edge is split into hundreds of invisible, microscopic "teeth". True keenness depends entirely on their pointing in the proper direction.

Now, even your barber's soaped leather strop, employed solely for that purpose, has never put these teeth in absolutely *perfect* alignment. For even a strop is not microscopically *smooth.* But the MONROE Sharpener DOES IT! How? *By pulling the teeth FLAT against the GLASS-SMOOTH poles of its powerful MAGNET!*

That patented *magnet* revolutionizes home-shaving. It ends stinging, "pulling", dullness, and after-shaving irritation. It makes blades *last,* by improving and preserving the *maker's fine edge.* No grinding out of second-rate "home-made" edges! You start with a *new* blade, and the MONROE *keeps it better than new.*

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Here, at last, is a safety-blade conditioner that is an economy and much more—that saves time, temper, and faces, as well as blades and money.

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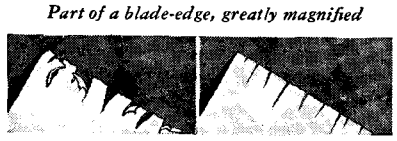
Part of a blade-edge, greatly magnified



1—After a shave. 2—After "MONROE-*ing*"

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"The Monroe Sharpener has unfailingly given me a smoother shave than I had hitherto dreamed was possible."

"Each morning, I open up the wonder-box and say to myself, 'Here's where you fall down.' But, to my absolute amazement, the d—n blade improves with *each treatment.*"

"It wasn't so much the 52 shaves from one blade, as the *kind* of shaves that amazed me."

"After having experimented with almost every other sharpener on the market and finding them all unsatisfactory, the results I get from yours have been so satisfactory I cannot refrain from writing you."

"While formerly I was obliged to change the blades every week, I can now obtain a minimum of sixty shaves with the utmost comfort."

"Shaving is quicker and better in every way. There is that delightful sensation of smoothness without smarting which results only from a perfect blade."

"As the owner of a very stiff beard with tender skin, I have searched for years for a razor blade, or sharpener for blades, that would allow me to enjoy a clean, painless shave. You have given me the above results through my Monroe."

"I am enjoying the most wonderful shaves I have ever had. The Monroe Sharpener does its work and does it well."

"In three months, I have used only two razor blades, and never before was I able to get such satisfaction in shaving with a safety razor even when I used new blades."

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DEPT. C, MONROE SPECIALTY CO.
119 W. 23rd Street, New York.

Enclosed find $2.50, for which please send, postpaid, one *Monroe* Sharpener on trial. It is understood that, if I return the device within 20 days, my money will be refunded at once, and with *ten cents added to defray return postage.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presenting RADIO'S NEWEST MIRACLE

When Howard Barlow conducts the great Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the* distorted *tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right—"the greatest music for the greatest musical instrument."*

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Screen Grid Plus Radio and Phonograph combined, with Tone-Control for records as well as radio. American black walnut, matched butt walnut and Oriental wood.

SCREEN GRID PLUS HIGHBOY

This exquisite cabinet of matched American butt walnut contains the new 9-tube Philco super-radio. Automatic Volume Control and built-in aerial. Philco Tone-Control.

SCREEN GRID LOWBOY

New 7-tube set in handsome open-face cabinet of American black walnut, figured butt walnut and Oriental wood. American Gobelin tapestry over speaker. Tone-Control.

SCREEN GRID CONSOLE

Compact and beautifully designed in butt walnut and bird's-eye maple, housing the new Philco 7-tube Screen Grid receiver. Built-in Electro-Dynamic speaker. Tone-Control.

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THE PHILCO TONE-CONTROL

PHILCO is proud to announce a great improvement in radio reception—control of the broadcasting station *tone* by the listener.

This newest achievement is another stride forward in Philco's steady march to the highest levels of wonderful radio performance. Years ahead of the industry, Philco balanced units created the pure, true, *undistorted* tone which lifted Philco to outstanding leadership in 1929.

But never before has anything been done to improve the tone sent you from the radio station. How well you know that even on local stations you like the character of tone from one station better than another. How often you have wanted to listen to some fine programs but were discouraged because of the quality of the reception.

Now Philco has swept aside such limitations with a device that will revolutionize your ideas of radio entertainment. Now, with your own hand you can reach out instantly, and, with a simple knob on the front of the set, *modulate* the tones of radio stations and programs to suit YOUR tastes and moods.

At last you can have your favorite dance orchestra the way YOU like it—classical music; great singers; famous artists can be heard the way YOU have always longed to hear them; speaking voices, momentous messages from our public men, can be brought in with a realism only equalled by their actual presence. And finally, for radio stations which come in harshly or accompanied by crackles and buzzes from interfering electrical apparatus in your particular section, you can subdue the stridency and noise and enjoy many additional fine programs.

PHILCO TONE-CONTROL
BRILLIANT — BRIGHT — MELLOW — DEEP

Just turn this knob on the front of the set and bring in programs YOUR *way — with any one of these* FOUR *tone qualities. Any owner of a new 1930 Philco can instantly adjust the station tone to suit his ear for speech, symphonic music or jazz. In a "noisy" location, he can cut down interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible. It is truly "radio's newest miracle."*

These things are made possible by this newest miracle of radio which has been named the Philco Tone-Control. Its four settings of tone quality—"brilliant"—"bright"—"mellow"—"deep"—open up new vistas of radio enjoyment. Philco Tone-Control is *built in* all the new Philco Screen Grid and Screen Grid Plus Radios.

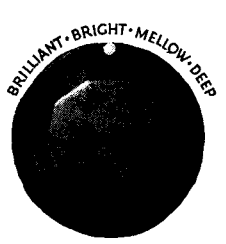
Each and every Philco has balanced units which produce the true, clear, *undistorted* Philco tone — new, exclusive circuits of great selectivity and remarkable sensitivity — wonderful distance range and power — reduction of static and background noises — new, improved electro-dynamic speaker, and a new, Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log your favorite stations.

The Philco Screen Grid Plus has, in addition, *Automatic Volume Control,* which counteracts fading, so you can not only *get* but *hold* and enjoy out-of-town programs, near and far. It has built-in aerial and enormous power — a super-radio for those who want *extra* performance.

These new instruments are housed in beautiful cabinets—furniture of which you can be proud; as illustrated on the opposite page, they are priced from $95 to $198, less tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current, and in a battery set. Ask your nearest Philco dealer for a free demonstration of Philco Tone-Control today. No obligation, of course, and easy terms when you decide to buy.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Install a Transitone Automobile Radio Receiver, built by Philco, in your car. Available through all authorized dealers.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, Etc.—In Canada: Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto.



PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

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Wet and Respectable

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

POLITICAL observers in New Jersey during the recent Republican Senate primary there remarked that women of good social position in the smaller towns who never dared openly support a wet before were supporting Ambassador Morrow for the Republican nomination. In other words, Mr. Morrow had made it respectable to be a wet. He was the first man of his class, an ambassador, a great figure in the world of affairs, a public-spirited man so interested in education as to be offered the presidency of two great colleges, to appear as a candidate for office advocating the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Then, too, Mr. Morrow is almost like a dry who has become convinced that prohibition will not work. It is true that he never believed that the appetite for liquor could be stopped by force. But he kept silent about the unwisdom of prohibition until the noble experiment had had a ten-year trial.

He had observed the law as strictly as if he had believed it to be workable. He was sympathetic with its purposes even though he never thought it could accomplish them. All of that, I think, explains not only why the ladies could come out openly for him but also why his speech in favor of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment caused a great thrill all over the country.

Here was a Moses indeed, not "as wet as the Atlantic Ocean," but believing ardently in temperance and holding that there are better ways of accomplishing it than with club and gun. He agrees with the drys in their desire to end, or at least to curb, the drink evil, for some of them now admit that alcohol is all right so long as it is made in the home. He differs from them only on methods.

At last an ideal candidate calling for a retracing of the steps taken when the prohibition amendment was adopted and a return to the old methods of education and moral suasion to achieve temperance.

Double-Barreled Diplomacy

His is not so implausible a program even to drys. It represents the old attitude of society toward intemperance.

One trouble with prohibition was that it ended all the efforts at temperance. You can't use moral suasion with a club in your hands. You can't appear sweetly reasonable behind a double-barreled shotgun. Mr. Morrow's speech on prohibition set a note which other candidates will be found echoing this fall.

Mr. Morrow is a novelty in politics. He has a great desire to devote his life to public service, but he has no political ambition. Not only has he no desire for such honors, power, title or reputation, baubles that attract most office seekers, but he has a sense of the limitations which hedge about all officials, of the disappointments which must attend the career of anyone who seeks office for the sake of accomplishment.

So he was reluctant to give up his ambassadorship to Mexico, in which he has accomplished a great deal and might accomplish still more, to become a candidate for senator. Those who know him best say that he has no ambition to be President of the United States, for which office he is now regarded as a distinct possibility.

Puzzling the Politicians

He was once described in Collier's as liking to "look down the corridors of time," to regard events in their historical perspective. The result was that he maintained a cool and detached attitude about his own candidacy.

He puzzled the politicians by his refusal to become excited over his own campaign. I do not mean that he did not give a great deal of thought and consideration to what he was going to say to the voters of the state. He gave all his mind to the job of presenting his case to the voters. But he cared more to have what he did and said something to which he could always look back upon with satisfaction and self-approval than he did to suit his utterances to the catching of a few votes.

He got on very well with the politicians in spite of the fact that he was an unfamiliar type to them, for he has an unusual talent for personal relations. His long experience in business negotiations stood him in good stead here. Moreover, he is a modest, friendly, affable man, very even-tempered and very considerate of other men's views and feelings.

Mr. Morrow has none of that impatience of politicians which candidates who come out of the business and professional world usually have. But he directed his own campaign, chose his own manager, a former mayor of his home town of Englewood, and decided upon his own course, being sensible of the value of political organization and aware that he had diplomacy enough not to alienate it while relying on his own judgment.

As a senator he will be one of the old-fashioned sort, of whom there are a few left today, one of those who regard themselves as sent to Washington to use their own intelligence in the interest of the country as a whole as well as of their own states.

An Old Spanish Custom

Continued from page 15

you stirred ever so slightly, your garments melted and ran into your shoes.

Mrs. Helado immediately donned a pair of black cotton gloves and began eating bananas, and I paused to picture the delight of old George Daniels could he have gazed upon that pleasant family scene.

The railroad between Chaperango and Simeon Siga is a narrow gauge, and our engineer, Mr. Ernesto Melendez, wore for the occasion a straw hat and a pair of white pants, with holes where one would expect to find them. We started at full speed, fifteen miles per hour, and thirty minutes later went into a tailspin and stopped. Tourists immediately left the coaches, asking each other the intelligent questions tourists put to each other when traveling. Mrs. Helado laid aside her bananas and George led Alicia into the air. It was seen that our engine was suffering from tender trouble, and had retired to a side track, leaving the coaches on the main line, where nothing would miss them.

SURPRISED tourists found the iron horse on fire, its rear end blazing briskly. Members of the crew gathered in a respectful group and discussed the problem of what a person ought to do when a locomotive catches fire and starts to burn up. One of the brighter minds suggested pouring water on the flames, which were confined to the tender, and this was done. The trouble was an ordinary hot box, at first one hot box and in time four hot boxes, as we limped along through the jungle. I threw myself into the engineering problems involved and forgot George, who was picking jungle flowers for Alicia and storing up hand diseases for himself.

Eventually he came from behind a palm tree and stared scornfully at Ernesto Melendez.

"Why are they pouring water on it?" he asked in astonishment, for even George knows you cannot lubricate a journal bearing with ordinary water.

"Probably a custom of the country," I said.

"You go and tell Ernesto to quit watering that thing. We want to get to Simeon Siga."

"You tell him," I returned grumpily. "Personally I don't care what he does. I'm sick of the whole Central American business."

Engineer Melendez eventually overcame the hot boxes and we creaked along, pausing at each water tank. George steadily maintained the air of a bridegroom, but there was upon Alicia's beautiful Spanish countenance the grave concentration of a maiden who stares at the future and wonders if all will be well.

In spite of Mr. Melendez, we arrived eventually in Simeon Siga, a splendid municipality, even with its pavements and buzzards. There is a broken heart for every light on Broadway and three buzzards for every voter in Simeon Siga. George was openly nervous, now that he was to confront Alicia's father and demand her hand. Alicia was silent as we approached her native heath and seemed suffused in thought. Mrs. Helado slept peacefully, overcome with humidity, hot boxes and bananas.

Intense excitement accompanied our onrush into the capital city. American tourists tumbled from the coaches, natives dashed hither and thither, and the conductor pulled bell cords and shouted commands as though his heart was breaking. We stopped in a metal shed and I heard the strains of distant harmony, the softened notes of a band playing afar.

George seized Alicia, we awakened the mother and porters began battling over our luggage. The clamor of the distant band grew, crowds milled about us and to my surprise I saw we were surrounded by soldiers. They bore rifles and their manner was stern, and having heard of Central American customs I concluded George had led us smack into a revolution. A revolution in C. A. begins easily and automatically. One resident meets another at the corner of the Calle de Concepcion and the Avenida Cuscatalon, tips his hat politely after the Latin manner, remarks that the weather is a bit humid for the time of year and looks thoughtfully down the street.

"What do you say we have a new president, José?" he inquires idly and José's face lights up with a happy luster. He nods assent, spits on his hands and the revolution is under way before you can say Hernando Jiminez.

Observing grim soldats all about, I prepared for the worst, but I was wrong. It was not a revolution. Suddenly the crowd pushed me through a doorway, and when I recovered and came to anchor I noticed that George had been separated from the darling of his heart and was fighting like a man to reach her side.

The thoroughfare before the railway shed was a mass of color, brilliant with motor cars, officers in shining uniforms with gold bars, gleaming caballeros on roan horses and troops in platoons and regiments. Central Americans love to shout, reason or no reason, and they were now yelling violently. Shock troops carved out a passage and a bronzed officer clanked down the lane. His bearing was majestic and his chin was in the air.

Pausing in his stride, the bronzed one seized Alicia and kissed her, while the populace broke into renewed huzzas, vivas or whatever they use. The officer reached again and came up this time with the banana-eating champ of Central America, upon whose lips he planted the domestic or returning-wife salute, which is the same in all countries. I dashed over to George.

"Would that be Alicia's old gentleman?" I asked above the tumult.

"Must be," he howled.

"Chief of police?"

"What else?"

"Not like our police chiefs," I said, feeling strangely elated. "More like the door-tender for a movie palace."

WE WERE beginning a confused conversation when Alicia suddenly broke from her parents and trotted over to George.

"You hurry over to the Palace Hotel," she said in a voice filled with anxiety. "Wait there and do nothing until you hear from me."

Before he could protest and demand details the beautiful creature was gone, a Spanish shadow in the sunshine. The band broke loose with redoubled fury and the light-hearted peons applauded as Alicia leaped into the flag-draped automobile and sat down beside the authors of her being. Police Chief Helado waved a gracious greeting to the mobs, Mrs. Helado blew kisses that no doubt smelled of bananas, and the car moved slowly off, surrounded by officers on horses and motorcycles.

It was quite plain to me that a Central American police chief was not an

(*Continued on page 45*)

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"HERE ONCE STOOD . . . OUR NATION'S FATHER"

Victory won . . . Washington toasted farewell to his officers at the Sign of Fraunces Tavern.

" 'Twas here he shed his parting tear" . . . here at Fraunces Tavern . . . For to Washington, as to every famous revolutionary figure, this notable inn of old New York was the sign of the best Colonial cooking . . . of rich Madeiras, clarets and ports . . . Many a hearty meal these stalwarts had enjoyed at Fraunces . . . But the days of leisurely, heavy repasts are gone . . . Now we live in a hurry, eat in a hurry—and pay attention to our vitamins . . .

And today we call for our "double-rich" malted milk at the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond

For this is the Sign of Borden's Malted Milk. Extra-rich and delicious is Borden's—the top-quality of all malted milks. It's packed with energy. Quick to restore us when we're tired in mid-afternoon. So nourishing and so substantial a lunch when taken with other fountain dishes. No wonder we look for the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond today! At the best fountains everywhere.

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

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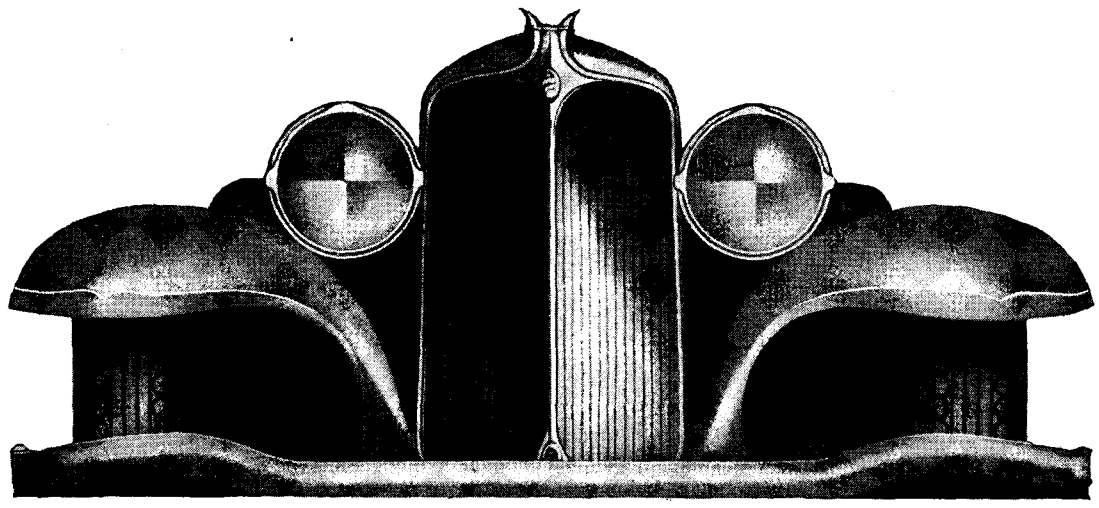


WALTER P.

CHRYSLER

PRESENTS TWO NEW STRAIGHT EIGHTS

ALL progress is change.

Only by change do man and the factors of his civilization move from the lower to the higher state; from the cruder to the finer development.

Our Chrysler engineers devote their lives to study, to analysis, to experimentation. And out of this constant searching and trying come the knowledge, conviction and decision that lead to progress.

In announcing two complete lines of New Straight Eights, in addition to our lower-priced Chrysler Sixes, we now register our most important change and progress—all designed, all worked for, all created to give the world better and more satisfying transportation.

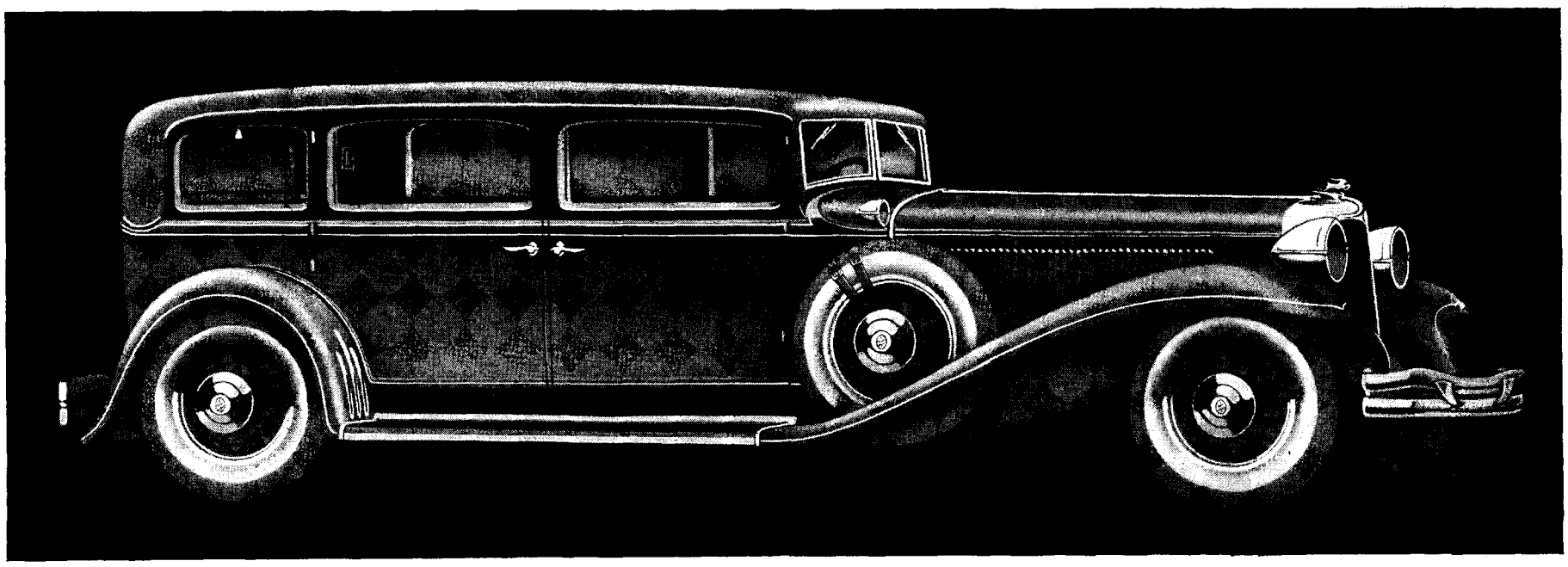
In our progress there is no departure from fundamental principles.

To maintain public approbation, we must give always finer, more dependable, more dynamic car performance—must offer always greater value, as well as motor cars that are better suited to the needs of modern transport.

Thus, our latest Chryslers—the New Chrysler Eight and the New Chrysler Imperial Eight—containing as they do, outstanding engineering and style improvements—are, we believe, milestones along the course of automobile progress.

We are proud and eager to submit these cars to the inspection and test of the public.

W. P. Chrysler



CHRYSLER EIGHT

A Straight Eight of silky, flashing speed. Designed, like its companion car, with very low center of gravity. Multi-Range 4-speed transmission. Chrysler internal hydraulic brakes. Four moderately-priced body styles: Royal Sedan; Convertible Coupe; Coupe with rumble seat; Roadster.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT

A sumptuous Straight Eight of breath-taking power and speed ability. Beautiful beyond words. Built to the finest standards in every detail. Four magnificent body styles: 7-Passenger Sedan (Illustrated); Sedan-Limousine; 5-Passenger Sedan; Close-Coupled 5-Passenger Sedan.

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An Old Spanish Custom

Continued from page 42

ordinary person, and in no way resembled his prototype in Toledo, Ohio, or Omaha, Nebraska. He was obviously not a successful patrolman on his way up, but rather a government official with a red sash across his chest.

Controlling his emotion, but glowering frightfully, George ordered a taxicab and we repaired to the Palace Hotel of Simeon Siga, took a bath, had a drink and began telephoning Alicia. I had the drink and George did the telephoning. He received no information, except the curt statement that Alicia was in conference with her daddy and would talk to nobody. George tore the telephone from the wall, threw it away and began to go wild.

THERE is a bar in the Palace Hotel and at seven o'clock I hurried around a corner and perceived my comrade in conversation with a coffee-grower who had been in three revolutions and was oiling up for the next. George was talking freely and was no longer an abstainer from bottled goods. He was holding a glass in each hand and informing the revolutionist that in fifteen minutes he intended to march upon the Helado home, procure his bride, or tear down the building single-handed.

As the dinner hour neared, George had a contract with the bar boy to set before him a Simeon Siga Rosebud every five minutes, and I may say that after the third Simeon Siga Rosebud your hair begins to fall out and your tonsils change places. With no warning at all, George began playing the marimba band. Mr. Persiano, manager of the hotel, addressed me in a respectful voice, asking if I could stop George, and I replied, putting down my glass, that when George started playing a marimba band nobody could halt him, not even his father. A person must be completely crocked to go anywhere near a marimba band, which is an atrocity peculiar to Central America and no other nation.

The conventional marimba orchestra consists of a bass viol, or bull fiddle, a drum, a saxophone and seven lunatics who beat upon the marimba with small hammers. Each man plays one seventh of the instrument, which is something like a xylophone, the same as a steam calliope is remotely like a mouth organ. The principle is the same. A marimba band is most pleasantly heard at a distance of four miles, but the Central Americans adore the noise and applaud heartily while dining.

George played the whole thing, seventh by seventh, pushing the regular marimbalists out of his way and pausing only to lead the head musician into the bar at stated intervals and soothe him with a Rosebud. Mr. Persiano paddled about the hotel with a worried manner and finally notified me that complaints were coming in from as far north as the Avenida Santa Cecilia, and that George would have to desist, or leave the hotel, city and republic. I agreed.

"And it won't do you any harm to go to bed," Mr. Persiano said, giving me a hard look.

We eventually captured my associate in travel, hauled him away from the marimba-room and escorted him to an upper floor, where he retired for the night after destroying two more telephones. In the morning we were aroused by Mr. Persiano, who stood in the doorway and announced that we were wanted at the local police station.

"WHICH one of us do they want?" George asked, opening an eye.

"Both of you," replied Mr. Persiano with a significant gesture and we began dressing hastily. In thirty minutes we stood in the local bastile, facing none other than Police Chief Helado, who sat behind a mahogany desk and looked grim.

"It's time we talked things over," George began, before I could counsel moderation in speech. "I've come a long way to see you, Mr. Helado."

"You wish to speak to me about my daughter?" the chief asked.

"I most certainly do."

"And I also wish to tell you that you have caused me great trouble. . . . You have interfered with my family affairs. I do not like Americans, especially American young men."

"Which means you probably object to my marrying Alicia," said George.

"Object! How foolish you are. Alicia cares nothing for you. But she does like San Francisco, where for the past two years she has been threatening to marry a Spanish boy who owns a beauty parlor. I forbade this marriage."

"And well you should forbid it," said George heartily. "Beauty parlor, my eye!"

"Last night," continued the parent with an ominous glare, "Alicia said to me that if I do not let her go immediately to San Francisco and marry the Spanish boy, then she will run away and marry the American idiot whom she meets on the ship."

"Me!" said George, growing pallid.

"Yes, you. Rather than have my child do such a crazy thing, I consented. You have forced me to permit my daughter to marry a Spanish beauty doctor. She left by airplane this morning and will take the mail steamer to America."

"You mean she's actually gone?" George faltered. "She has left me?"

"She has not left you," said the stern fellow. "She has left her family, and you should be ashamed to make such trouble."

George staggered into the pleasant sunlight with a stunned expression and I tagged along, rather cheerful in my mind. This would please old George, I knew. A great load was suddenly off my mind. Our faithful Formosa had already steamed southward and to catch her we were forced to hop a tri-motored plane for San José. This we did, with George only partly himself.

"I hope we crash," he said, looking at the plane. "I hope we hit a mountain and nothing is found but the button off a vest."

"Leave the side door open," I suggested to the pilot. "This gentleman wishes to jump out."

George went in and sat down sulkily. We started and did not crash, and in no time at all we were roaring into San José. There lay the Formosa, rolling on the tide, packing away coffee as usual.

WE WERE presently lowered into a swaying lighter and a tug dragged us out to the ship, where we had another stirring encounter with the swinging contraption. George shot up in the load ahead of me, and when I came aboard he was nowhere in sight, so I hurried into the dining-room for a bite of lunch. One hour later I strolled along the boat deck, calm in my mind, reviewing recent events, and paused in the lee of a lifeboat to fill a pipe. A voice came from somewhere, the voice of a male addressing a female. It said:

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have perfectly glorious eyes?"

Somewhere I had heard that voice before. There they were, two of them, propped up against the starboard rail, George and a strange, blond creature, a rather spectacular damsel who had come aboard at San José. My pipe went out. The lady had red hair, and red hair means grief for people like George.

"Do let me show you the Southern Cross," he was urging the strange damsel, with a distinctly tender inflection.

"I would adore to see the Southern Cross," she answered. They moved quietly away, like two who understand each other, and I knew that George was back to normal again, for you cannot see the Southern Cross in the daytime.

"But then we wouldn't have room for the children."

OUR MOTHER LOVE IS SELDOM WOUNDED

So many times it is pretty tough on the aesthetic sensibilities to be a manufacturer. A product is weaned with care and loving kindness. Minds go into meetings and pace the floor nightly to quiet its pitiful little cries. And when it grows up to be a fine young lad and is sent out into the cruel world, somebody looks at it and sniggers.

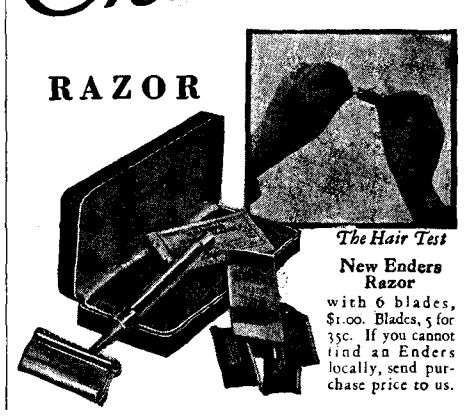
That is why we hold our chests a little higher than the other fellows'. Our mother love is seldom wounded. We set out with high purpose to build a better, more satisfactory razor and derned if everybody doesn't tell us we've done it. Even the strong, grim-visaged men whose cheeriest comment to any razor has heretofore been, "Aw, rats," break down and confess the Enders is a slick little instrument.

Must we tell why? Well, because it needs no strong-arm methods—you take it lightly in your finger-tips and draw it easily over your face. It zips off the toughest whiskers without making the slightest fuss—thanks for which are partly due to the uniformly-keen, hair-tested Enders blades.

You will pardon our pride in the Enders razor. If you are a mother, you will understand. Enders Razor Company, 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders

RAZOR



The Hair Test

New Enders Razor

with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades, 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

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... on the board it's

BALANCE!

Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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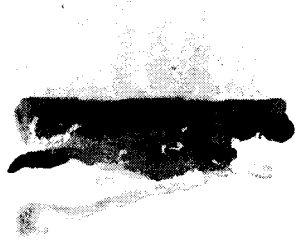
. . . in a cigarette it's TASTE!

BALANCE PLAYS its part in cigarette making, too. Over-mildness, for example or over-richness shows lack of "balance."

Chesterfields are mild—not strong or harsh. Yet they have richness of aroma and delicacy of flavor. They are not insipid or tasteless.

No single taste quality is over-emphasized. Not only are the tobaccos right, but their blending and cross-blending are exact. The one goal is taste, *balanced* taste . . .



"TASTE *above everything*"

field MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

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A new discovery in driving comfort

Hundreds... perhaps thousands... of men who rely on athletic supporters for safety insurance in golf, tennis, swimming and other active sports, have learned by experience how much they add to comfort in long motor drives.

"Why limit *Pal's* use to golf and baseball?" one of them writes to us. "I get as much solid comfort out of my *Pal* on the road as on the fairway. I drive more easily. I feel secure. I'm free from cramps and strains. And I'm less tired at the finish when I wear a *Pal*."

Pal is the finest supporter made. Stout, rubber-cored ribs, reinforcing its soft knitted pouch, give super-support without binding or chafing. Light, porous, cool... slow to absorb perspiration. Economical, too, at a dollar and upward. (In Canada, $1.25.)

Bike is a simpler one-piece, all-elastic supporter, whose ingenious design doubles its strength and service. Easy to wear . . . easy to wash... easy to buy for half a dollar. (In Canada, 60 cents.) At all druggists and sporting goods dealers.

Pal and BIKE

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

What every man should know *about the need and functions of a supporter is concisely presented in our new treatise "Guard the Vital Zone." Address Bauer & Black, 2508 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, for free copy.*

Kansas, by Ginger!

Continued from page 13

brought in from other states worked side by side and hand in hand with the Kansas bootleg ring. The ringsters thought these Federal men were crooked Federal officers who were helping Madden carry out corrupt promises. We have the whole story of how hundreds of thousands of gallons of safe liquor have been made and sold here in the heart of Kansas."

These outside Federal experts discovered that whisky distribution in the Wichita section of Kansas was based on door-to-door delivery of whisky in gallon quantities. The bootleggers were afraid to put their products on the market in small quantities. Thus the man (I am now quoting Federal officials) who had only a little money and no residence address to which the bootleggers might safely roll up in their cars was forced to fall back on the drug stores for his drinks.

400 Per Cent Profit

And the drug-store drink was fluid extract of Jamaica ginger, or, as the housewife knows it, Jamaica extract. It was considered a household medicine; two drops in a tablespoonful of warm water, tempered with sugar, was a dose for a stomach ache. "Jake," everyone called it. There was one wholesale drug-distributing firm in Wichita, it was said, which dealt in nothing but jake. When its plant was searched by the officials only a few boxes of aspirin and other common drugs were found.

Over fifty barrels of jake, each barrel containing fifty-two gallons, are now in the hands of Federal prohibition officials in Wichita. There are 3,328 bottles of jake in a barrel. At wholesale a barrel costs $416. By the two-ounce bottle it retails for $1,664, a profit of exactly 400 per cent.

It was against the city law to sell jake without a doctor's prescription, but this law was not observed. There was hardly a drug store in town that did not sell it. Most people drank the Jamaica ginger on the premises. There was a time when the authorities tried to stop jake drinking by insisting that a double dose of ginger be put in the concoction by the manufacturers. The jake drinkers overcame this difficulty by having the jake put in milk drinks at soda fountains.

"Why, doggone it," said one of the jake victims to me from his bed in the poorhouse, "only three weeks before I was taken down I took a notion that somebody ought to do something about jake drinking among our young folks. In the drug store that I used to go into I'd see boys and girls sitting in the side booths drinking jake by the bottle, mixed up with other drinks. No one was stopping them and the druggist would keep on selling it to them until they staggered out drunk."

When the paralysis began to make its appearance, the city authorities stopped the sale of jake and seized over fifty barrels of it. This would have filled over 150,000 two-ounce bottles. No one questioned the honesty or integrity of City Manager Bert C. Wells, a Quaker of an old family and an active dry. Neither did anyone question the integrity of Chief of Police C. O. Wilson, a graduate of the University of California, who had gone into public life at some financial cost to himself. But there the fact stood—half a thousand citizens had been paralyzed by liquor which they had purchased in the city drug stores. The law had not been adequate to cover the case; Wichita, leaning on far-away Washington for prohibition enforcement, as most of our cities do, and with its head buried in the sand trying to make believe to itself that because it LOOKED dry it really *was* dry, faced the terrible situation.

Now, in all fairness to the local officials at Wichita, both city and county, I am going to give for the reader's selection the two different stories that are told as to why jake proved a poison.

Dr. R. E. Hobbs secured a large number of samples of jake and had them analyzed. Here is what the chemists reported:

Ingredient	Percentage
Water	13.33
Oil of Ginger	4.284
Ash	.013
Ethyl Alcohol	82.350

No methyl alcohol, no capsicum, no mercury, no arsenic, no zinc, no antimony, no lead.

This mixture makes a *safe* drink. It also makes a very *strong* drink. There was no trace of poison in it.

"How could that drink hurt anybody?" I asked Dr. Hobbs.

"Well, here's how we figure it out here," he said. "Until recent years, most of the ginger that came to the United States was imported from Jamaica. It has been cultivated there for hundreds of years and the ginger from Jamaica is of the highest grade.

"But the demand for ginger root has been increasing in recent years and lately a large quantity of ginger root has been imported from the southern coast of Santo Domingo. There is one kind of root in Santo Domingo that is real ginger. But there are two other roots, very much like the ginger root, which are very dangerous. Both of these latter roots are said to have a paralyzing effect on animals in Santo Domingo. It is our opinion here, based on our analyses, that the poison which has paralyzed our citizens has come from these roots."

Now, that's one story. Here's another. True enough, it comes from a bootlegger, and so I present it for what it is worth:

"There was a gang of fellows in the East who thought they had hit upon a cheap way of making commercial alcohol safe for drinking. That alcohol had a terrible smell and a funny taste.

"One of these smart boys said, 'Let's turn this stuff into jake. People always take jake with mixed drinks so they won't know the difference.' And that's what the boys did. That's why jake is poisonous."

The Root of Evil

Any reader may take his choice of these two stories. The Kansas people prefer to take the story about the poisonous roots. That story makes them LOOK dry. That story keeps it from appearing that several thousand gallons of poisonous alcohol were shipped into their community from the East.

I asked Dr. Hobbs whether he was sure that the police had secured samples of the poisonous jake, for, be it noted, much jake has been consumed in Wichita that was not poisonous.

Dr. Hobbs, beyond any doubt, is an honest public official; what's more, he is not in any way concerned with the enforcement of prohibition, but only with the health of the people in his town.

"I have tried to secure all the samples that I could possibly get," he told me. "But we haven't been able to find any poison in any of our samples. However, the Federal prohibition department took samples several days ago. It is possible that in their more completely equipped laboratories they may trace the poison and find it."

So much for the root story. Now for the bootlegger's story. Over a dozen of the paralysis victims told me this:

"The jake that we used to buy until early last spring always had a screw top on the bottle. When the druggist recently handed me out a bottle with a cork in it and no label, I asked him for a bottle with a screw top on it, the kind I used to get.

"He said to me, 'Why, this stuff is all right. It's just the same thing. The only difference is it's bottled here from barrels instead of at the factory.'

"I drank that bottle in an eggnog at the soda fountain and went home. Within three days my calves began to hurt, my hands felt numb, and within ten days my feet and hands were paralyzed and I couldn't walk a step. And here I've been in bed for ten weeks."

"What! Kansas Wet?"

And now here's a third explanation of the poisonous qualities of jake. It comes from *outside* of Kansas. It's an explanation that discloses Kansas as wet.

"When prohibition began," to quote C. C. Fulton, chemist of the Federal prohibition bureau at Omaha, Nebraska, "many people, especially in the Southwest, where they are used to hot Mexican dishes, began drinking tincture of ginger. This was finally ruled upon as a beverage that could be sold only on prescription like other intoxicating liquors that have some medicinal value. Then the manufacturers put out, for a while, a double-strength tincture of ginger. Finally this was also ruled upon by the prohibition department as coming within the scope of alcoholic beverages.

"This left only the fluid extract of ginger, which is five times stronger than the tincture. Companies sprang up which manufactured and distributed what they labeled as fluid extract of ginger, but which seldom had even tincture strength in real ginger. They tried various adulterants—sugar, molasses, glycerine, olive oil, castor oil, mineral oil and resin. These were added to keep the ginger content so low that the drink could be consumed as a beverage. This has been going on for several years but got bad only recently."

The Federal men, operating over the heads of the Wichita police department, the county officials and even over the new, supposedly bone-dry, $40,000 state prohibition bureau of Kansas, pulled the lid off the jake situation in that state almost at the outbreak of the paralysis epidemic.

Fifty-seven persons, including the county attorney of Ford County, near Wichita, and four deputy sheriffs of Sedgewick County, in which Wichita is situated, were indicted in connection with the Wichita whisky ring, and it is said a second rival ring is, as yet, unbroken. Kansas, trying to make believe it is not as tough in spots as, say, Chicago, was amazed to read some of the names of the ringsters who had been making and selling liquor in their state; names as formidable as any in Chicago's "Bloody Forty-third" ward. Here are some: Matt Schmitt, alias "Schums"

(*Continued on page 50*)

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Tom Thumb outdoor miniature golf has taken the country by storm.

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Everywhere you go you see Tom Thumb Golf being played. Tom Thumb Golf is being talked about in every State in the Union.

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With this enormous ready-made market—with millions ready to pay their money (to you) for this latest and greatest outdoor game, here is an exceptional opportunity for you to make a lot of money. For with millions of people playing, thousands of people are making big easy profits.

Tom Thumb Hole No. 1—One of 18 Different and Interesting Holes

As a money maker, Tom Thumb Golf is the outstanding game of the season. Here is what a few Tom Thumb owners say:

May 11, 1930

Receipts at the Elmhurst Course, Elmhurst, L. I., are as follows: May 2, $86.25; May 3, $180.50; May 4, $288.00; May 5, $146.75; May 6, $166.90; May 7, $160.00; May 8, $183.00; May 9, $204.50; May 10, $247.50; May 11, $362.00.

—Harold M. Early

May 12, 1930

Receipts from Rochester, Pa., Tom Thumb Golf Course from May 1st to May 10th—total, $1,622.25, with constant increase in business daily.

—J. Paul Jones, Manager

April 21, 1930

We opened our Tom Thumb Golf Course Tuesday and made that day $135.00; Wednesday $144.00; Thursday $177.00; Friday $197.00; Saturday 206.00.

—Harry A. Hall, Charleston, W. Va.

You can do the same. No experience necessary.

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Tom Thumb Golf consists of a full 18 hole course. In these eighteen holes, no two are alike. There is every variation of the putting stroke known to the game.

One of the big features of Tom Thumb Golf is the patented greens. Outdoor miniature golf with natural greens has been impracticable because the tramping of hundreds of feet wears out real grass in no time. So to overcome this objection, the patented Tom Thumb greens were developed, the base of which is cotton seed hulls. By a special process, these new greens look like grass—play like grass and wear indefinitely. Tom Thumb greens are a patented feature.

Patent No. 1,559,520 controls and protects the construction, maintenance, sales and use of Putting Greens and Playing Surfaces of Cotton Seed Hulls or any comminuted flocculent vegetable material, either in a natural state or dyed to simulate grass, and with or without an admixture of binding substance.

Any person, firm or corporation constructing, maintaining, selling or using the subject matter of the said Letters Patent for Putting Greens or Playing Surfaces, except by license, is liable for the infringement of the said Letters Patent and for profits and damages.

Obtain a well located piece of vacant property at least 60′ x 120′—the larger the better—install your Tom Thumb and immediately the money—big profits—start to pour in. Play is night and day.

Profitable in towns of 5,000 and up.

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A small amount of money puts you in a highly profitable business with virtually no overhead. Just the thing for man and wife. 3 to 6 days after you receive your course, it is in operation, clicking off the profits for you.

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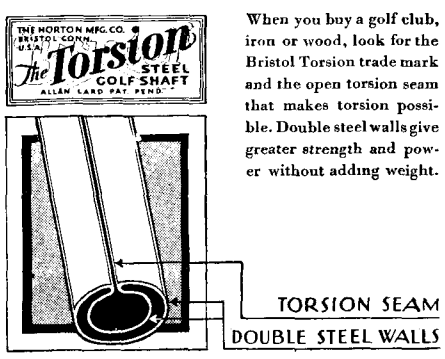

When you buy a golf club, iron or wood, look for the Bristol Torsion trade mark and the open torsion seam that makes torsion possible. Double steel walls give greater strength and power without adding weight.

BRISTOL Torsion STEEL SHAFTS

ALLAN LARD-PATENT PENDING

Kansas, by Ginger!

Continued from page 48

Schmidt; "Goldie" Nelson; Joe Hochderffer, alias Joe Bradley; A. L. (Slick) Norton; H. David, alias "Blackie" Kohler; Theodore (Jack Briton) Neises; etc. Looked as if Kansas had a little underworld of its own, after all.

"We raided the principal retail sellers and wholesale distributors in Wichita," said Dr. Fulton, "a week before the epidemic became general. On later examination I found that some of the retailers had already received some of the ginger now believed to have caused the epidemic. One company, at least, had changed its formula for adulteration, adding a compound of creosote and very likely making other changes. This adulterated ginger had not been on the market a week, certainly not more than two weeks, before the paralysis epidemic broke out."

A Creosote Cocktail

Up to June 1st the Federal prohibition laboratory in Washington had not discovered the exact poison in the Kansas drink.

"We find creosote in our 1,000 and more samples," former Prohibition Commissioner Dr. James M. Doran told me, "but this alone would not cause the paralysis. We are now searching for some poison within the creosote itself."

Federal laboratory men in Washington are fearful that chemicals used by adulterators of jake have combined to produce some as yet undiscovered poison. Here is an average poison-jake analysis made by Peter Valaer, Jr., government chemist, who has done much of this testing:

Ingredient	Percentage
Alcohol	86.
Tricresylphosphate (creosote)	2.5
Resin Oil	2.
Oleo Resin of Ginger	.5
Castor Oil	3.5
Water	5.5

Boiled down, the Kansas drink and other samples left a small, coal-black chunk of material resembling asphalt, which, when heated, could be manipulated with the fingers like rubber. In this residue lies the poison.

Resin oil, selling at about thirty-one cents a gallon, and tricresylphosphate, at about thirty-one cents a pound, were the cheapest possible adulterants that the chemists of the bootlegging jake manufacturers could discover; these adulterants resemble the far more expensive ginger so closely that government chemists were fooled for a week or more.

Drinking fell off tremendously in Wichita when the melancholy army of paralyzed victims began to "tap-click" the pavements on their crutches. The average number of arrests for drunkenness in Wichita had been seven a day. It fell to three and less a day. All the town waited to hear the results of the health department's analysis.

"It isn't poison alcohol; it seems to be poisonous roots in the jake," was the announcement, finally, of the health department.

That night was almost like Armistice night in Wichita. The town, in its hidden-away places, celebrated.

Thirty-two persons were arrested that night; celebrants of the apparent discovery that ordinary booze, aside from jake, was safe to drink.

There was no Carry Nation to stop them: they staggered past her monument standing in front of the railroad station, as if she had never lived. It was in this town on January 21, 1901, that Carry Nation with her hatchet amazed the nation by "smashing" the saloons of James Burns at 410 East Douglas Street, and that of Herring & Taylor, three doors farther on.

The doctors, as I have said, could not help the jake victims. Many of them accepted a rumor that crude oil was a cure. They went to the oil pools in droves, these miserable victims of paralysis, and dangled their feet in the thick, oily slime. But they went away as they had come.

One victim heard that new crude oil fresh from the heart of Mother Earth might cure him. He paid $50 for a gallon of oil caught from a new gusher over 100 miles away. In a little house in Madison Street, J. S. Lehr, who describes himself as "a veterinary and a tree surgeon," was giving electrical battery treatments and liniment rubs to fifty and sixty victims a day.

"I've treated a lot for nothing," he told me, "but I'm going to charge them five dollars a treatment after this. The doctors of this town don't seem to be doing anything for them and so I'm going to try old-fashioned remedies, even though I'm not a doctor. Something ought to be done and I'm trying to do it." The Wichita Beacon, owned by the dry Senator Henry J. Allen, ran this man's glaring advertisements.

Twenty-four hours a day Lehr's house was open. Four "rubbers" were massaging the feet and legs of victims with liniment while the patient sat holding the electrodes of old-fashioned galvanic batteries which Lehr had dug up somewhere. One of the rubbers told me he was a jockey.

In the front room of the little house I met a clear-faced, smiling, gingham-clad woman.

"I brought one of my boys here today," she said, "just to see whether this man could do him any good. All the doctors we've been to, say they can't."

"*One* of your sons?"

"Yes," she said. Tears came to her eyes. "All three of my boys have got it. I sort of expected that my middle son might get in trouble some day from drinking but I never thought my older boy or my little fellow would ever be hurt by booze."

There is a long medical name for jake foot. They call it multiple peripheral neuritis. It's a degeneration of the nerves of the extremities. If anybody knows any cure for it, these 500 people in Wichita, Kansas, who didn't have money enough to buy good booze would like to know about it.

And soon.

For many people in the "two-bit-jake towns" of Kansas and elsewhere are waiting.

Special Immunity

Two classes of people are today never arrested in Wichita, Kansas:

One class consists solely and entirely of one white-haired old lady of eighty years—Myra McHenry, by name. She was Carry Nation's old partner in hatcheting the saloons of Wichita. To this day she possesses the hatchet which Carry Nation used.

"The police have arrested me time and time again, since prohibition went into effect," she told me, "because I criticized them for allowing booze to be sold. They threw me into jail so many times that they got tired of it. Now I can go round as I please, especially since these jake cases, and talk all I want to, without trouble."

The second class—and this adds to the horror of the paralysis blight—consists of drunken "jakers." There have been no new cases of paralysis since the latter part of April. Again, booze has begun to look safe, even to paralyzed men.

So now the police are picking up six or seven crutch-walking jakers weekly. "Th' old booze has done all it can to me," explained one paralytic, "except kill me."

"The police," explained the Wichita Eagle, in effect, "no longer throw jake victims who get drunk into jail. They haven't any way of taking care of these paralyzed people in a cell, so they merely take them to their rooms or homes or back to the county farm."

Why does Kansas wear its dry mask? Why does it try to make believe it's dry? Why, on election days, and in special polls, does a majority of its citizens invariably vote dry, when in reality it is as wet as any state in the Middle West? Its newsboys sell its dry newspapers right in front of store windows which display bottles, capping machines and apparatus for making home brew.

It was a shock to Kansas people to have the Federal government send in outside prohibition agents, recently, to help local authorities clean up a liquor ring near Wichita after the paralysis scandal. This was the first time in ten years of prohibition that Kansas people had not leaned solely and confidently on their own officials.

To have outsiders come in and find the equivalent of 30,000 quarts of safe local whisky within a few miles of Wichita jarred the complacency of Kansas.

Make-Believe Kansas

Why, to put it brutally, the hypocrisy of Kansas officials? And of so many of its people?

I talked with old-timers, a score of them, and asked them that question. This jake scandal has humbled them.

"Well, I was taught prohibition when I was a schoolboy," was the clearest explanation I got. It came from a Kansas editor. "They took us all when we were young, in school and in Sunday school and at home, and taught us the evils of liquor. Carry Nation made an impression on our youthful minds. She *was* a heroine here, you know. I was taught, as a boy, and so were tens of thousands of others, that Kansas fought and bled in the fight against slavery, and that we would be willing to fight and bleed for prohibition. It was all part of being a citizen of 'Bleeding Kansas.'

"If you were raised that way you'd hate to admit that your state is wet, even if you do drink yourself. I travel around a lot and I know that Kansas is as wet as any other agricultural state. But people in other states weren't trained when they were little, as we were, to fight booze.

"It isn't as painful for them to admit that prohibition isn't working in their midst."

Make-believe Kansas has protected the bootlegger by insisting that he did not exist, by not running him down and bringing him to light.

There came a time when this same make-believe was protecting even the poisoner. It protected him until the crutches of his paralyzed victims began to beat a tattoo on the sidewalks; until dangling feet tapped and clicked out to all the world, as clearly as any radio message, that Kansas, dry as it votes and dry as it will undoubtedly continue to vote, was *not* dry after all.

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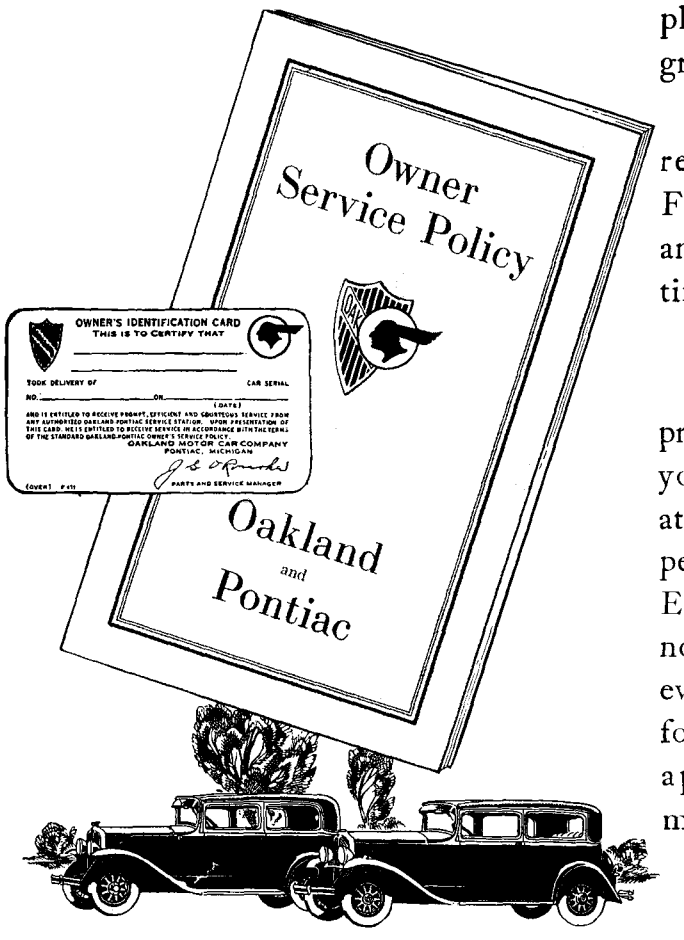
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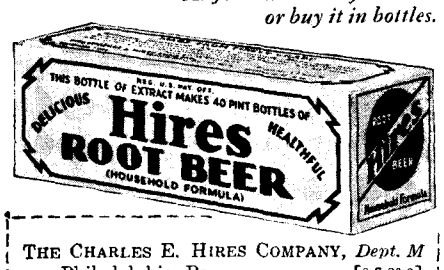

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Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 9

bank the day after the murder. I propose to connect it definitely with the defendant Merrill."

"Has the defense any objection?" the court asked.

Senator Enderley did not reply at once. He was looking at his client Merrill from beneath bushy, contracted eyebrows. The young man's face had turned ashen. His lips moved in inaudible protest. The senator, taking his cue from his client's agitation, said:

"May I see it, please, Mr. Caxton?"

"Certainly," the prosecutor agreed smilingly. He walked around the end of the table and laid the object tenderly in the senator's pudgy hand. "If you'll examine it closely you'll note the initials C. M. scratched in the cap at the weighted end."

COUNSEL turned the bright metal cylinder over in his hand, regarded its weighted end in silence for a moment, then handed it back to the triumphantly waiting Caxton.

"The defense has no objection, Your Honor," he said hollowly.

The flashlight marked for identification, the prosecutor cleared his throat.

"Doctor Ross," he said, "you're positive that the deceased did not meet her death by some other means than strangulation with the contributing cause which we've just discussed? Drowning, for instance?"

"Drowning is a form of strangulation," the witness replied.

"Eh!—just so—but you found no water in her lungs?"

"I didn't," the witness replied. "Contrary to popular belief, the amount of water in the lungs of a person who has been drowned is negligible. Rarely more than a spoonful or two."

"Yes—of course!" Caxton concurred hastily. "How long would you say that Miss Crandall had been dead when you performed the mortuary examination, Doctor?"

"Less than an hour. I applied the usual restoratives, but they were unavailing."

"At what time did you arrive at the mill?"

"A few minutes after half past eight."

"So, in your opinion, Miss Crandall was alive and well at half past seven?"

"She was certainly alive. How well she might have been is an open question."

The prosecutor ran his hand over his smoothly brushed hair. He walked back to his table and stood looking at the black leather satchel, stroking his chin in elaborate indecision.

"Is this the scarf you removed from about Miss Crandall's throat at the time of the mortuary examination, Doctor?" he asked casually as his long fingers reached into the bag and held up something for the witness' inspection.

The physician raised his eyes for the briefest of glances.

"Yes," he replied, "that's the scarf."

The boy known to the town of Marshall as Young Merrill, and now as Conrad Merrill, the murderer of Jane Crandall, let his arms drop from the edge of the table to his lap. He sat looking with a curious, detached expression at the streamer of transparent silk suspended from the prosecutor's talon-like hand, as if unable to associate it with his present predicament. Not until the silence was broken by Caxton asking the court to have the scarf marked for identification did he relax. There was a swift interchange of glances between him and the girl as the prosecutor dropped the film of silk upon the table beside the flashlight, where it lay, a tiny bright pool of pink, the only touch of color in the drab, austere courtroom.

"That's all, Doctor," the prosecutor said. "*Cross-examine!*"

The attorney for the defense seemed to have come out of his trance with the episode of the flashlight. He blinked his heavy-lidded eyes at the witness.

"I don't believe I'm going to bother you with many questions, Doctor," he said. "I know you're a busy man and my distinguished opponent has covered the ground pretty well. You performed the mortuary examination near the place where Miss Crandall met her death, did you not?"

"We carried her into the mill and I performed the examination in a small storeroom there at the request of the coroner."

"I see. There's one thing I'd like to know, Doctor. The bruise you spoke of upon Miss Crandall's temple—was it in your opinion made at approximately the same time as the mark upon her throat—the mark which you testified was made by the scarf, I mean?"

"I should say that it was, yes."

"It couldn't have been made after death?"

"Certainly not!"

"Why not?"

"The condition of the wound showed that blood had flowed from it. Consequently Miss Crandall must have been alive when the blow was struck."

"Might the blow not have been made very shortly after death? Say five or ten minutes? Might there not have been a certain amount of what is known, I believe, as reflex action left to have caused a limited flow of blood?"

The witness regarded his questioner pityingly.

"So long as there's sufficient muscular action for the heart to drive the blood through a wound or a cut, the subject is not dead. That answers your question, I believe."

"Absolutely, Doctor," the senator replied good-naturedly, "the bruise must have been received then before or"—he paused—"simultaneously with the—er—assaulting agent that caused Miss Crandall's death?"

"It might have been received simultaneously—yes, obviously!" the physician offered.

COUNSEL for the defense nodded his head gravely at having his surmise verified, an action that caused the thin lips of the prosecutor to curl faintly.

"The witness before you, Mr. Tobias Corbin, was unable to give a detailed description of how Miss Crandall was dressed at her death. I assume you can give us that information?"

"She wore a dark gray suit, gray silk stockings, gray kid shoes with gunmetal buckles, and a light gray silk blouse."

"All of these things were wet, of course?" the senator asked pleasantly.

"Soaking wet, sir."

"She wore no hat?"

"I didn't see any. But there was the scarf—the silk scarf." The witness' eyes strayed to the spot of pink on the prosecutor's table. Caxton gave him a friendly, approving nod.

"Oh, yes, *the* scarf!" Enderley supplied. "Mr. Caxton, may I see it for a moment?" he asked.

The prosecutor's hand darted toward the bit of silk with a quick, catlike movement, but he picked it up and handed it to the senator. Enderley draped it over his huge right hand and held it out at arm's length.

"You knew Miss Crandall rather well, didn't you, Doctor?" he inquired.

"Since her birth. I officiated at that event forty-three years ago."

"And you've seen her pretty regularly all these years?"

"As two persons living in the same small town inevitably must!" the witness replied tersely.

"Several times a month, let us say?"

"Quite that often. The Crandall residence is less than two blocks from my own home in the same street." He favored Enderley with a level look. "Miss Crandall and Mrs. Ross were very close friends," he added with unmistakable emphasis.

"I assume that you were her physician?"

"I was."

"What was the state of Miss Crandall's health at or shortly before her death?"

"Not very good. She was tubercular."

"You mean she was a consumptive?"

"Not what we term an active case. But she had been threatened with tuberculosis since she was a young girl. At seventeen years of age she was sent west, to Southern California, upon my advice. She remained there for nearly two years. When she returned, she was apparently cured, but during the past few years the old trouble had come back. I advised her repeatedly to return to the Pacific Coast and stay there, but although she went out there for a month or two every year, I could not persuade her to make California her permanent residence."

"I see. I suppose you've seen her wear this scarf often?"

DURING his questioning the senator's great hand had remained outstretched with the silken ends of the dainty bit of film almost touching the floor.

"You suppose wrongly, sir!" the physician retorted. "I never saw it before the evening of her death."

Enderley sat looking at the scarf in his extended hand.

"Yet in spite of the fact that it is a perfectly plain piece of silk without a distinguishing pattern of any kind, you're positive that it is the same scarf which you unwound from the throat of Jane Crandall on the evening of May twentieth this year?"

"Positive!" the witness asserted.

"You recognize it principally by its color, I assume?"

"Exclusively!" the witness corrected.

"That's what makes me wonder how you're so positive about identifying it," the senator said musingly. "If it was wet, it must have been almost a deep red—certainly a good many shades darker!"

The witness' mouth parted, but before he had time to reply, Enderley said:

"That's all, Doctor Ross, thanks."

He held the scarf out to Caxton with a smile. The prosecutor all but jerked it from his hand and dropped it on the table beside the flashlight.

"Sheriff Putnam!"

The man who entered the witness box after being sworn in was small and wizened. He walked to the chair with slow, deliberate steps and eased himself into it as if doubtful that it would bear the strain of his hundred and twenty pounds. He laid his hat, a gray fedora, carefully on the floor beside the chair, buttoned the coat of his pepper-and-salt suit, and waited.

(*Continued on page 54*)

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WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

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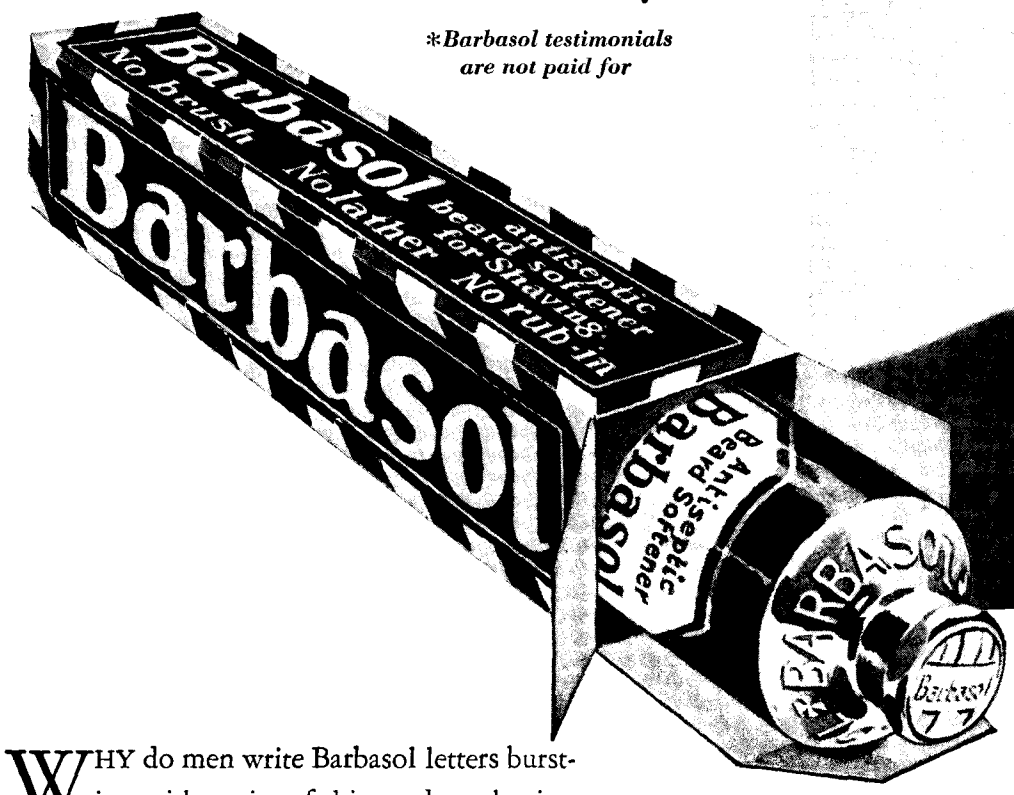

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who gives his greatest screen characterization in "The Dawn Patrol," with Richard Barthelmess

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Listen to this: "I'd rather drive an auto without a self-starter than go back to the old shaving brush"—W. E. L., of New York. "Wonderful results . . . the smooth and clean shave from Barbasol"—M. W., of New Jersey. "I have a tough beard, but with Barbasol the razor doesn't pull"—N. R. G., of California. (Yes, names on request if you like.)

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Why not try Edgeworth? You can buy it almost anywhere, but for nothing more than the coupon we'll send you a generous free packet to try. How's that for confidence?

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My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

Now let the Edgeworth come! H-36

Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 52

His coarse hair, growing in spirals and whorls, gave him a suggestion of untidiness, difficult to reconcile with his prim and precise deportment. The skin of his face was of the color and texture of a russet apple, crisscrossed by a network of fine wrinkles to the point of almost mathematical precision.

"Your name is Jasper Putnam?"

"Jasper Revere Putnam, yes, sir."

"You're sheriff of this county?"

"I am."

"How long have you held this position?"

"Twenty-two years on August seventeenth, nineteen twenty-eight."

"On the evening of May twentieth this year you were called on the telephone by Mr. Tobias Corbin?"

"I was."

"What did Mr. Corbin say?"

"'Miss Jane Crandall has drowned herself in my pond, Sheriff. You'd better come right over,'" the witness replied promptly and with no more show of emotion than if he were retailing an invitation to tea.

"What did you do?"

"I notified the coroner and got into my car and drove right over."

"PLEASE tell the court what transpired after you got there."

"Miss Crandall was lying on the bank near the spillway. Young Merrill was working over her. As we drove up he rose and said: 'I'm afraid there's nothing to be done, gentlemen. Miss Crandall's dead.'"

"We?" the prosecutor queried. "Was there anyone else in the car with you?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Foster, the coroner. I stopped at his house in Middleboro Road and picked him up on the way over."

"I see. Merrill was alone with—the deceased—when you drove up?"

"Yes, sir, but Corbin came around the corner of the mill just as I shut the engine off."

"Please go on!"

"Mr. Foster and myself got out and looked at the—remains. When I saw the bruise on Miss Crandall's temple I got suspicious and told the coroner so."

"Did either Merrill or Corbin make any remarks at this?"

"Merrill didn't, but Corbin said: 'If this is murder, it'll ruin me! Nobody'll ever want to hire my picnic ground again!'"

The incongruity of this remark released a titter from the tense spectators, under which Farmer Corbin shrank in his chair and looked unhappily at his feet.

Judge Farnham's gavel crashed.

"Silence in court!" he admonished.

"What did you do next?"

"We carried the—remains into the mill. While we were doing so, Doctor Ross arrived."

"Had you called him?"

"No, Mr. Corbin had."

"Did Merrill and Mr. Corbin stay while Mr. Ross performed the autopsy?"

"Merrill did. Mr. Corbin went up to the house."

"Did Merrill remain in the mill?"

"No, sir. He would have if we hadn't put him out!"

"You mean that he tried to obstruct the autopsy?"

"Object!" boomed the senator. "Question is collusive!"

"Sustained!" His Honor concurred.

Caxton inclined his head at the court.

"Just tell us what Merrill did or said, Sheriff," he amended in an extravagantly amiable tone.

"He called us a lot of heartless barbarians for not letting a decent time pass before desecrating—the remains."

"I see. He tried to impress you by feigning—sorrow?" Caxton's voice was silky with portent.

"Your Honor," Enderley interjected, "I object most strenuously to this method of inquiry, which is not questioning at all, but prompting."

Judge Farnham impaled Caxton with a look.

"Counsel's stand is well taken. His objection is more than sustained. The prosecution will please abandon the rôle of prompter. This is a court-room—not a theater."

Caxton's humility was pathetic.

"I hope the court will believe me when I say that I had no intention of offending," he pleaded.

"Your apology is accepted," Judge Farnham said without committing himself nor relaxing the severity of his tone. "Proceed!"

The prosecutor returned to the witness. He regarded him with the air of a man with whom he was sharing a secret—a deep, wonderful secret which he was about to spring.

"Did Merrill stay during the entire time of the autopsy?" he asked with a lilt in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you inform him of Dr. Ross' findings when it was over?" the lilt had become madrigal.

"I did."

"*How* did he take it?" The prosecutor's sudden *basso profundo* smote the silent court-room like a Strauss discord.

"Very badly, sir. He tried to strike Doctor Ross. Mr. Foster and I had to hold him."

"Strike the doctor!" Caxton's voice was sepulchral with horror. He swung about and glanced at the white-haired physician seated in a chair against the railing. In spite of his age, the doctor did not seem to share his horror. He merely shrugged his broad shoulders and contemplated his knotted and rather capable hands. "What did he say?"

"Plenty," the witness asserted grimly, "but all I can remember is: 'You've all gone insane! Who'd want to kill Miss Crandall?'"

"Did he leave with you?"

"No. After I had got him calmed down I offered to take him back to town, but he refused to ride with us and started through the woods on the run."

"As if he were afraid to stay?" Caxton whipped out the question with one eye on the senator and one on the judge. The expected happened. Enderley almost rose to his feet.

"Really, Your Honor—!" he began, but the court took the matter off his shoulders in no uncertain terms.

"I DON'T want to have to warn the State again how to conduct its inquiry," Judge Farnham cut in, his gray eyes like disks of polished steel. "You may have your objection, Senator! Strike out that last question!" he directed.

The prosecutor tried to look like an early martyr, but his face was against him. He indulged in a deep intake of breath that fooled no one but himself in mistaking it for a sigh.

"You said that the defendant, Merrill, ran into the woods? Was that the last you saw of him that evening?"

"Of *him*, yes! But I saw something else."

"Ah," said Caxton, "what did you see?"

"A white dress moving behind the bushes where he had disappeared."

"You mean a feminine form in a white dress?" The prosecutor was after specifications.

"Well," the witness qualified, "I suppose there was a female inside of it!" A careful, conscientious man, Sheriff Jasper Revere Putnam.

"Could you make out who the woman was?"

"No, sir. I saw her only for a moment. The two disappeared together in the darkness."

"You mean the defendant Merrill and—this unknown?" Caxton was a stickler for precision.

"Yes, sir."

"Did she seem to have been waiting for him in the bushes?"

"Object!" The senator lumbered to his feet heavily. "The State is deliberately and persistently being collusive! The witness has just admitted that he could not be sure that what he saw was a woman, that it was only a momentary flash of something white moving in the bushes. Does the State claim occult powers for its witnesses? How could Sheriff Putnam possibly know whether or not this Unknown It had been waiting for Mr. Merrill? How in the name of—!"

"That'll do, Senator!" Judge Farnham cut in on counsel's rising voice. "Your objection is allowed. Please justify your question, Mr. Caxton," he ordered.

"I'll do so in a moment, Your Honor!" Caxton replied. As he turned to his witness his face tried to say that this was a hard old world for conscientious prosecuting attorneys.

"DID you attempt to follow them, Sheriff?" he asked.

"Well, I went over to the bushes where I had seen them last and looked around with my electric flashlight."

"You mean that you played the light on the spot where you had seen the flash of white?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you find anything?"

"I did."

"Ah," said Caxton, with an air of surprise, "what did you find?"

"A woman's handkerchief. It was lying on the ground behind the clump of bushes."

"What sort of handkerchief was it?"

"An ordinary white one with—bloodstains on it—fresh bloodstains," the witness replied. He leaned back in his chair and folded his arms impressively. You knew that Sheriff Putnam was an ardent reader of detective stories and that he was not a little proud of having found the handkerchief which the murderer or his accessory before the fact obligingly drops near the scene of the crime for the guidance of the officers of the law.

Caxton's clawlike hand shot into the black leather satchel for the third time. This time it came out holding a tiny square of linen splotched with a dark red stain The prosecutor carried it between thumb and forefinger to the witness. As if drawn to a man by an invisible cord the spectators strained forward in their seats.

"Is this it?" he asked, dangling the bit of soiled cloth before the eyes of witness and jury.

"Yes, sir."

"How do you recognize it?"

"By the initials V. L. in the corner!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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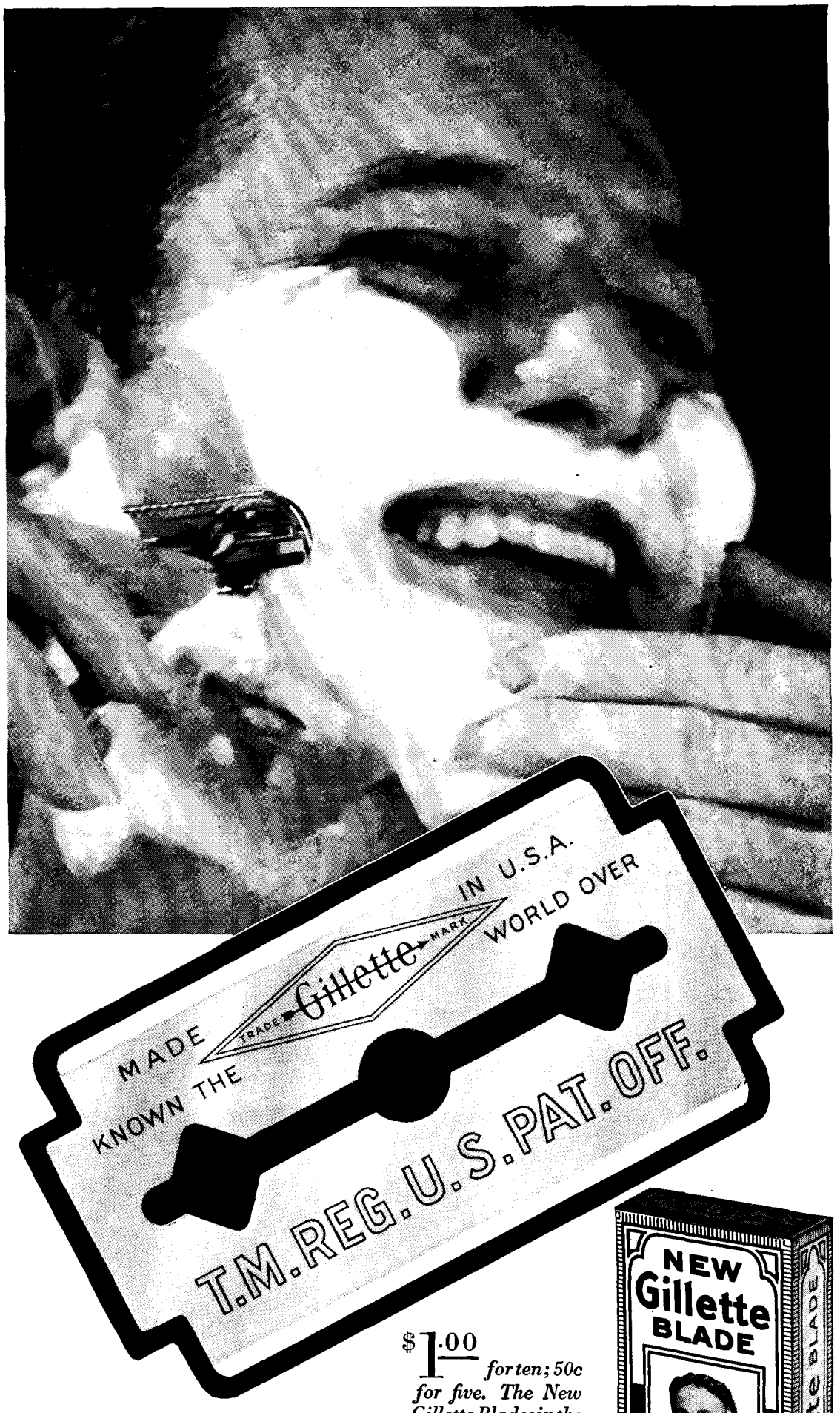

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Artists are Like That

Continued from page 11

"Do you really feel that way about it?"

I said, "Yes. I didn't think, Terry, that I'd ever feel this way about any girl."

She said, "Honey . . . " kind of drawling it out.

"Yes?"

"Nothing."

And then she was in my arms again.

When she disentangled herself, she smoothed back her hair, and said, "I don't know what Dad will say."

I said, "I do!"

She said, "I mean, I've already told him about you. Your being an artist and everything."

"Yeah?"

She laughed. "He doesn't approve of artists. For husbands, that is. He says they're not practical. And on top of that only about one in a thousand is any good."

"That lets me out," I said. "I'm not that one."

"But you are, honey. I just know you are. And I've got it all figured out: You just give him one of your paintings, then he can see for himself how good you are."

"Yeah," I said. "That would be fine."

"Then you'll do it?"

I shook my head.

Terry came closer, so that her hair brushed against my cheek, and the first thing I knew I heard myself saying, "All right. I'll do it."

THE next morning I cornered the Big Boy in his room.

"Listen," I said. "I'm quitting."

He looked me over sharply. "What's wrong?"

"Plenty," I said. "Everything's wrong. I've gotta paint a picture."

"What?"

So I told him everything. When I'd finished, he took a couple of turns around the room, and then suddenly he stopped short.

"I've got it! You don't have to paint a picture to take one to old man Taylor, do you?"

I said, "I don't get you."

"I'll buy one for you." he explained. "I'll buy you a swell one. Sid Ginsberg's sister-in-law married an artist. He paints a lot of those billboards on Broadway. And if a guy is good enough to paint things as big as that, he ought to be able to paint something small, too. And a damned sight cheaper. . . ."

"Well . . ." I started, not feeling very convinced.

"What's the matter? Isn't that a good idea?"

"Sure," I said. "But what happens afterward? I mean, we can't go on hiring him to paint pictures for me forever, can we?"

The Big Boy gave me a disgusted look. "What do you care what happens afterward, so long as you can get through the next few days? Afterwards you can break an arm, or go color blind, or something. Quit worrying, Steve, and leave it to me."

So I left it to him, and the next evening the Big Boy came back from the city with a grin from ear to ear and a flat package under one arm. The full moon had come and gone, so it was one of those nights, my last one, when I was due to be very busy up at the radio, and I was just leaving when he came in.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I want you should look at this."

He took the paper carefully off, and held the painting up. It was a picture of a field with some trees on one side and some clouds on the other and a male cow standing near the center.

"That's what I call good!" the Big Boy exclaimed. "He kind of specializes in animals. This one here is the same one, pretty near, that he uses in the ads for Black Bull Chewing Tobacco. Don't you like it?"

"Yeah," I said, "it looks swell."

"Fifty dollars," the Big Boy said. "But I figured you might as well have the best."

I said, "That's mighty fine of you, Jake."

"Hell," he said, "forget it." He gave me a clap on the back. "I'm always ready to help any of my boys along."

So I said thanks again and started out. When I went through the parlor, though, I found Art Samuels and Sid Ginsberg, and both of them looked as though they had been doing a lot a sampling quite recently. They were down on their knees on the floor, and Art was holding in one hand my palette that the Big Boy had brought, and with the other he had hold of Chico, a nine-months-old police dog that belonged to the Big Boy, by the collar. Opposite him was Sid, and he was waving a canvas with one hand and scratching Chico between the ears with the other.

Every time he'd scratch him, Chico would wag his tail, which was very long and bushy, and the end of the tail would switch first across the palette, all covered with daubs of paint, and then across to the canvas, which was getting pretty daubed up, too.

Just then Art looked up and saw me, and said in a stage whisper, "Hush, the Master approaches!"

I said, "What's the big idea?"

"Art," said Sid. "Art is long and time is fleeting, and Chico's tail is a handy brush. Catch 'em young an' train 'em. We're training Chico to take your place when you go to paint the President's portrait."

"Or daughter," Art said, and then Sid gave Chico another scratch between the ears and Chico's tail passed over the palette and onto the canvas and deposited a smear of green next to some bright yellow, so that the canvas looked like an egg that had got mixed up with some spinach.

Sid said, "Hold up your paw, Chico, and shake hands with your brother artist."

Chico held up his paw, and wagged his tail a lot more, and I said, "I hope you both get hydrophobia," and went out, slamming the door after me.

THE next morning I overslept. and when I finally wakened I had just time enough to grab the painting the Big Boy had brought me, and which he'd carefully wrapped up again, and make tracks down the beach to where Terry was waiting for me. In a way I was glad that I was late, because I didn't want any spare time to do any heavy thinking. I'd been doing a lot of thinking, and it hadn't been getting me anywhere, except in more of a stew. Whatever way Terry's father decided wasn't going to help me much. I figured nothing could help me much.

Terry was waiting for me at the entrance to Bournemouth Cove. She said, "Oh! You brought the painting. That's fine. I told Dad you might be up this morning, and he's waiting for you."

I said, "Yeah."

"I do hope he likes it, don't you?"

I just nodded. Somehow I didn't feel much like talking.

When we got up to the Taylor cottage, there was Terry's father sitting on the porch. He looked a little different than I had expected, and like a pretty good advertisement for the benefits of Taylor's Trusty Tripe. He said, "Well, well, so you're the artist?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

"Terry's been telling me about you. You know, I never thought much of artists. I believe in being frank, so I might as well tell you right off. I never did think much . . ."

Terry said, "Now, Dad!"

"Well," grumbled Dad, "a man ought to be honest in his own home."

I said, "Yes, sir."

"Terry tells me you two are pretty fond of each other," he went on gruffly.

I LOOKED over at Terry, and she looked at me expectantly. So I coughed and said, "It's this way. . . ."

"Speak right out," Taylor said. "You never get anywhere in this world unless you speak right out. On the dot and a minute ahead of the other fellow. Now that's one of my objections to artists. They're impractical. They're not business men."

Then he spotted the package under my arm. "What's that?"

"A painting," Terry said. "He brought you one of his paintings to see."

"'Humph!" said Mr. Taylor. "Give it to me."

I handed it over to him, and he sat down in a chair and took the paper off. Then he sat for a long time, looking at it, with a kind of puzzled expression on his face, and I stood on one foot a while and then on the other, and wished I were somewhere else. Finally he laid the painting down on the table, face up. For a moment he didn't say anything, and when I looked down at the painting I couldn't blame him.

Because the painting there on the table wasn't the painting that the Big Boy had spent fifty dollars for. It was the one that Art Samuels and Sid Ginsberg had painted with Chico's tail.

I looked at Terry, and she was staring in a fascinated way at the table, so I looked down at the floor instead. I wondered how long three people could stay together without saying anything.

Then Mr. Taylor spoke up: "I must say, young man, I'm a little surprised."

I wanted to say that I was, too, and that as soon as I could get around to it two more men were going to be very surprised as well, only I couldn't seem to say anything.

Mr. Taylor grunted again, and then cleared his throat. "Very surprised," he went on. "I'm familiar with old-fashioned art, but this is something new. Modernism, I suppose. I've been reading about it lately. There must be money in it."

He took another look at the painting, and shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't quite understand this, I'll admit. I believe in being frank. But I'm pleased at one thing, young man. Very pleased."

I said, "Huh?"

"You're in step with the times. That's what counts; in business or in art or anything else. Yes, sir, you've got to be right up to the minute." He took another look at the painting, and scratched his left cheek thoughtfully. Then his face brightened up. "I've got it!" He fairly beamed.

I said, "What?"

"This!" He waved a hand at the table. "It's just the thing. Wouldn't that look swell, now, made up as a label for Taylor's Trusty Tripe! I'll tell you what we'll do. Now, listen. . . ."

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It was an hour before I left him, with my mind still pretty much of a fog, and with Terry trotting along at my side.

"Isn't it too wonderful!" she said.

I said, "Yeah."

"I knew Dad would like you. And I think it was sweet of you, agreeing to give up painting and everything, and go to work for him."

"Sure," I said. "All of that."

"It's like Dad says. He's getting old and wants someone younger to help him along." She laughed a little. "Someone in the family."

I stopped and turned towards her.

"Listen, Terry. There's things I ought to tell you."

"Haven't you already told me, honey?"

"No," I said. "I haven't. I've got to be honest with you. I'm not what you think I am. I didn't paint that picture," I told her, trying to say everything at once and get it over with. "I didn't do it myself. It was painted by a nine-months-old puppy, with his tail, I mean, and besides that I'm not an artist, and I've been working for a bootlegger, on a radio, you know, only I quit this morning."

She looked at me in a startled way for a minute, and then she put her hand on my forehead. "Do you feel all right, honey?"

"Sure," I said, "I feel all right. Only I don't feel so good about leaving you. I'm trying to tell you. . . ."

"I know," she interrupted soothingly. "You're overworked, that's all. Let's not talk about it now."

"But I've got to," I said, and then went all through the speech again. When I finished Terry looked at me sort of dreamily, and then she said, "Where do you think we could go on our honeymoon, Steve?"

"But don't you understand?"

"I must say," she said, "that whatever you're trying to tell me doesn't make much sense. And besides, as I told you before, it's what you are, and not what you were, that counts with me. Don't you think Niagara Falls would be nice?"

I SAID, "I think Niagara Falls would be swell. And while we're planning it, let's walk down to the village. I want to buy Chico some steak."

"Chico?"

"Yeah," I said, "he's an artist friend of mine. And he's one out of a thousand. You'll like him."

"If he's anything like you I'm sure I will," Terry said. "But are you sure you won't mind giving up painting?"

"No," I said. "Personally, I don't mind telling you I think it's pretty much of a dog's life. Let's go, honey."

The Devil's Eyelash

Continued from page 21

"I traveled to forget!" The red lips bounced the words against the stuffed cushions and the swaying roof of the carriage. "San Sebastian, Rome, Lucerne, Cairo! Listen! I traveled with the ghost of Harry! A dissatisfied ghost! Waking me in the nights! Smashing down that—that smug belief that I had done everything to settle Harry's debt!"

Pride was startled by her words. Parched, hot words. Hard to follow at times. She believed, so she said, that the spirit of her husband was trying to tell her something. Something unbelievable.

"One night at Santa Barbara I knew!" she cried. "I understood! Understood the truth that had been whispered to me for months and months! Do you not know? Can't you guess?"

Richard Clefeld Pride moistened his dry lips. "No, I cannot guess," he said.

"I suddenly realized that Tony Sordino was alive!" cried the red lips. "Alive! Tony the Thug, who had killed my Harry! Tony the Thug, who had killed my little baby, Clothilde!"

LITTLE rapier words slashed at the doubt on the handsome face of the Indiana adventurer. "The man buried as Sordino was not Sordino! Yes, yes! He wore Sordino's clothes and Sordino's jewelry! Sordino's latchkey was in his hand! But he wasn't Tony the Thug!

"Listen! Sordino had got the word of the confession! Knew that the state's attorney was attempting an arrest! He arranged things. He was tired of Chicago. Someone—someone answering the general description of the gangster was killed. His head was nearly blown off to make identification of features nearly impossible! He was dressed in Sordino's clothes! He wore Sordino's rings and watch! Nothing was overlooked. On the day of the monster funeral in Chicago Tony the Thug was making for Italy on the Leviathan!"

Again the little handbag gave up proof. A telegram. As the dainty fingers opened it, Evelyn Waldron explained: "We, ex-Inspector Carberry and I, went to Portogruaro where Tony Sordino was born. We found that a half-brother was receiving money from the Tyrol. From Innsbruck, Inspector Carberry followed the clue. He reported that an Americanized Italian was living in state in a schloss in the mountains above Igls. The Schloss-Umbausen, called locally The Devil's Eyelash! The Inspector thought the man was Sordino!

"I cabled Colonel Danby. His cable about you came this morning and with it this telegram from Carberry. Read the inspector's wire."

Richard Clefeld Pride took the slip of paper and stared, half hypnotized, at the words. They ran:

"Our quarry without a doubt. Come at once with help. Americans if possible. Difficult position. Want assistance badly. Three or more. Carberry."

The long slender fingers gently touched the strong wrist of The Hoosier Hawk. Soft spoken were the words that fell from the red lips. "From what Harry told me you—you are worth three men," whispered the lips.

Richard Clefeld Pride bowed his head over the white hand as the train roared into the station at Trento. The Devil's Eyelash was his goal.

The conductor raced excitedly along the corridor as the train slowed down. He shrieked instructions and flung back short answers to the questions hurled at him. Pride sprang to the door and halted him. What was wrong? The fellow screamed his doleful news. The train would go no farther. The service between Trento and the Brenner was interrupted. The train from Innsbruck was seventeen hours late! Half-crazed officials thought that the line would be cleared in twelve hours. Twelve hours!

Evelyn Waldron looked up into the face of The Hoosier Hawk. The violet eyes expressed her thoughts. Carberry had asked for immediate help. Carberry, sitting on the trail of Tony the Thug. Tony Sordino, murderer of Harry Waldron and his baby!

At that moment the man with the

(*Continued on page 58*)

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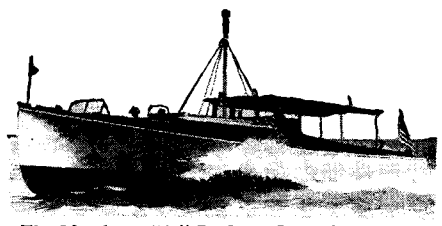

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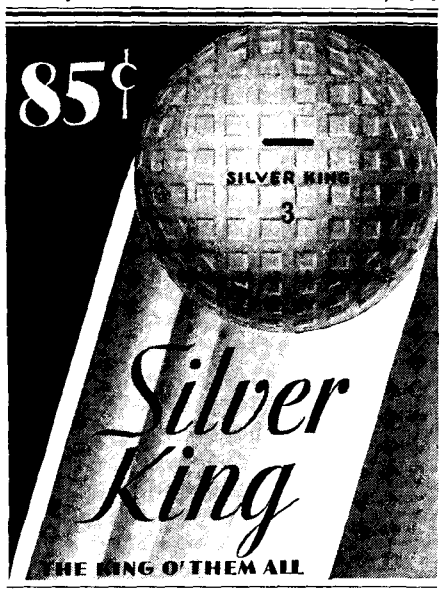

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(*Continued from page 57*)

split nose who had been thrust out of the first-class compartment bumped clumsily against Evelyn Waldron. Pride pushed the fellow backward. Splitnose, cursing roundly, rushed the flyer and received a straight left in the face that sent him hunting for a policeman.

"He wants to stop us!" cried Evelyn Waldron. "He—he is spying on us!"

The Hawk drew the woman and Murphy toward the exit. Their business was to get on without delay.

"I know a man here," he explained as they stumbled out on the Piazzi Dante. "A fellow who was a captain of aviation. Lives in the Via Torre Verde. He's got all sorts of pull! Saved the army at the Piave! He might—Gosh! he might get us a ship! Keep out of the way of that fellow! Murphy will look after you! I'll be back in ten minutes!"

IT WAS after midnight when, after a crazy cross-country dash in an old airplane, Richard Clefeld Pride, Evelyn Waldron and Penguin Murphy reached the Hotel Tirol, which Inspector Carberry had given as his headquarters in Innsbruck. They made inquiries of a sleepy night porter. Herr Carberry, said the fellow, had gone to the railway station. He expected someone coming from Brenner. But there were no trains.

The three Americans hurried toward the Bahn-hof, a few yards from the hotel. A dusty and bedraggled figure came across the station square, a dejected person who looked as if he had abandoned hope.

"It's—it's Carberry!" gasped Evelyn Waldron.

The stooped man saw them and, with a queer yelp of joy, rushed forward.

He clutched the two hands of the woman and stammered his thanks to the particular saint that watches over manhunters. A little hysterical was the sleuth. He had heard of the landslide at Brenner. He had given up hope of Mrs. Waldron getting through. He thought help would come too late. He was all in. With explosive sentences he told that he hadn't slept for five nights. He was on watch night and day. He was afraid, fearfully afraid that his quarry would escape.

The Hoosier Hawk, introduced now, tried to comfort the sleuth. At any other time Pride would have been amused. Carberry was a human bloodhound. He had run his man to earth and was hysterical with fear lest the fellow would escape. Into his voice came a peculiar whining note that made the Indiana flyer think of the greyhounds as they watched the preliminary gallop of the electric hare.

Soothing Carberry, the adventurer from Indianapolis led the way back to the hotel. In a dimly-lit sitting-room the sleuth talked. There was no doubt in his mind that the lessee of the Schloss Umhausen, called locally The Devil's Eyelash, was Tony Sordino, the one-time gang leader of Chicago. Breathlessly he told of the steps he had taken to make identification certain. He had crept into the grounds and watched Tony for hours. In a choked whisper he recounted his doings.

"They practice shooting each morning!" His joy at the arrival of help gave a curious whimper to his voice. "He and two friends who never leave him. Revolver shooting! Look, I snapped him with a pocket camera as I lay in the bushes! Here are the prints! Compare them with those pictures of Tony when he was a gangster in Chicago! It's him! I'd bet my life it's him!"

The Hoosier Hawk examined the snapshots side by side with old photographs taken of Tony Sordino when he was the leader of fivescore gunmen. The resemblance was convincing.

"It's him," said The Hawk.

"Sure, it's him!" cried Carberry. "Listen!" He paused for a moment and stared at the three faces in turn. "Tonight at dusk," he whispered, "a messenger came up from the Igls post office. He had a telegram for The Devil's Eyelash. I got it from him. Bribed him; frightened him. Here it is!"

Pride, Evelyn Waldron, and Murphy stared at the blue slip. A short, unintelligible message:

Tomaso Mancini, Schloss Umhausen, near Igls. Cavedoni ylkciuq edils sllub htiw liart no wodiw cavedoni.

"Read it backward, leaving out the word cavedoni," said Carberry. "Possibly that's the name of the guy who sent it. It came from Venice."

The face of Evelyn Waldron was white as she stared at the black shadows in the corners of the big wainscoted room. "Widow on trail with bulls slide quickly." Friends of the hunted knew of the approach of the hunters!

The Hoosier Hawk thought of the split-nosed man on the train. Carberry's cleverness in getting hold of the telegram would be of no account if Splitnose got through from Trento. A fast auto might bring him over the Brenner Pass.

Inspector Carberry looked at Richard Clefeld Pride.

"I'm a bit rattled, sir," he stammered. "We should get a warrant and all that, but I'm afraid. If we communicate with Chicago through the local police he'll know of it. He's got pals in high places. If I cabled Chicago he'd get wise. What would you do, sir?"

Pride pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. "I'd take him now and get the warrant later," he said quietly. "The murderous hound killed one of the finest men that ever breathed."

The Hawk turned to Evelyn Waldron. Tears filled the violet eyes. She looked a little terrified now that the long trail that she had followed had brought her close to the murderer. The telegram had startled her.

"You must stay here in the hotel," said Pride, taking her hand. "No harm will come to you here. You have done your duty. I promise you that Sordino will not escape."

Inspector Carberry was moving toward the door. "I have a machine on the Landhaus-Strasse," he explained. "It will carry us beyond Igls. There we take to the woods. There's no road to The Devil's Eyelash."

THE little town of Igls at the foot of the Patscher-Kofel was asleep as the car carrying Pride, Carberry and Murphy rushed through it. A faint milky tinge thrust the big peaks forward from the background of sky. The dawn was coming.

Carberry drove the machine into a wooded path half a mile beyond the little town of Igls. "From here we go on foot," explained the sleuth. "It's a climb of nearly two miles."

Without speaking the three walked swiftly up the lower slopes of the Heiligwasser. They swung across the breast of the Ochsen Alp. Hard going here. Again The Hawk thought of Tony driven by a woman into the hills. He thought about the gunman's hate for the widow. A fiendish hate, surely.

A cold fear sprang upon Richard Clefeld Pride. Evelyn Waldron had been left unprotected at the Hotel Tirol! The cornered gangster might know! Active spies were in his service!

The actions of Carberry temporarily dispelled the thought of possible harm to Evelyn Waldron. The man-hunter dropped upon his knees, signaling Pride and Murphy to follow his example. Python-like the three crept forward through the underbrush. For more than four hundred yards they crawled up the slope covered with stunted pines and dry grass, then the sleuth cautiously lifted his head and beckoned to his two companions. "The Devil's Eyelash is in front," he said softly.

The Hoosier Hawk and Murphy stared at the grim stone castle that was visible in the dawn mists. A fine nickname was that which the local folk had given the place. It stood on the very brink of a chasm that a mountain torrent had hacked out of the mountain. An evil-looking place, wrapped in an atmosphere of mystery, of crime, of murder.

"Be careful," whispered Carberry. "We are on the grounds."

The light improved. As the three watched the castle the sun peeped over a ridge of the Patscher-Kofel. Carberry leaned forward and whispered to Pride. "They generally come out of that door to the left," he murmured. "The three of them. Every morning at sunrise they practice with revolvers for—"

Carberry halted suddenly and ducked his head. The big door had opened, a shout of wild laughter came to the ears of the watchers, then three men rushed out into the open dragging a protesting hunchback whose cries and actions stamped him as a semi-imbecile.

The Hawk recognized Tony the Thug. The ex-gang leader was the tallest of the three. He was also the leader in the brutal horseplay. Tight-lipped, Richard Clefeld Pride watched the man who had murdered his friend.

TONY the Thug carried a bunch of small balloons. With a three-foot length of twine he tied one of these balloons to the wrist of the hunchback, laughing loudly as he did so. The Hawk understood what was coming. The three wished to try their skill on a target moving at the speed attained by a man running!

A kick started the hunchback. Tony the Thug opened fire on the small balloon that bobbed above the head of the idiot. The hunchback squealed as the bullets flew close to him. The companions of Sordino rocked with laughter. The hunchback stumbled. He fell forward on his face as a bullet exploded the bladder.

The Hawk forgot Carberry and Murphy at that moment. Blazing indignation drove him forward. He crawled rapidly through the bushes in the direction of Sordino. He had promised the widow that the gunman would not escape!

The hunchback got to his feet and started madly across the grounds in the direction of the spot where Carberry and Murphy were still crouching. Behind him in pursuit ran Tony's two companions. For the moment the gunman stood alone.

Crawling swiftly The Hawk was within twenty feet of him when there came a startling interruption. Around the corner of the castle came a mud-stained figure, shouting as he ran toward the ex-gangster. Pride recognized the newcomer. He was the split-nosed man of the Trento train!

Splitnose hurled his news at the gunman. Terrifying news, to judge by its effect. For a moment Tony the Thug stood irresolute, then he turned like a scared rabbit and rushed toward the edge of the chasm that the torrent had cut at the rear of The Devil's Eyelash.

Pride sprang to his feet. On the very edge of the gulch was a small summer house. Tony the Thug scuttled into it. Pride was a matter of seconds behind him.

The little arbor was empty. The

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Hoosier Hawk glanced through the window. There was a drop of some fifteen feet to a limestone ledge, but the white dust upon the ledge had not been disturbed. Tony had not escaped by the window!

Pride kicked savagely at a rug on the floor. The thing was stuck to the flooring boards. He dropped upon his knees. The rug was glued to a trap door so that it completely hid the opening!

The muscular hands of the flyer pulled at the ring embedded in the stout wood. The door was locked from below. Tony the Thug had gone down a secret stairway cut through the soft limestone and leading into the gulch! It was the back door to his fortress! A compelling attraction when he rented the lonely castle in the mountains!

Pride sprang back to the window. Outside in the grounds there came the sound of firing. Carberry and Murphy were evidently engaging the friends of the gangster, but The Hoosier Hawk had no interest in their battle. He had a glimpse of Tony the Thug! The murderer had come out of the stairway onto a ledge some fifty feet below. He was worming his way along this ledge, keeping his footing by means of a guide rope stretched tightly between iron uprights driven into the rock!

The Hoosier Hawk thrust himself through the window. Holding the sill with both hands he swung above the shelf of rock some fifteen feet below. If he made a bad landing he would probably go hurtling down the side of the gulch. If he could keep his feet there was a chance of following Tony into the bed of the ravine and up the other side where a winding trail led to the road running between Taxburg and Innsbruck. The road to freedom for the gunman.

The flyer let go. He dropped straight to the ledge. His fingers clawed at the wall of limestone. Tenacious, holding fingers. In the quick-flung words that Splitnose had hurled at Sordino the ears of The Hoosier Hawk had caught the name of the hotel at which Evelyn Waldron waited. He had heard it distinctly. The Hotel Tirol! Tony the Thug was making for Innsbruck!

Pride ran along the ledge seeking a path to lower levels. Wonderful were his fingers. Frog-like, clutching fingers that glued themselves to the wall.

The Hawk caught a glimpse of Tony. Far down the side of the gulch was the gunman. He knew that a pursuer was after him.

The Hawk dropped to another ledge. A perilous ridge along which he crawled. He was jockeying with death in an attempt to reach the rope-guarded trail that allowed the gunman to descend with comparative safety.

TONY halted at an elbow of the trail and watched the enemy. Watched Pride as he climbed along an eight-inch shelf leading to the only safe descent. Tony pulled his gun. Pride could not spare a finger.

A bullet flicked the face of the wall within a yard of the flyer's head. Scraps of calcium carbonate half blinded him. Something fiercely hot bit the deltoid muscle of his right shoulder. He dropped upon his stomach. There came a laugh from the bottom of the ravine. A laugh like the howl of a jackal.

The Hoosier Hawk had a vision at that moment. A vision of a plane descending from the skies in a mad wild dive to chase a murderous Fokker from the tail of a boy from Indiana! Harry Waldron to the rescue!

The Indiana flyer pulled himself forward. A break in the rocky shelf separated him from the path that Tony had taken. He clawed himself upright, steadied himself for a moment and sprang across the gulf!

He caught the guide rope and hauled himself onto the path. Easy going now. He rushed madly down the trail, staggered across the dried bed of the ravine and climbed the path on the other side. Tony had got him all right. Got him good and plenty. He thrust his hand up through his shirt front, glanced at it as he pulled it out, swore softly and ran on.

The Hawk reached the road. No one was in sight. Tony the Thug had been lucky enough to get an immediate lift.

Pride started to run in the direction of Innsbruck. He halted as the purr of a big car came from the rear. He staggered into the roadway, gesticulating wildly.

An angry chauffeur brought the car to a standstill within a foot of the American. A white-haired Austrian of patrician type was horribly shocked when Pride tore open the door, dragged himself within the machine and slumped onto the cushions. "Tell him," he gasped, addressing the white-haired aristocrat, "tell him to break all records! Hotel Tirol! Damn you, tell him!"

RICHARD CLEFELD PRIDE staggered through the swinging doors.

"Madame Waldron?" he cried. "What room did you give her?"

The startled hotel clerk moistened his lips and answered: "She is in twenty-six, sir, but you cannot—"

Pride was taking the stairs four at a time. A trail of blood marked his ascent. He was a little light-headed. Crazy sentences danced through his brain. Somebody had said: "Going out in debt. Can't pay him. Damn it all! Ready Money Waldron too!" Who the devil said that now? *Not* Waldron! Waldron was rich!

Pride clung to the side of the passage. Someone was speaking. A tough voice. A hard steely voice. The words drove like skewers through the brain of the Indiana flyer. "I'm goin' to send you to join yer hubby an' yer kid!" came the voice. "You've run me inter a corner an' yer goin' to get yours!"

Richard Clefeld Pride pushed the door open and sprang.

A crash to the floor. A human wolf and a wounded gentleman from Indiana. Fierce fingers seeking neck grips. Legs thrashing madly. Grunts and curses. Tables and chairs splintering under the avalanche of flesh that rolled against them. High bedlam. Shrieks and yells.

The revolver had been knocked from Tony's hand. He tried to recover it. The steel fingers of Richard Clefeld Pride held him. Difficult, but the fingers understood.

Then suddenly, as Tony groped for the gun, it disappeared. It had been lifted by an unseen hand. For an instant Tony lay still, then there came a deafening explosion. The grip of the gunman relaxed; Pride slipped away into a sweet land of dreams.

The Hoosier Hawk came to his senses to find Evelyn Waldron, Carberry and Penguin Murphy at his side. The woman was bending over him. A tear like a glistening diamond dropped from her cheek and struck him on the chin. She wiped it away but he liked it.

Penguin Murphy, dreadfully solemn, breathed an inquiry. "You feel all right, don't you, Captain?" he asked.

Richard Clefeld Pride smiled. "I—if we had gone to Monza, Penguin," he whispered, "we'd have—we'd have missed a lot of fun." Another tear hit his chin as he spoke. He felt very happy.

Another Hoosier Hawk story will appear in an early issue of Collier's

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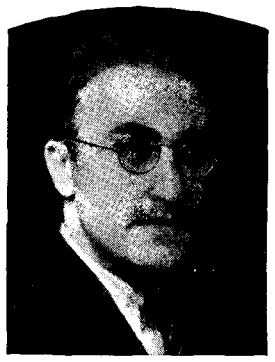

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Oberammergau This Way

Continued from page 16

prospective patrons, and if in Oberammergau you find yourself vaguely exasperated and disturbed by the itching incongruities which surround the Passion Play itself, you ought at least to remember that the changes wrought in Oberammergau have most of them been wrought by you and me and our folks. Even as the Oberammergau peasants of the mid-seventeenth century were first struggling to fulfill the village pledge, a force was being forged that would one day considerably complicate the simplicity and threaten the honesty of their gesture—a force being forged, that is, in certain other remote villages, such villages, for instance, as Plymouth on Cape Cod, or Jamestown in the province of Virginia. Certainly this little corner of Bavaria has become in the twentieth century one of the outlying possessions of the United States and the force I have in mind is that tide of American prosperity which in our time has swamped, vulgarized and corrupted a simple, far-off piety.

No Substitute

For some years it has been a fixed item of the American credo that everyone should go at least once to Oberammergau. The idea first took root in the last two decades of the nineteenth century, and is now so firmly a part of that credo that no note of disparagement in a thousand such reports as this one will uproot it for some decades to come. It might be enlightening if we could determine just how the notion became so deeply and so widely implanted. Certainly if any master of propaganda could successfully claim that it was his handiwork, he could demand any wages he liked as counsel on public relations for our corporations.

For the interest of the American people has never been successfully distracted by any other Passion Play. Certainly not by the California variety, which calls in such passing actors as Ernest Lawford or William Faversham to be the Christus. Not even by the Passion Play of another Bavarian village called Freiburg, whose tradition is just as pious and just as ancient. Two or three years ago these Freiburg players, puzzled, perhaps, that the Americans did not come to Freiburg, attempted to solve the problem by themselves coming to America, where some of them have since become embroiled in lawsuits, one with another. That dauntless impresario, Morris Gest, who had then not yet gone into bankruptcy, brought them to the Hippodrome in New York with a tremendous fanfare of publicity, including lovely souvenir booklets and full-page advertisements in the newspapers. But not all his hullabaloo could drown out the one question which the simple American citizen insisted on asking. "Is it the Passion Play from Oberammergau?" he would ask, and on eliciting a reluctant negative, he would say: "Then I don't want to see it." Or at least he said that in sufficient numbers to make the Hippodrome engagement a considerable disaster.

But I suspect that the tenacious hold which Oberammergau has taken on the American imagination need be credited to no device of exploitation and is a feather in no press agent's cap. Rather must it be credited to the force and the fascination of the idea itself. From neighbors who had crossed the seas, and from old illustrated magazine articles now half-forgotten, numberless women in this country have long been enthralled by the story of a remote mountain village where, once every ten years, the good people come together to enact the tragedy of the crucifixion.

Perhaps such a woman—a woman from Kansas City, let us say—cut out the picture of Anton Lang long ago, and put it away under the rubber bands and the old daguerreotypes, in the little drawer of her desk, inwardly resolved to go herself to Oberammergau sometime when John should have a good year. There may have been an interval when she relinquished the idea, and conscientiously devoted herself to regarding those far-off Bavarians as merciless Huns whom she was going to frustrate by saving tinfoil. But that fervor passed and the idea did not.

Anyway, let us picture our Kansas citizen as persisting in her resolution and arriving of a summer afternoon, weary, travel-stained and harassed, at Oberammergau. Vaguely she has pictured a quiet Old World village, with the simple peasants coming together on a rude stage to perform their ancient mystery in the sight of hushed, reverent pilgrims gathered from afar. What greets her as the train from Munich deposits her at Oberammergau is such a turmoil of exasperated traffic as one usually associates only with Army-Notre Dame games.

The town itself seems to be a bright, thriving community, turned into a bedlam for the nonce by the clamor of a multitude of tourists, all seeking quarters at once, the natives distinguishable from them chiefly by the apostolic length of their locks, which they begin to cherish two years in advance for the sake of the Passion Play. Suddenly our friend has an uneasy feeling that the whole place is not unlike our own Chautauqua, with just a dash of East Aurora as it was in the era of Elbert Hubbard, when his unshorn disciples used to divide their days between selling knickknacks and being very, very picturesque. But she downs this disturbing thought and hurries to the home of the Christus. It was part of the first fascination of the Oberammergau legend that the pilgrims to the play must find shelter in the humble cottages of the players themselves, and that some could even come home boasting that they had been lodged under the thatch of the Christus.

Indeed, our friend clutches a travel-bureau slip which entitles her not only to a seat at the play, but to bed and board at the home of Alois Lang, the master wood-carver elected to be the Christus of the 1930 performances.

Brisk and Businesslike

She is a little taken aback to find that his humble cottage is a very considerable four-story villa which is a great success as a boarding house, and where, on the eve of the Passion Play, the Christus himself would be busy autographing books and doing a land-office business in the sale of the crucifixes and paper-cutters which his wood-carving shop produces. (Doubtless it was foolish of her to expect him alone in all Christendom to be really taking no thought of the morrow.) But she is even more taken aback to find that Frau Lang, in the excitement of the great migration, has allotted the same rooms several times over, and that a mulish family from Utica, New York, is already in grim possession of the one assigned to herself.

Distracted, she then seeks quarters at the Hotel Wittelsbach where, after first hearing that there are no rooms to be had, and no certainty of seats being obtainable for the play next day, she learns, through the judicious distribution of thirty pieces of silver among the attendants, that the age of miracles is not yet past. She gets a room. She gets a ticket, and next morning at eight she is triumphantly on hand in the great steel-and-concrete auditorium when the curtain sinks into its groove and on the vast, unsheltered stage the ancient chronicle begins.

For a time its ambling gait is a narcotic, and, since she knows no German, she must follow from a libretto the passion of a Nazarene who says "Wahrlich, wahrlich," instead of "Verily, verily." But little by little the play takes hold of her and she is content to sit until the end. From eight in the morning until six at night it ambles on with one interval at noon. If the skies be fair, the sun transmutes the costumes into the stuff of glorious pageantry. But perhaps rain veils the scene as with tossing curtains of translucent gauze, and perhaps when the neighbors in Kansas City gather round her next winter she will be able to tell how in the great crucifixion scene thunder rumbled in the encircling mountains and lightning split the black clouds piled overhead.

I am sure she will never forget that crucifixion scene nor this tall, beautiful, princely Christus that they found in the wood-carver's shop. Had she herself seen him in a milling crowd at the Polo Grounds or come upon him striding down a street in Shanghai, she would have said "How like! How like!" And he was born in this mountain village to meet an old play's need.

An American Excursion

Perhaps that memorable procession to Calvary and, above all, the scene of the three gaunt crosses are potent enough to obliterate all those maddening incongruities which so beset a pilgrim on his way to the Passion Play. Perhaps she will go home with something to remember all her life, and, really forgetting the discordant complications which nowadays infest these pious rites, she will herself become part of the Oberammergau legend and help its perpetuation in the years to come.

For my own part, I must confess I could not see the Passion Play for the Americans. I would not have you confuse me with those dire expatriates of ours who sit in Paris and shudder fastidiously at each and every arriving boatload of Americans as if they were seventeen-year locusts. But it is true that any people caught out of their own setting somehow lose caste and merit.

I could cross myself before a stout, bespectacled matron whom I might see gathering lilacs in her blue-checked apron beyond the white picket-fence of her Vermont garden, the while the wind bore the croon of a distant lawn-mower and the fragrance of new-made bread sifting through the kitchen window. But I might run from that same woman if I encountered her abroad, trussed into traveling gear, her name changed to legion, her features sharpened by the suspicion that she is about to be cheated, her voice doubled in volume through the universal delusion that we can make foreigners understand us if only we speak loudly enough. No, I could not see Oberammergau for the Americans.

I, too, will remember the crucifixion scene as long as I live, but I will also remember the less studied scenes of the night before at the Hotel Wittelsbach.

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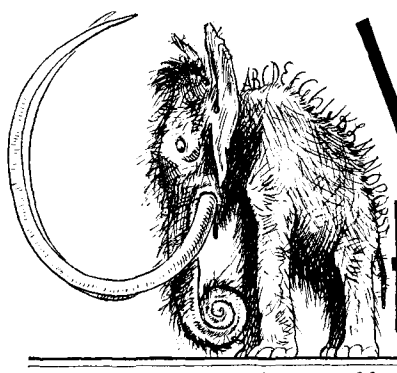
I will remember its great café, an endless room all lined with piteous paintings of Calvary but filled now with beer-drinking tourists. In particular will I recall the three good souls from Baltimore whom I saw sitting beneath a painting of the bleeding Christ being lifted down from the cross. They were weeping softly into their beer, but it was because the jaunty little Bavarian orchestra had honored them with a rendition of Sonny Boy. I will remember, too, the woman from Boston who made such a scene that her sense of outrage could be heard for blocks when she found that there was no running water in her bedroom. She had a deafening attack of the vapors in the hotel lobby, all unconscious that this was odd behavior in a pilgrim who had come four thousand miles to witness the chronicle of One for whose mother, in her great hour at Bethlehem, there was no room in the town at all.

No, for my own part, I can remember Oberammergau only as a once-simple reverence somehow made ugly by being turned into an American excursion.



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are fifteen words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters V-O-L. One of them is VOLVELL. You supply the others.

1	VOLVELL	(One of two forms) An old contrivance for ascertaining the time of the rising and setting of the moon and sun, the time of high and low tide, etc.
2	VOL	Pertaining to electricity developed through chemical action or contact; galvanic.
3	VOL	Having a ready flow of words; fluent. Turning readily.
4	VOL	(Botany) Provided with, or characterized by, a volva.
5	VOL	Electromotive force as measured or expressed in volts.
6	VOL	Massive; great. Having volume or bulk.
7	VOL	(Rare) To dance the volta, or lavolta.
8	VOL	Nimble-witted (an affected word).
9	VOL	(Rare) Fleeting; transitory.
10	VOL	Having a spiral scroll.
11	VOL	A vent in the earth's crust from which molten rock, steam, etc., issue. Also, a hill or mountain composed wholly or in part of the ejected material
12	VOL	A two-wheeled carriage formerly used in Cuba. Also (Music), flying; moving with light rapidity.
13	VOL	A flying fish of California. Also, the Atlantic flying gurnard.
14	VOL	Same as No. 13.
15	VOL	(Dial. Eng.) Variant of FOLLOWER.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Blocky	5. Blower	9. Bloomy	13. Blosmy
2. Bloody	6. Blolly	10. Blowzy	14. Blowup
3. Blobby	7. Blonde	11. Blouse	15. Blowsy
4. Blowed	8. Blotch	12. Blotty	16. Blousy

17. Blowen

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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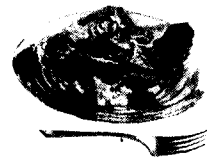
Do These Three Important Things

to have strong, healthy teeth

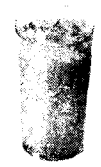
1 Follow the diet below

From one to three eggs, depending on age.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

One quart of milk every day.

2 Use Pepsodent twice a day

3 See your dentist twice a year

Eat the proper food; use Pepsodent twice daily; see your dentist twice a year. That is the ultimate as modern science sees it.

A PROMINENT professor of a large university finds that the natural resistance to decay and gum disorders can be greatly built up by the proper diet. The most common ages of tooth decay are during the period of growth. Here is the diet he recommends for you and your family, depending upon age for the quantity.

Every day one quart of milk; eggs; head lettuce, cabbage or celery; lemon juice mixed with orange juice, and as much raw or fresh vegetables as you like.

And use Pepsodent

Every day, too, you must remove from your teeth a cloudy film that coats them. Film is that slippery coating you can feel with your tongue. It sticks like glue and ordinary brushing fails to remove it effectively. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It turns teeth dull and dingy.

Your dentist will tell you that when Pepsodent removes film from teeth it plays an important part in the prevention of decay and other troubles.

Eat the proper food. Use Pepsodent twice daily. See your dentist twice yearly. That is the surest way to lovely, healthy teeth.

AMOS'n'ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

Pepsodent

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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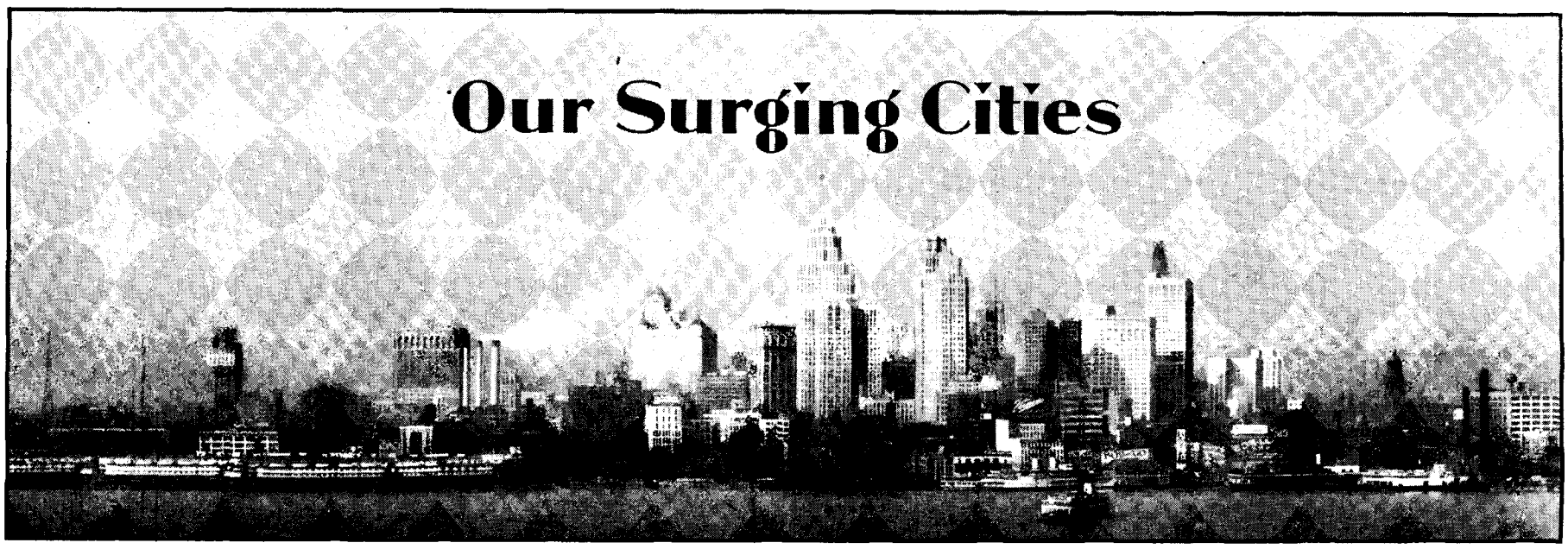
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Our Surging Cities



Detroit—the world's automobile capital and one of the fastest-growing cities on the globe

THE competition of our American cities to grow in numbers is not so silly as it seems. Behind the noisy boasting about size and population is a very sure instinct.

Cities don't grow unless they have solid attractions. The rural districts have steadily lost population because it is easier to earn a living in the cities than in the country.

If you look behind the amazing growth of the cities during the last few years, you find great stories of achievement. New York alone pretends not to care about size but New York is sure of first place. If Chicago, or Detroit, or Los Angeles began seriously to challenge Gotham's primacy, we should hear a wail from Staten Island to the upper Bronx and from the Hudson River through the suburbs of Long Island.

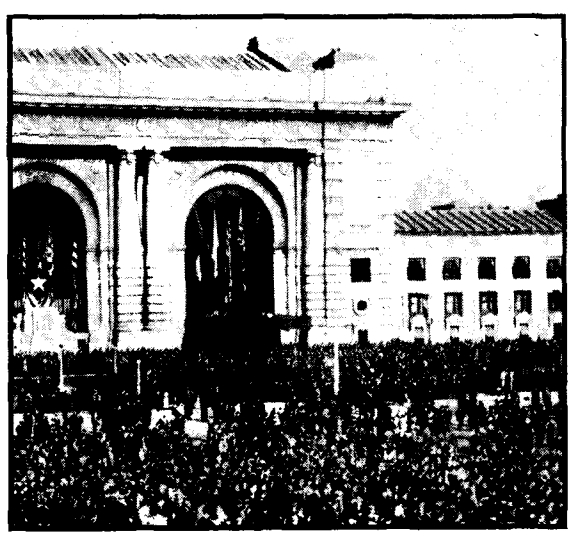
Chicago did not by accident become the second city. Decade after decade Chicago has grown prodigiously. Since 1920 the population has increased more than 672,000. Imagine what that means. It is as though a city as big as Pittsburgh or San Francisco had been added to the Chicago of ten years ago. During most of this time the Illinois metropolis has been cursed with the worst of city government and has been defamed by its reckless criminals. Yet in spite of violence and demagoguery people by the hundred thousand have poured in to create homes and seek their fortunes in this amazing city.

Detroit, now fourth among American cities, has grown almost as rapidly. Thirty years ago Detroit had less than three hundred thousand inhabitants. Today its population is more than a million and a half. The motor industry is chiefly responsible. Detroit is the automobile capital of the world. Great natural advantages made Detroit possible, but the remarkable ingenuity of its leaders actually turned the tide thither. If the same group of inventive, competent men who threw their lot in with Detroit a quarter of a century ago had elected another center for their industry, the present Detroit would never have come into being.

Los Angeles is another prodigy. Fifty years ago Los Angeles was a town of less than six thousand. Compared with other towns it seemed not especially marked for greatness. The ferment of growth was there, however, and the world began to hear of the marvelous attractions of Southern California. Within thirty years more than a million people made Los Angeles their home. The rising motion picture industry did for Los Angeles what the motor makers did for Detroit. Two mechanical inventions created two of the great cities of the world.

Go through the list of the growing cities and you will find similar records of achievement.

The South and Southwest are growing because new industries are finding conditions there to their liking. Atlanta, Birmingham, Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, have all become great cities as manufacturing establishments sought to make use of their natural advantages and as new trade routes were established.



Kansas City, capital of the Corn Belt, has grown nineteen per cent since the 1920 census

Oklahoma, a mere territory when most of those now mature were studying their geography, was transformed by oil. Tulsa is a metropolis built upon petroleum. Miami, Florida, is another miracle city founded upon popular approval of a marvelous climate. The recent spectacular growth of Wichita, Kansas, is a monument to aviation.

Some cities have lost rank and others have lost population during these recent years. Industries shift sometimes in response to deep-seated causes. But where there has been great growth there have been great determination and great skill in the background. Cities are what people make them.

It is of course not necessary for a city to grow rapidly to be a pleasant place in which to live. Philadelphia and Boston and San Francisco have moved conservatively and yet each of these cities has its special advantages and attractions.

Many find it more agreeable to live in cities which are content with stability. Much is to be said for their view. Charleston, South Carolina, a very stable city, is almost worshipped by its solid citizens. The adventurers, however, move on and from their imagination emerges the driving force which creates the vast new cities.

The rise of the American metropolis is an inspiring picture of the power of the new economic forces which are so swiftly rearranging our world. Cities are growing because men's minds are in ferment. Numbers are important in themselves but the lure which attracts the throng is the proof that men have been thinking and working and that our civilization is surging with life.

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The MOTHER who Stands between her CHILDREN and DISEASE

BE on your guard against insects, you mothers who protect your children.

The United States Public Health Service says: "If we wish to save the lives of the thousands of babies who die from summer complaint every year, the very first step is the eradication of flies." This disease kills more than one-fifth of all the children who die under five years of age.

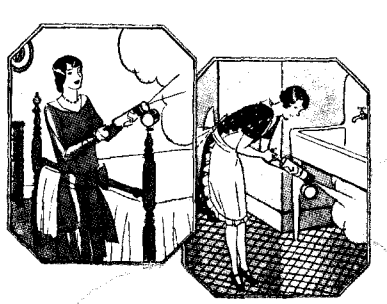
Do flies carry typhoid fever? The Medical Association of Georgia says: "Fully 95 percent of typhoid in rural districts must be laid to the common house fly."

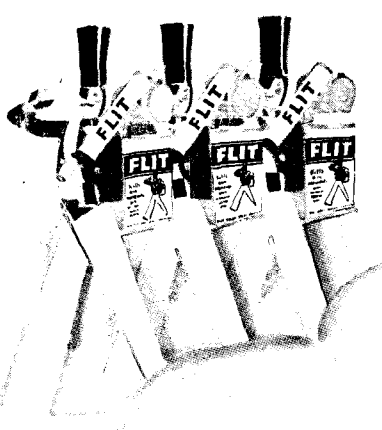
Insects are not only a nuisance and unclean to have around the house, they are also a real danger. If you will always spray Flit you can keep your kitchen free of flies and roaches, your bedrooms free of humming, sleep-destroying mosquitoes, your closets free of moths, your whole house free of all insects.

It's so easy, too! Just use the handy Flit sprayer, spray the clean-smelling, non-staining vapor around—and you and your family will be safe and comfortable. Use it all year 'round! It's good housekeeping.

Outdoors on the porch—on your car—on picnics—on camping trips—if you will spray Flit you will keep bothersome insects away.

Be sure you get Flit—in the yellow can with the black band—trademarked with the famous Flit Soldier. You want Flit because it kills quicker, because it is guaranteed to kill insects or money back, because it is perfectly harmless to use. If there's any insect-killer as good as Flit, the world doesn't know it. It buys more Flit than any other insect-killer made! Get your can of Flit and the handy Flit sprayer—today!





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WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING INSECT-KILLER

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Switch to the tooth paste that Guards your Gums

THE old idea that merely cleaning the surface of the teeth will guard their health must be revised. It has given way to a new and sounder technique in dental care!

For the dental experience of the past ten years —the records of the clinics and the testimony of the X-ray—shows that no matter how white and perfect your teeth may be, they are in danger if your gums become tender, soft, infected—if you allow "pink tooth brush" to go unchecked.

Ipana is a tooth paste specifically made to meet the needs of modern oral hygiene. For with it, your teeth are white and shining . . . your mouth is cleansed, refreshed. And your gums are strengthened, toned, invigorated.

The soft foods we eat are responsible for the gum troubles we have. For they rob the gums of exercise. Circulation lags. The tissues become congested, the gum walls tender and inflamed.

But Ipana and massage will stir your gums and speed the rich, fresh blood through the tiny capillaries. For Ipana stimulates the gums—tones and invigorates the entire mouth as it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic widely known and used by dentists.

So try Ipana, if you don't already know its benefits. Start with it tonight. It may cost a few cents more, for Ipana's ingredients are costly, its formula is scientific, modern. *But a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.*

So get a tube at the nearest drug store and begin a full month's test. See how your teeth brighten, how your gums harden, how the health of your mouth improves!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L70
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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